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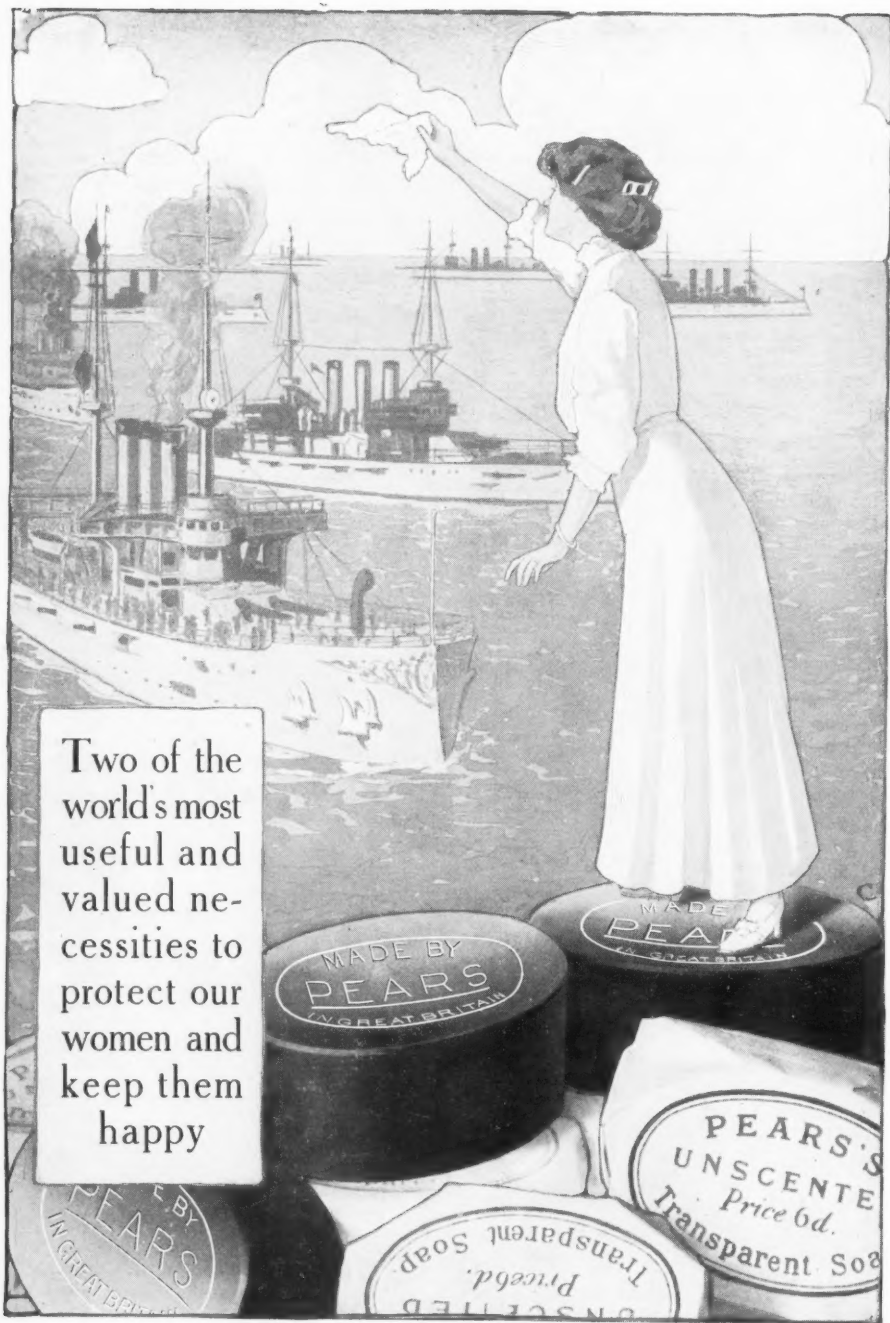
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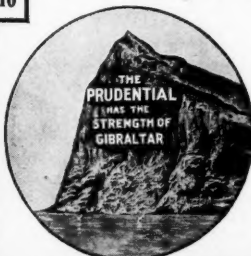
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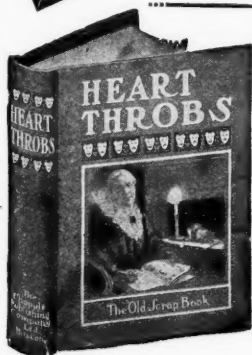
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VOLUME XXVIII

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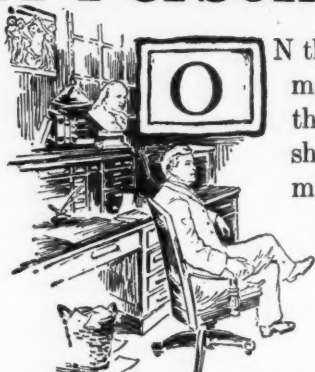
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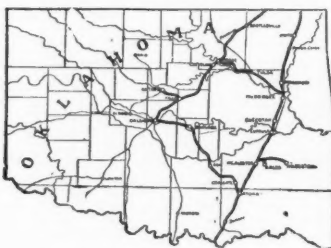
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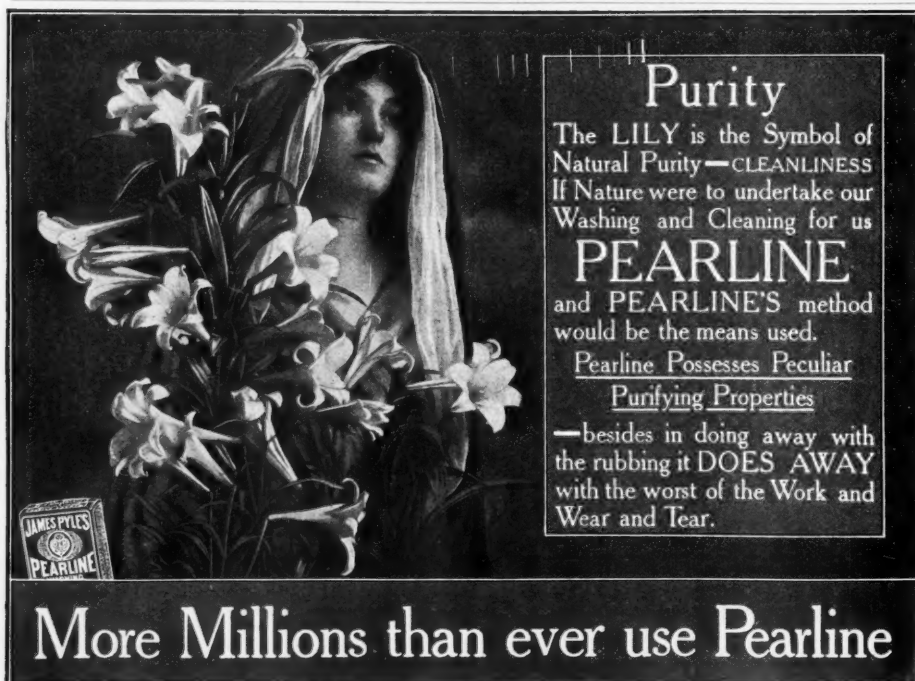


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The image shows a woman in a lace-trimmed dress sitting on a porch with a railing, surrounded by flowers. In the background, there is a scenic view of a waterfall cascading over rocks into a pool. The entire scene is framed by an ornate border. On the left and right sides of the border, there are small images of Rubifoam product bottles. The text 'The Delicious Dentifrice' is written in a script font above the brand name 'RUBIFOAM' which is in a large, bold, serif font. Below the brand name, the tagline 'Harmless as pure water. Fragrant as the sweetest flowers' is written in a smaller, italicized font.

The Delicious Dentifrice
RUBIFOAM
*Harmless as pure water.
Fragrant as the sweetest flowers*



The image shows a woman's face partially obscured by a large bouquet of white lilies. She is wearing a white headscarf. In the bottom left corner, there is a small image of a Pearline product box. To the right of the image, the word 'Purity' is written in a large, serif font. Below it, the text 'The LILY is the Symbol of Natural Purity—CLEANLINESS' is written in a smaller font. This is followed by 'If Nature were to undertake our Washing and Cleaning for us' and then 'PEARLINE' in a large, bold, serif font. Below 'PEARLINE' is the text 'and PEARLINE'S method would be the means used.' followed by 'Pearline Possesses Peculiar Purifying Properties' in a smaller font. At the bottom of this text block, it says '—besides in doing away with the rubbing it DOES AWAY with the worst of the Work and Wear and Tear.'

Purity
The LILY is the Symbol of Natural Purity—CLEANLINESS
If Nature were to undertake our Washing and Cleaning for us
PEARLINE
and PEARLINE'S method would be the means used.
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII

APRIL, 1908

NUMBER ONE



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the judges selected to award the prizes for the best argument as to why President Roosevelt should serve a second elective term, deliberated upon the manuscripts they found a thoroughly crystalized sentiment among the contributors.

The prize offered by the National Magazine for Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, for the best argument as to why President Roosevelt should serve a second elective term was awarded on March 15th to Justice Frank H. Norcross, Carson City, Nevada. The three judges were Governor A. B. Cummins of Iowa; Mr. Scott C. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald, and Dr. Hannis A. Taylor of Washington, Ex-minister to Spain. The judges gave a great deal of time and deliberation to the large number of manuscripts received, which furnished a most astonishing revelation of the insistent demand of the people that President Roosevelt serve a second elective term. The manuscripts were received from nearly every state and territory in the Union and some from Cuba and the insular possessions; and the variety of reasons and arguments advanced were an interesting reflection of public sentiment. The judges have the sincere appreciation of the National Magazine, and of its readers for their thorough, painstaking work. While only one paper could be awarded the prize, there were hundreds of others deserving special mention and publication.

The result reveals the fact that the American people not only know who they want, but *why* they want him. It has been through

an interesting discussion, and a large number of papers will be published in issues of the National Magazine during the summer.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr. has had a firm conviction, verified in these contributions that the people will insist upon a second elective term for Theodore Roosevelt. An interesting phase of the contributions was the lively interest taken in the subject by a number of ladies, who were able to advance something more than the women's usual reason as to why Roosevelt should serve another term.

Many of the contributors were prominent men, poets and writers well-known to the people, and a symposium of these contributions will furnish one of the most interesting phases of the presidential campaign of 1908. Arguments were as a rule close knit, serious and sincere. It would seem that every possible point that could be considered was taken up in this discussion. These contributions have been looked upon by prominent men as a most interesting index of the convention verdict. As Mr. Norcross felicitously concludes, the acceptance of the nomination by President Roosevelt is a mere incident. The people simply insist upon his presence at the inauguration March 4, 1909.

The contribution of Justice Norcross appears in this issue.

* * *

EASTER time witnesses the relaxation from the tension of a session of congress. The severe and serious lines on the faces seem to melt away in the bright glow of an Easter

sun. Walking up and down the Avenue, in the parks, with the light buoyant step of springtime, the people enjoy the Easter vacation—brief as it is—coming at the right time to reiterate the kinship of humankind.

The old custom of egg-rolling on the White House lawn, the brilliant array of bonnets, gowns, the swinging of canes, swish of skirts,



SENATOR CURTIS OF KANSAS

the bright hued neckties, churches aglow with flowers and redolent with sweet perfume of Easter lilies, brings its message of love and peace and hope. Even the strife on the floor of Congress, a tilt in the Committee Room and a wrestle in the departments, is all dissolved in the bright glow of the Easter time.

* * *

THERE have been many very busy days in the Treasury Department in Washington some time past. The "Response of the Secretary of the Treasury to Senate Resolution No. 33 of December 12, 1907" giving information in reference to Treasury operations and conditions of national banks, is considered one of the most complete reports of its kind ever made, and is pronounced a

most authoritative record of the recent financial disturbance. The 232 pages of the report fairly bristle with facts.

In his characteristic, terse and business-like way, Secretary Cortelyou occupies a few pages in telling the story of the gigantic transactions that have taken place—transactions never exceeded in importance, in so short a space of time, in all the annals of the country. The firm grasp which the Secretary had upon the situation is indicated in the thorough knowledge which he had of European financial conditions during the various crises in their money markets. At no time did he interfere with the normal movement of gold between international markets.

The Treasury Department force worked a good many hours overtime to meet the strenuous demands of those dark days of panic. Night and day the messengers were on duty at the doors, and every effort was made to make each bulletin and each move-



CONGRESSMAN CARTER OF OKLAHOMA

ment of the treasury count for all that it was worth. The most potent weapon in bringing the panic to an end was the simple irrefragable proof that resources then in hand were adequate to avoid disaster. An illustration of the wisdom of this policy is furnished by the action of the British treasury in the panic



SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE, THE BLIND ORATOR FROM OKLAHOMA

of 1866, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain announced that he had authorized the Bank of England to disregard the bank act and promptly issue its notes to any necessary limit, thus arresting pressure upon the banks. After all the whole situation grew out of the unsettled confidence of the American people as is plainly set forth



CONGRESSMAN FERRIS OF OKLAHOMA

in the Secretary's report, in which it is also interesting to observe that as has often been remarked, a large percentage of public money was sent to the West. Another interesting fact brought out in the report, is that the net results of these operations has not increased the principal of the public debt or interest charges, despite the issuance of securities. The principal declined from \$920,000,000 in March 1907 to \$898,000,000 in January, 1908 with interest charges of two and a half million less than last March.

Many exceedingly pertinent suggestions were made in the annual report, and the interdependence of all sections of the country was insisted upon; a tribute was also paid to those patriotic citizens who, during the storm and stress, left their money in the banks to help stem the tide, never giving a thought to threatened personal loss.

WALKING along the corridor with Senator Curtis of Kansas, in a few minutes he gave me a clear idea of the change of his position in regard to the removal of restrictions, preventing the Indians of Oklahoma from disposing of their lands. Mr. Curtis has long been familiar with the conditions in the Southwest, and believes that in assuming the position he has he is fortifying the interests of the Indians as he could not do in any other way. He insists that the more the question is investigated, the more it is realized that the faith pledged to the red man must be kept, and they must still be guarded; the full-bloods are not in a position to have the restrictions removed; in his opinion, they would then become the prey of designing speculators, as they were in the old days when their lands were taken for a tithe of their value by individual exploiters.

During last summer he made a personal



CONGRESSMAN FULTON OF OKLAHOMA

investigation of the situation, and has reached his conclusions on that basis.

Mr. Curtis is one of the senators who has been promoted from the House of Representatives, coming up through the ranks, and is one of several senators who has Indian blood in his veins. Dark, swarthy of complexion, with a heavy moustache, he is a



SENATOR R. L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA

most assiduous worker. He keeps up the old habits of industry for which he was noted when a member of the House.

* * *

IN the Marble Room I met again Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, who in early days was known as "the copper-colored lawyer." Mr. Owen has just introduced a



Photo by Prince, Wash., D. C.

CONGRESSMAN WM. S. BENNETT

bill for the prevention of panics, which is creating widespread discussion. In these days, national legislators are becoming more or less specialists. No sooner do you hear of a senator coming to the front, than you learn that he is discussing some special bill, it may be on panics or some other important and popular question.

As I watched Mr. Owen, standing with a constituent and talking earnestly, I could not help thinking of how the early red man would have gloried in the distinction that has been achieved by his descendants, and it may not be amiss to record what I seldom dare remark about a senator—Senator Owen is a decidedly handsome man. As I looked at him, I could not but notice his classic features, his rich coloring, and what, for want of a better term, might be called his "magnificent stage presence." As he stood on

the mosaic floor, amid the rich surroundings of the Marble Room, I bethought me of the thrilling tales of Tecumseh and the Shawano tribe; of that marvelous project of a woodland chief to form a federation of all the Indian tribes, making of them one splendid nation that would have been strong to hold its own against the white man's invasion of the red man's happy hunting grounds.

Who has not read of the wonderful orations of Tecumseh, and felt the thrill of Indian action! In all the history of the race, the Indian has always had this singular faculty for oratory and imagery, which is fascinating in the extreme. The children of the forest, the roar of the storm and the rhythmic sway of the wind-tossed branches lingers in voice and words. The circumstance of a hostile engagement being precipitated by his brother before the return of Tecumseh from his swift trip, stirring up the Indian tribes of the West, might have had different results, as to the occupancy of the rich lands of the Middle West by the white man.



F. B. LYON, DOORKEEPER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The senators and congressmen of Indian blood remind me of the description of Tecumseh given by Col. William Hatch, who met the celebrated chieftain in his palmy days.

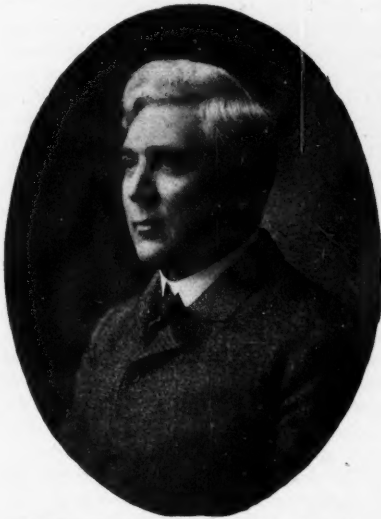
"His face oval rather than angular; his

nose handsome and straight; his mouth beautifully formed like that of Napoleon; his eyes clear, transparent hazel, with a mild, pleasant expression when in repose or in conversation; but when excited, or when in anger they appeared like balls of fire, his teeth beautifully white and his complexion more of a light brown or tan than red; his arms and hands were finely formed; his limbs straight. He always stood very erect and walked with a brisk, elastic, vigorous step; invariably dressed in Indian-tanned buckskin. * * * He was then in the prime of life, and presented in his appearance and noble bearing one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen."

Such was the great chief of the Shawanoes, commonly corrupted to "Shawnees"—who fought in 1812.

* * *

AMONG the new members of Congress is E. L. Fulton of Oklahoma. Born in 1863, his parents removed in 1870 to Nebraska



CONGRESSMAN J. A. HUGHES OF W. VA.

and he is consequently a fine specimen of the northwestern pioneer. Educated in the public schools of Pawnee City and Tabor College, Iowa, he began the practise of law in 1893. In 1900 he moved to Oklahoma and established himself at Guthrie the state capital.

Mr. Fulton in many ways exemplifies the aggressiveness of the new state's constitution, and the initiative and referendum are of special interest to him, as tending to bring the government closer to the people of the United States. He has introduced a bill that will enable voters to express their views on all national questions; this is, in effect, the "initiative" in a modified form, and could be established without



Photo by Buck

W. S. ROSSITER

Formerly Chief Clerk of the Census Bureau, later in charge of the Government Printing Office.

amending the constitution. Mr. Fulton begins his career with an enthusiasm worthy of the great, new state which he represents.

* * *

ONE of the younger members of the Oklahoma delegation is Mr. Scott Ferris, classified as a democrat, and recorded as born in 1877. He was educated at the Missouri State University; later studied law, and was elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a majority of over 18,000. His district is the largest in the new state, covering the old Oklahoma Territory, and having a population of 315,000. He also enjoys the distinction of having received the largest majority of any congressman in the new state. Like many legislators from this new state, he was born and brought up on a farm, and lived in good old

Missouri to be "shown" things until 1901, so that he has been a citizen of Oklahoma for seven years. Congressman Ferris now owns a fine farm not far from Lawton, Oklahoma, which he homesteaded in 1901. He has always been an enthusiastic worker for Oklahoma homesteaders, and is also enlisted for the initiative and referendum.

* * *

ONE of the longest sermons ever preached in the Old South Church in Boston, was delivered by Senator J. B. Dolliver, when the windows fairly rattled under the storm of his eloquence, and the memory of old orators of



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

H. C. LOUDENSLAGER

revolutionary days was awakened. There were sermons in the very stones that day. Senator Dolliver has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best rostrum speakers in the country, and his visit to Boston was an event, for a real "westerner" is always an attraction in Boston. The occasion was a gathering of Methodists, a denomination which the Senator's father served in the capacity of minister.

In his committee room of Education and Labor in the United States Capitol Senator Dolliver is kept busy with new measures coming thick and fast. He intends to keep pace with the tremendous demand of the educational interests of the country at all hazards.

ONE of the most secluded rooms in the Capitol is an old alcove used now as the doorkeeper's office. Here, strange enough, are the private quarters of Mr. F. B. Lyon, the doorkeeper of the House. Winding around from the corridor, the visitor comes to this circular room, sacred to the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, who has the "big keys" as his emblem; behind his desk is a quaint mirror, above the frame of which hang the keys of the House. On the walls are many tokens of esteem from various official friends, for Mr. Lyon has the reputation of being one of the most popular and obliging doorkeepers who has ever held that position, having been unanimously elected to succeed himself for four congresses.

Mr. Lyon has something like two hundred employees in his department, consisting of messengers at the doors, forty-four pages on the floor of the House, besides bookkeepers and folders; it is a matter of frequent comment that the force under Mr. Lyon is always courteous, efficient and obliging, for these qualities are insisted on by him as essential in the make-up of his employees. Every member of the House knows that the motto of the present doorkeeper is not to be "long on promises and short on fulfillment," and to his practical demonstration of efficiency may be attributed much of Mr. Lyon's popularity with all the members.

On the wall hangs also the original seal of the thirteen states, in which the thirteen stars stand out luminant, with the fierce eagle grasping in his talon the arrows that symbolize the Indian tribes, once the owners of the soil, and suggestive of the fierce struggle then going on with the warlike aborigines. It is said that this seal was prepared with the idea of pictorially impressing on the Indians the invincible prowess of the white man.

On the floor of the House the doorkeeper has his desk and it is here that the bells are struck that give notice of the needs of Congress. One bell calls for tellers, when the House is in committee of the whole; two bells indicate a call for ye and nay; three, declare a recess; with four bells the red light over the door goes out; five bells mean a "call of the House," under which the sergeant-at-arms is supposed to summarily arrest any member on sight and bring him in, whether on foot or horseback; any member who is

not present at a call of the House is subjected to a severe reprimand.

Looking down the corridor, the going out of the red light gives a curious suggestion of the tail end of a passenger train, dashing through a tunnel. While the red light burns bright and clear it means that congress is under way, but when the light winks and goes out, then the visitors understand that the wheels of legislation have ceased to revolve.

* * *

PASSING to the right down the corridor of the House of Representatives, through a door ajar in the room occupied by the Committee on Pensions, I usually see a smiling face. Here sits Congressman Henry C. Loudenslager, Chairman of the Committee; he habitually wears a pink in his buttonhole and always has ready a real "reception day"



Photo by Buck, Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANK D. CURRIER

Wife of the Member of Congress from New Hampshire.

greeting that makes the caller feel quite at home. The innumerable details of his work never seem to strain the far-famed good nature of the representative from New Jersey.

Mr. Loudenslager was born in 1852, at Mauricetown, New Jersey, and four years later, with his parents, he went to Paulsboro, a town that is still his home. He sailed for a time on an oyster boat, worked at farming

and as a clerk. In 1872 his father was elected County clerk of Gloucester County and the son became his deputy. Later, he himself became Clerk, serving for two terms of five years each. Having recently been installed in a comfortable office in a new court house, and the presiding judge, in his speech accepting the court house in behalf of the County, having commended Mr. Loudenslager's office as being conducted in a model



HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

Member of Congress from the second New Hampshire District.

manner, he was happy and contented, and was therefore unwilling to comply with the request of many friends in his own County, as well as the other counties comprising the district, to become a candidate for Congress. His name having been mentioned repeatedly in the newspapers as a probable candidate, five of the six gentlemen whose names had been mentioned for the office of County clerk, came into his office one day and said: "We have supported your father for two terms as County clerk and have supported you for two terms for the same office, and if you are again a candidate we will support you, but we believe that you ought to become a candidate for Congress and permit one of us to fill your present office." This was too much for "Loudy" and he promptly said to

them: "Your argument is unanswerable. While I do not care to have it made public, I will say to you that I will not again be a candidate for County clerk; as to my candidacy for Congress, I will decide on that later." As the campaign progressed the pressure became greater, and finally he consented to enter the race for the nomination. Having decided to make the race he set to work with the usual vigor and earnestness that he has exhibited in his lifework and that has made him such a force in public affairs. The First District of New Jersey has always been what is known as a two-term district, and the incumbent at that time was just rounding out his second term. A quaint old Quaker met Mr. Loudenslager during the campaign and soberly remarked: "Thee knows I am in favor of giving the candidates for Congress more than two terms."

"If that is so," replied Harry, "vote for your man, but let's all be good friends and be satisfied."

"Thee speaks well, but I am not satisfied, and I think thee is a man who will wear more than two terms." And he spoke truly. Mr. Loudenslager is now serving his eighth term.

During all his years of service Mr. Loudenslager has been especially commended for his committee work. He is now the ranking member of the Naval Committee, and is attending to the exhaustive work of the Committee on Pensions.

Everyone insists on calling the cheery legislator "a friend" and he has never been known to forsake an old friend for a new one, no matter what the gain might be. He is also known as being invariably considerate, and a story is often told of the time when he first came to Congress, in 1892, naively admitting that he "knew nothing about it," but had come "to look on." In the first draw for seats he was lucky in obtaining the fourth number. A tall, lank form loomed up as the new member marched straight to the rear and chose a back seat. The present Speaker called to him, thinking he did not understand that he had the privilege of choosing a seat in the front row; with innate modesty Harry replied: "Until I know a little more, I think my place is in a back seat."

A practical, self-made man, he is deservedly popular, and his bonhomie is reflected in the majority given him at the recent election. As Secretary of the Republican Congressional

Campaign Committee he has extended his acquaintance and proved himself one of the able men of his party, and if there is a man, woman or child who is not friendly toward him, it certainly is not his fault. His invariable good nature is what binds his friends to him as "with hooks of steel."

* * *

ONE of the youngest members of the House of Representatives is William S. Bennett, representing the Seventeenth District of New York City. He was one of the congressmen appointed by the president to investigate the immigration problem at its source in Europe. He made the trip abroad, and the results of his study makes interesting committee testimony. He considered the situation carefully in foreign countries—the source—as well as in New York City—the outlet for the bulk of the immigration from continental congested districts.

Mr. Bennett is the product of the New York State public schools, having been born at Port Jervis, Orange County; he graduated from the Port Jervis Academy in 1889, and from the Albany Law School in 1892. He obtained the degree of LL.B., was admitted to the bar, and has practised continuously since that time, though he also had, like many other legislators, some newspaper experience. He was elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress and re-elected to the Sixtieth, and is taking a prominent place in the councils of his party; his friends are not backward in insisting that he will be "heard from" in the future.

* * *

THE possessor of the most pronounced, prematurely white hair in congress is Congressman J. A. Hughes, who is now serving his fourth term, and has had charge of a great variety of interests, having been in the Kentucky and West Virginia legislatures. He was the first republican senator to represent the Sixth district of West Virginia in the term of 1894-98, and was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress by the largest republican vote ever given by the Fourth district. He is chairman of the Committee of Accounts, one of the important committees of the House. Mr. Hughes is a native of Ontario, Canada, but has long been identified with Kentucky and West Virginia by business interests, and has many warm friends in those states.

WHY ROOSEVELT SHOULD SERVE ANOTHER TERM

By FRANK H. NORCROSS

Justice Supreme Court of Nevada

[The author of this article was awarded the \$1,000 offered by U. S. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon. The Judges were: Governor A. B. Cummins of Iowa; Hon. Hannis Taylor, Ex-Minister to Spain, and Editor Scott C. Bone, of the Washington Herald.]

THE assertion that "the sovereign people and not Theodore Roosevelt, the individual and public servant, will decide who shall be his successor," is so manifest that it will not admit of argument to the contrary. The views of the President are entitled to most respectful consideration, but they are not necessarily conclusive, even where the question is whether he shall succeed himself.

The position of the President, regarding his own candidacy is well known. Immediately following the election in 1904, he issued a statement to the people, which statement he reiterated on the 11th of December last, upon the occasion of the call of the Republican National Committee for the convention at Chicago. That statement is as follows:

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

There is no reason why the foregoing announcement should be accepted by the American people as conclusive, simply because it comes from Mr. Roosevelt. If there is room for a difference of opinion, as to fact or reason or both, the good judgment of the whole people must be, and is, decisive.

The only custom that prevails in this country, regarding the terms of office of our presidents, applies to elective terms. The President, unquestionably, does not come within the letter of this custom. If the custom is to undergo modification, Mr. Roosevelt certainly has not the right to all the say regarding that modification. Doubtless, when Mr. Roosevelt issued the foregoing statement, he was prompted more or less by modesty. For him to insist, however, that the views therein expressed are conclusive, would be the height of arrogance. It is probably the fact that the people do not care for any innovations upon the custom in question. The great mass of the American people are well pleased with the administration of President Roosevelt. They want him for two elective terms and they have the right to say whether his reelection will be a violation of a custom of debatable wisdom. Mr. Roosevelt has never been an advocate of short measure in any of his dealings with the people. There is neither reason nor consistency in his saying now that the people shall accept three and a half years as a full term, when they are entitled to four. The citizens of this country are always entitled to the full bushel of wheat. If, in order to obtain it, they must take it heaped and running over, who will object unless it be those who, for personal reasons, do not want the people to have all that is coming to them.

The only reason offered by the President, why he will not again become a candidate, is that it will violate the "substance" of the custom. To insist upon such a conclusion, in view of all the facts to be considered, would place "his own personal desires or egotistical opinions paramount to the combined wishes and intelligence of the Republican party and the electorate of the Nation." As a matter of fact, the people will not have had the substance of two administrations of President Roosevelt at the close of his present term. To prove this, all that is necessary is to quote from the language of the President and cite a little recent history. In that dark hour of universal sorrow, following immediately upon the death of our beloved

President McKinley, Vice-President Roosevelt was notified of the President's death by the members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, then present in Buffalo, and advised to at once take the oath of office as President. The reply of the then Vice-President is significant:—

"I shall take the oath at once in accordance with your request, and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

This declaration quieted the fears of the people that there might be a change in the policy of the administration, the uncertain nature of which, would have a tendency to upset, to a greater or less extent, the financial and commercial interests of the country. In line with his solemn declaration, the President requested the members of McKinley's Cabinet to remain at the head of their respective departments and constitute his official family, as they had constituted his predecessor's. This invitation was accepted. What Mr. Roosevelt is pleased to call his first term, was, in reality, the second term of President McKinley, by Theodore Roosevelt, acting in a capacity similar to that of an administrator with the will annexed. It may be conceded that during those three and a half years, the people obtained some intimation of the character of administration Mr. Roosevelt would inaugurate, should he be elected President and thus become free to carry out his own policies. As a matter of fact, however, he never lost sight of his declaration, made in all solemnity at Buffalo, "to carry out absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley." How then, can his re-election violate the substance any more than it does the form of the custom? It violates neither.

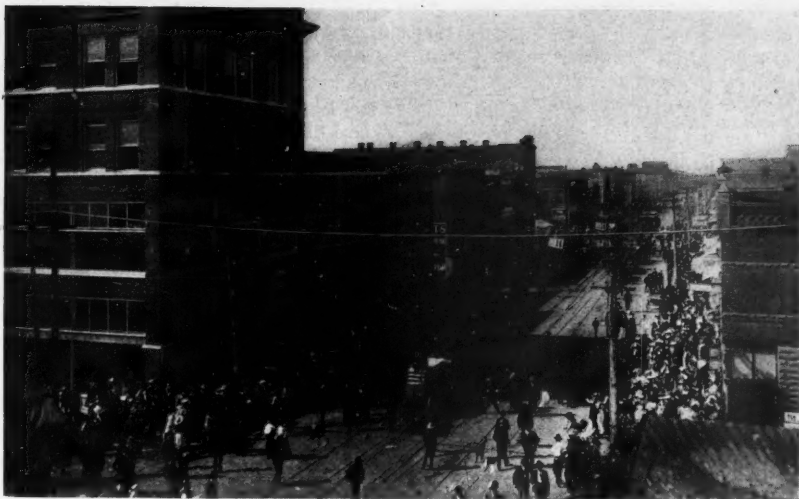
If the great mass of the American people, regardless of party affiliation, desire that the President succeed himself, and I believe they do, unquestionably, it would be folly for them to regard the statement of Mr. Roosevelt as conclusive. The office of President of the United States is so exalted and its administration so affects the welfare of all, that the people will never concede that any citizen can refuse to accept it when tendered.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has not declared that he will decline the office should he receive the electorate vote of the Nation. We need not fear that he would think of refusing it. He is too good a soldier and too patriotic an American to refuse to obey the command of the people to stay in the harness until he finishes the good work he has inaugurated.

If the American people will stop to think for a moment, they will realize that "barring death or serious illness, President Roosevelt must and will be selected and elected for a second elective term." The people are with him in the great work he has undertaken. They have the utmost faith in his honesty of purpose. They appreciate his transcendent ability to deal with the great problems now confronting the state. They realize his courage, his initiative, his vast experience, his tremendous capacity for effective work. They believe in his purpose to enforce the law impartially, without respect to person, wealth or station. They have an abiding faith in the ultimate good that will result to this Nation from his persistent campaign against legal and moral wrongdoing. They comprehend the value of having such a man as Chief Executive.

No other man has such a hold upon the confidence of the people. No other man can gain such confidence without years of trial. The people know what Roosevelt is, they do not know what some other man may become. The policies of Roosevelt are in course of execution. Few, at this time, have reached ultimate conclusion. To place another man at the head of this Government would mean, for some time to come, delay, uncertainty, if not possible disappointment, in the successful carrying out of the problems of government the President has essayed to solve. For President Roosevelt to be permitted to give up the reins of government at the end of his first elective term, because of such illogical and paltry reasons as have been offered, against the wish of the great mass of the people, in the present condition of governmental affairs, would be worse than folly.

There is but one logical and reasonable thing to do, under the circumstances, and that is for the Republican National Convention at Chicago to nominate Mr. Roosevelt as the choice of the Republican party for President. It might not be so logical, but it would be the sensible thing for the Democratic Convention to take a similar course. If Mr. Roosevelt feels that he cannot consistently accept another nomination, the people will not insist that he do so. They will, however, insist that he be on hand when the time comes for his inauguration.



SHAWNEE. OKLAHOMA, TODAY—EIGHT YEARS AGO A WILDERNESS OF TIMBER

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

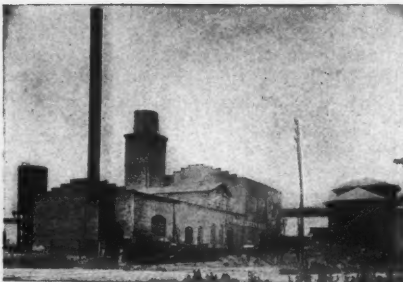
OBEYING that compelling invitation of "Old Subscribers," I found myself whirling away towards the new state of Oklahoma. The ink was scarcely dry on the signature of President Roosevelt, announcing the "arrival" of another daughter to Columbia and Uncle Sam, than preparations were carried out for the christening of a new star on the flag. The "forty-sixth" does not sound much like race suicide for Uncle Sam, and none dare say that the new arrival is not the brightest and prettiest of the bunch.

Armed with a budget of time tables and railroad literature, I alighted in St. Louis, the threshold of the southwest. In the great terminal station, Ben Brown, the veteran, was calling out the trains in tones of sonorous thunder; Ben has long passed his three score years and ten, but the old New England "town criers" might turn in their graves with envy of that voice. Ben glances from under his overhanging brows, as he

rolls forth train information, trilling his "r's" beneath his heavy, dyed mustache. Formerly connected with a circus and minstrel show, he can still do a creditable clog dance. He puts his whole energy on the work of the moment, and always has a circle of admirers about him when he "announces." Here was the Illinois Central, the Vandalia, the Baltimore & Ohio, the New York Central, Alton, Wabash, Burlington, "Katy," Iron Mountain, and Cotton Belt, the 'Frisco, the Rock Island, Mobile & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville—it seemed there was no railroad nomenclature missing—no possible point of the compass not indicated in one of the signs set up for the direction of travelers, that suggested the old swinging coat of arms in the days of tavern signboards.

Early evening in the St. Louis terminal is an illustration of the benefits of modern travel. Yes, we found the "Katy Flyer" sign and were soon aboard en route for Oklahoma, along that road which in early

Cotton
Seed Oil
Mill,
Shawnee



Round
Bale
Cotton
Gin,
Shawnee



Load of
Oklahoma
Corn in
"Katy"
Yards



"Katy"
Cotton
Sheds at
Houston
Texas



Group of
Cowboys
Near
Wagoner



SOME OKLAHOMA INDUSTRIES

times was almost deserted as a "streak of rust going nowhere." The far-seeing spirit of the pioneers knew better. They had a clear vision of the great, rolling prairies of the southwest and their development, and these dreams have been already more than realized. Once under way the railroad map glows with interest—the black marks on the map have a new significance when you are actually riding over the places they represent.

* * *

That breakfast at Parsons, Kansas—the "Katy"—Missouri Pacific—road does not believe in shunting at meal times, but stops the train and serves meals in that genuine home-like fashion which has something of restfulness and satisfaction in it that is not afforded by even the luxury of the dining cars. For the modest sum of fifty cents one may procure a meal that impresses the traveler with the merits of the road that has come to be known as "The Pennsylvania of the West."

Here we were fairly launched among the rolling plains of the "Cherokee Strip," where corn, wheat, oats, hay, fruit and other crops are garnered in rich abundance.

At Vinita we saw the opera house, the pride of the city, costing many thousands of dollars, showing that even on the frontiers the pleasures of life are not overlooked.

There was the active spirit of the "round-up"—a chorus of cowboy yells—at Wagoner, the great cattle centre, and off to the east was historic Talleguah, the old capital of Indian Territory.

* * *

One night's run from St. Louis is Muskogee, the metropolis of the old Indian country, located about midway of the triangle of the "Katy" railroad, which might be called the arrow-head or wedge penetrating the old Indian Territory and Oklahoma. The boundaries of the territory illuminated by the "new star" on the flag are as interesting as staking out a new claim. The once well-defined line between Indian Territory and Oklahoma is now obliterated—but the people still retain the local pride of old territorial days. The modest strip of land set aside years ago as a reservation has gradually widened out into a new state with a history all its own, and a well peopled territory larger than both of the empire states of

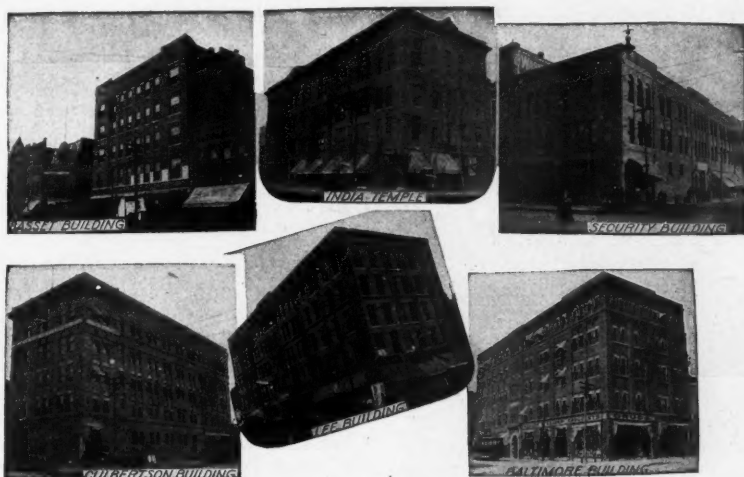
Ohio and Indiana. With a million and a half people, and a \$5,000,000 school fund as a dowry from Uncle Sam, bespeaking his paternal liberality to the self-reliant American pioneers—no prophet is needed to tell us that "Oklahoma has arrived," and that everything was ready when the statehood craft was launched.

The site of Muskogee was discovered by travelers over the waterways and here the impulsive power of the new state is emphasized. A brass band there greeted the arrival of every train, night and day. They believe in brass bands and warm welcomes in Okla-

Mississippi Congress; it was appropriate that it should convene in the new state, soon after its admission to the Union.

Near the Muskogee station is a large convention hall, in which the sessions of the congress were held. Delegates were there representing every state and territory of the trans-Mississippi district, including Hawaii and Alaska; the guidons locating each delegation gave the conference the appearance of a national political convention.

Hon. H. D. Loveland presided and Gov. David R. Francis of St. Louis was there, and there was a "free-to-all" debate on questions



OKLAHOMA CITY BUSINESS BLOCKS

homa. With paved streets, wide boulevards, with substantial buildings and houses, Muskogee is a model new city. Each business block has its own suggestive name, recalling memories of the "old home." For instance, there were the Iowa, the Colorado and the Missouri buildings, showing that here was the confluence of the streams of immigrants who never forget the old home or fail to leave some impress of the state from whence they came. Here was a compound of transplanted Americanism, hardy plants from the Middle West, the East and the Southland. Muskogee has thriving newspapers and an active business air, and it is not surprising that she was successful in securing the annual meeting of the Trans-

of urgent interest, the speakers opening fire on the slightest provocation.

One of the new senators of Oklahoma, Robert L. Owen, with his characteristic Indian features, indicating his ancient "American" extraction, made an eloquent plea for the removal of restrictions on his people, insisting that it was necessary for the development of that portion of the new state formerly known as Indian Territory. From the trend of his remarks it was very evident that the popularity of federal control was not apparent to any appreciable extent. To be ruled by the bureaucracy at Washington as in former days, was just the thing to arouse the Oklahoman spirit, though the satisfaction of being a part of the United States

was manifestly strong at this meeting. The senator resides in Muskogee, and it was gratifying to note the esteem in which "Bob Owen" is held in his home town, where he has offices in the Colorado building.

* * *

At Fort Gibson, not far from Muskogee, an historic outpost of the early days "on the plain," is the head of navigation on the Arkansas River. In the very heart of the Creek nation Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, taught school in a building that is still standing. Washington Irving visited Fort Gibson in the thirties and wrote some of his charming stories of the great

bursts of eloquence suggest smouldering fires beneath. While speaking, Mr. Gore has a habit of thumbing and twisting his watch-chain, but uses few gestures. His language is always easy and forceful, but at times he throws his head back and soars off into fiery rhetoric. His strong handgrasp and intuitive perception of personality are marked characteristics, and there seems to be about him none of the hesitancy usually associated with the sightless. He paid a splendid tribute to the Oklahoma wife who virtually managed his senatorial campaign.

One of the most picturesque characters of this congress was Moty Tiger, an Indian chief, who succeeded Porter as leader of the



COTTON MILL AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Southwest. President Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis and other men prominent in the history of the country served in the garrison at Fort Gibson, then noted on the map as the farthestmost point that could be reached by the great river and waterways of the Southwest. The new spouting oil well, near Muskogee, now directs attention to itself, and is looked upon with eager interest by all visitors as the "commercial geyser" of the times.

* * *

The two senators of the new state were on opposite sides, Senator Owen pleading for the support of the administration, and his blind colleague, Senator Gore, vetoing the adoption of the resolution. Born in Mississippi, Mr. Gore is a powerful speaker, and worthy of his native heath. He seems to experience no more difficulty than those who have eyesight, but readily finds his way about by feeling with his cane. His out-

Creek Indians. He made an address before the convention which was a characteristic Indian oration. A quotation from this address, which was translated, rings with all the plaintive appeal of the red man, who is no longer master of the land of his forefathers.

Oklahoma politics have all the virility of frontier life. The churches and the schools are a power, and personal ideas crystalize down into issues. Now and then a suggestion for the state constitution furnishes experimental tests of the value of the referendum and all the latest phases of governmental control.

* * *

In Oklahoma Indian blood is often regarded as somewhat of a distinction, though a difference is made between full-blooded Indians and mixed bloods, the two classes being provided for by different regulations. For instance, the full blood can lease his land only for one year, whereas a man of

mixed blood can give a five years' lease; but much Indian business transactions pass through the fatherly hands of the Interior Department, yet with more and more latitude being given the state from time to time.

* * *

To gain an idea of the resources of Oklahoma, imagine a section where the roads meet and cross, touching four quarter-sections of land. In one of these portions cotton grows, in the second wheat, in the third section corn, and in the fourth hay; at one glance indicating the wonderful resources. In no other state can so large a variety of products be successfully grown. Messrs. J. P. Allan and Franklin Garland are of the live wire land men in Muskogee, of whom there are many, and they do not permit the important facts connected with their city and country to be overlooked by any passing traveler, and always have a graphic way of stating facts.

Everyone wore some sort of button or badge, and on the streets, in the stores—in short, everywhere—there was a hearty, wholesome, Western welcome.

* * *

No Western view nowadays is complete without its equipment of automobiles, and the long stretches of prairie road are a temptation to the chauffeur. There seemed to be some rivalry between the buzzing "benzine buggies" or automobiles and the fiery mustangs of Oklahoma. Dashing into town came young ladies in sombreros, riding spirited bronchos as fearlessly as though calmly sitting in a limousine, run by a skilled chauffeur.

Walking along the street, one of these charming misses especially attracted my attention, because she wore a button about twice the size of a silver dollar: on it bright red letters advertised this legend to the smiling public, "ASK ME." I bethought me whether my calculations were incorrect and I had stumbled upon an unsuspected leap year, though it seemed unlikely that those young ladies would have to solicit "askings." I gathered up my courage and did some "asking" and discovered that the badge was worn by all citizens as an open challenge and hearty invitation to all strangers make inquiries concerning the charms of



Guthrie City Hall where the New State Legislature is meeting.



Carnegie Library, Guthrie.



High School, Guthrie.



Spindle Room, Pioneer Cotton Mill, Guthrie.



Street Scene during Marketing of Cotton Guthrie.

Cutting
Millet on
the Farm
of W. A.
Tolleson.



Angora
Goats near
Oklahoma
City.



Cotton
Picking
Scene,
Muskogee.



New
\$150,000
Masonic
Temple,
Guthrie.



that particular city. The "home folks" are always ready to give any information that might lead to recruiting the ranks of new settlers—"more people—more people" they insisted,

From Muskogee hails the first governor of the state, Hon. Charles N. Haskell. It was here that he hung his lawyer's shingle after suffering defeat in a political campaign in Ohio, his native state. Strong and self-reliant, Mr. Haskell has had a most interesting career. He had much to do with building up the city of Muskogee, and has been a promoter in the true sense of the word. One of the handsomest office buildings in Muskogee stands as a monument of the faith and giant vigor of the man who occupies the position of first governor of the new commonwealth.

When strangers visit Indian Territory, the first thing they inquire for is "Indians" but few Indians in barbaric splendor are to be seen, though it is supposed to be exclusively populated by the red men. The allotments have proved of great financial benefit to them. At the theatre many well-dressed Indians and their families may be seen in the orchestra circle, enjoying the diversions of their white fellow citizens, though it is evident to those familiar with the thought and habits of both races, that the full-blooded Indian will never have the same ideals as the white man. There is a large intermingling of the races in the territory, and half, quarter and one-eighth "bloods" are to be frequently met with; many of whom can scarcely be distinguished from the white race.

In the early days Oklahoma was a favorite meeting-place for the cattlemen, ranging North and South with their great herds. It was selected as the ideal place for an Indian reservation, and for seventeen years from the insertion of that small wedge, when the "sooners," came upon the land, all the Creeks, Seminoles, Kickapoos, Cherokees, Miowas and other tribes reigned there supreme, virtually making the final stand of the red race against the steady onslaught of civilization: There, for the last time, they were known to possess a status of importance in the midst of an overwhelming ocean of dominant white men.

Oklahoma is unique not only in regard to its population, but as to its geological formation, for here the usual strata conditions have been reversed, and a stratum of granite sometimes appears above the sandstone; other curious phenomena puzzling to scientists have been noted.



OIL AND GAS WELLS, BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA

THE OIL FIELDS OF THE NEW STATE

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

LITTLE red tickets were slipped into my hand with an invitation to "come to Tulsa" at the first opportunity, so to that thriving city, near the centre of the oil fields, I went. Tulsa has insisted on taking a prominent place in the new state, where towns are "made while you wait." The settlers swoop down on the raw sod of the prairies—undeveloped real estate—and force a veritable "unearned increment" out of it. In a few years, as if by magic, streets, shops, houses, schools and churches grow up. People from various states will take certain well defined lines in exploiting sections. It is a common saying in Oklahoma that "once you have a town site, and let it be known, you will certainly find there as buyers, some people from Kentucky." Iowa, Illinois and Indiana are the states that furnish occupants for the corn and wheat lands. Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee and Arkansas are keen after the cotton area. The men from Maine, Wisconsin and Michigan never hesitate to take up new lumbering districts; Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio, as a rule, supply the oil men.

Tulsa County is very rich in agricultural resources and natural gas; the town is located in the centre of the mid-continent oil and gas

fields, which are the largest in the world. In the Glen Pool district alone are about 1760 oil wells that produced in 1907 50,090,000 barrels of oil, which was 25 per cent of the world's production.

The Tulsa coal production is in its infancy, but it is known that there are rich veins, and as these are worked a flourishing industry will be developed. Another promising source of wealth throughout this section is the unlimited shale, and there is no doubt that the manufacture of brick, tile and pottery of all kinds will soon be undertaken. Still another source of wealth exists in the abundance of limestone and shale which has been found on the bluffs of the Arkansas River, which proved to be first-class cement material.

* * *

Thirty-eight miles west of Tulsa, at the junction of the M. K. & T. and the Frisco Railroads, is Hallett, within easy reach of St. Louis, Kansas City and the Gulf.

The location of this thriving new town, the enthusiastic residents expect will make it the Pawnee County seat in the 1910 election. Hallett has 30,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas, sufficient to supply the needs of the city of St. Louis; within a radius of eight miles

there are over three hundred oil wells, while the farm land is very rich and the water supply good and abundant.

Manufacturers and capitalists are rapidly finding out the advantages that Hallett has to offer them and many factories are locating there, one powerful inducement being the cheapness of fuel, as natural gas can be obtained at three cents per thousand cubic feet cheaper than coal at thirty cents per ton.

* * *

In the early morning I took what is known as the "oil train" from Tulsa to Sapulpa.



GRAIN ELEVATOR AT PRYOR CREEK,
OKLAHOMA

Everywhere was evidence of the product that is bringing in millions of dollars to the country, as it bubbles up from the depths of the earth. The first well was drilled at Red Fork; after they had struck gas it was piped, and the owners felt satisfied that a pipe of real gas was better than a "prospect in oil." Later an oil expert came to examine the well. He bored deeper and deeper, and at from 1,200 to 1,800 feet he struck oil. Since that time thousands of flowing wells have been drilled.

* * *

At the new town of Keifer, Joe Sullivan was engaged in delivering mail for the merchants about town, for Keifer has not the

distinction of being a delivery post office; it is doubtful if the citizens would prefer the liveried, regular postman to Joe's daily visit. Mud was abundant—well there was an ocean of the real rich, black mud.

An Indian orphan girl at Keifer is said to have a long train of suitors seeking her hand. This sounds romantic, but the sentimental aspect is somewhat beclouded when it is understood that the young lady owns great areas of Indian oil lands.

From Sapulpa to Keifer new fields have been opened within a year, and great forests of oil derricks set up in regular rows are to be seen everywhere. Crude oil is plentiful, and seems to be in the very air. Tents and shacks of all kinds are used to enable the people to get to work, without even the loss of a few of the precious minutes, to harness the earth's liquid treasures.

At Keifer, as far as the eye can reach, are stately rows of derricks indicating streets and avenues, and the standing frames of the flowing oil wells make an interesting scene to the eye of the old oil prospector. Off in the distance, at the brow of the hills, stands the queenly "Milliken Lease," owned by the Prairie Oil Company, with its record of 3,000 barrels a day.

Great oil tanks or reservoirs, holding 55,000 barrels of oil, and costing over \$8,000 each, are now being built in every direction, dotting the hills and valleys. Around each tank an earth embankment is built, like a circus ring, to save the oil in case of fire, when the oil often boils over. "Ringing" is a precautionary measure that has saved millions of gallons of oil, though immense quantities of it still go to waste.

When the oil is first struck the pipes of proper size are connected and nothing is required to force the flow, and the flow of a well can be determined by the size of the pipe at the throat. Pumping the oil may be required later with gas engine equipments, fed by natural gas flowing from the same hole as the oil. Nitro-glycerine is used to break up the stratum when oil is found.

There were a multitude of small and large pipes running at right angles in all directions. Great black blotches were everywhere on the landscape marking the places where the oil had overflowed and destroyed the vegetation. Pipes were laid on the surface to carry off the gas which comes up with

the oil. Over the tops of the separator tanks was a vapor that looked like steam, but was really the gas coming from the oil. As we passed over the prairie the sizzling noise of the escaping gas could be heard from the pipes. When a leak was discovered it was set on fire and allowed to burn itself out or attract the attention of the pipe repairers.

I noticed that some of the separator tanks were made of wood. The large storage tanks are made of iron plate and resemble the sides of a great battleship. These iron tanks are sometimes struck by lightning, and when this occurs bullets are fired through the sides to allow the oil to run out, thus saving the tanks and checking the fire.

It is dangerous to approach one of these tanks with fire of any kind. It is said that a tenderfoot dude was smoking cigarettes one day, and as he lit a match the fumes of the oil caught, and the poor fellow was burned to death, the oil men cynically remarking that "he burned up a bit quicker than if he had continued to smoke cigarettes."

The tenth of the month is a busy time in the oil fields, for that is pay day.

Between the regular rows of derricks, with their lean-to engine houses, the avenues, roads and streets of the Keifer district have been laid out. Little activity is apparent about the wells, for once started, no pumping or watching is needed; the oil takes care of itself, and continues to flow on without even the gurgle of Tennyson's brook to attract notice to it. Only four men are required to drill a well that may mean a five to six thousand dollar investment.

A visit to the oil fields is essential in order to obtain full information about this wonderful natural product.

Petroleum is not a new product—or rather a discovery of modern times. In Oklahoma I soon learned that bitumen was used in ancient Egypt for mummifying the dead, and that more than two thousand years ago petroleum was burned in rude lamps by the citizens of Agrigentum, in Sicily. It seems that the walls of Babylon were laid in an almost everlasting cement, which was merely melted "asphaltum."

In earlier days oil was obtained by skimming pits and springs where it had collected on the water, but soon it became necessary to trace this valuable product to its source and wells were drilled. On the hillside near

a new field an old prospector told me the story between puffs from his pipe. The use of tubing revised the methods, though in certain soils the "driven" wells are still in use, the process being little different from that followed in the province of Artois, from which the Artesian wells take their name. There has been an immense advance in the machinery used, though the principle is the same as when a log was bored out to the diameter intended for the well, and set per-



RED RIVER BRIDGE, CONNECTING
OKLAHOMA AND TEXAS

pendicularly in the ground, resting on the rock, in order to guide the tool. A walking beam and spring-pole were used, being so attached that human weight could raise the drill; man-power was soon displaced by steam, and steam is now being displaced by gas engines.

* * *

While in the oil country, I was so fortunate as to meet with an expert connected with the Oil Well Supply Company, and in talking with him I became convinced that this company has solved the all-important problem of power, with their drilling gas engine, decreasing the cost considerably by econo-

mizing on operation. Having some experience with gas engines in the production of the National Magazine, it was interesting to learn that they can be worked economically with gasoline, kerosene, and the lighter grades of crude oil.

Aided by expert information, entertaining as a fairy tale, I began to understand the uses of the various pieces of machinery that had mystified me. Especially puzzling had been the frequent allusions to "a rig." In Canadian travel "a rig" means a horse and light carriage; in boyhood days it briefly described a complete suit of clothes; an Oklahoma "rig" is quite another matter, being the foundations of heavy timbers and the wheels and

company has supplied drilling plants to all habitable parts of the globe, keeping careful records of geological formations and physical conditions, and this data has been of immense value in deciding just what machinery is best for any locality.

Solomon's saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," came to mind when I learned that the modern method of drilling for minerals or oil is practically the same as has been practiced for hundreds of years, being merely the adaptation of steam power to a principle used for ages in China. Free falling tools are suspended by a cable operated by steam, and the weight of the tools used, combined with the force of the successive

blows, is enough to pierce the hardest rock. The demand for drilling and other machinery used in procuring oil has built up a great industry, like that represented by the Oil Well Supply Company.

To drill for oil seems a simple thing, but in reality exact science is needed to determine how a well shall be sunk and what machinery is best to use in varying strata. My new friend, the oil expert, assured me that

"no two oil country outfits are alike," certain details having to be carefully considered for an outfit suited to one section might be almost useless in another.

In imbibing "oil information" I soon learned that "the rig" is distinct from the "machinery," the latter term referring only to the boiler and engine; the drilling tools are another branch by themselves, being used for making the bore and clearing out the detritus, and including special appliances for removing tools which may be broken or otherwise unfastened in the well while the boring is in progress.

The demand for tubular goods in the oil fields has created another special industry, for every well needs some casing or piping. The commonest sizes are 10, 8, 6 and 4½ inches inside diameter. The most economical size of pipe to use, and the quantity,



MAIN STREET, TUSLA, OKLAHOMA

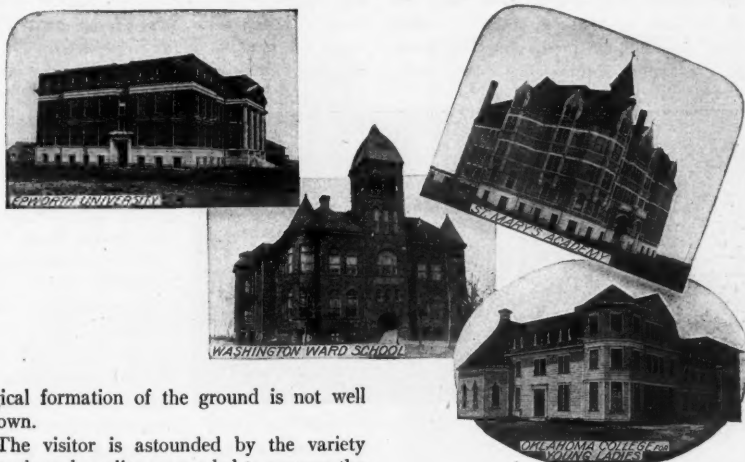
reels holding lines or cables to which are attached the drilling tools proper. It seems that all the irons, nails, bolts and other specialties are furnished the prospective well digger by the Oil Well Supply Company, but the timber is often obtained from local sources, though where desired the entire "rig" may be obtained all ready to erect. Various enthusiastic oil men assert that the Corbett mast rig is best for shallow wells, while a standard cable rig, a hydraulic rotary, or a combination rig may be needed for deeper wells, or as the strata varies. Portable rigs are popular, as they can be moved with little expense.

The Oil Well Supply Company sends out skilled workmen to erect the machinery, as such assistance is absolutely necessary, owing to the needs of the different strata to be worked, or the depth of the drilling. This

is accurately estimated. I saw wells where a single column of casing to shut off the water was all that had been required, while in others it was pointed out to me that several such casings were in use, each column being of a size to pass through the preceding column with the least possible loss of space between the two. I saw one well where it had been necessary to drive the columns of pipe, instead of merely inserting them, after the bore was prepared; in that case the pipe was of a different kind, being a heavy make known as "drive pipe," which is used as a precautionary measure where the geo-

42 gallons each; in 1906 these same fields produced 22,250,000 barrels. The output of Pennsylvania and New York that year was 11,345,000 barrels, and Ohio and Indiana, 21,500,000. The only formidable rival field is California, where in 1906, 30,538,000 barrels were produced.

It appears from a six months' report for 1907 that the product of the mid-continent oil fields continues to increase, though this is not due to the sinking of a large number of wells, fewer having been dug than in the corresponding period for 1906, but to the immense production of wells found in what



OKLAHOMA CITY SCHOOL BUILDINGS

logical formation of the ground is not well known.

The visitor is astounded by the variety of tools and appliances needed to procure the oil and handle it after it has been unearthed from the depths where it has been stored for so many ages. There is the cordage of manila and wire, there are drilling and fishing tools, elevators, drive tools, casing heads, pumping outfits, surface equipment, gas engines, pipe cutting tools, blacksmith and derrick tools, well packers, tanks and tank cars, hardware and supplies, oil burners and steam pumps—a truly bewildering assortment to the uninitiated.

Many a picturesque scene and thrilling adventure is related in connection with oil production, when the wells take fire or "blowout."

* * *

Statistics tell the tale of what has been accomplished in the mid-continent fields. The output of Kansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma in 1902 was 368,649 barrels of

was Indian Territory. Last year, there were 1,853 producing wells, whereas this year there are 1,756. Only about one percent of the wells drilled in the mid-continent field failed to find oil in paying quantities, and the output has exceeded even the wildest dreams of oil men, and producers are building their own tanks to store their product pending its sale. It was said that 100,000 barrels could be produced every day for over thirty days on these fields, but that liberal estimate has been surpassed, and if all the oil of every well could be taken by the pipe line companies, the sales of the mid-continent field would be almost incredible. Last year the Prairie Oil & Gas Company laid the immense amount of 983 miles of new main line. During the first six months of 1907 the com-

pany erected 113 storage tanks of 35,000 barrels capacity each, and are planning for many more. The total number of acres of land purchased by this company in a single year, for tankage purposes, was 280.05. A singular fact is that, despite the large surplus supply of oil, the price has not dropped as low as in other fields where similar conditions for a time prevailed. The price in Oklahoma remains at forty-one cents, though in Ohio it went down to fifteen cents, in California to nine and in Texas to three cents. Wonderful things are anticipated when the Gulf tank lines are completed. Oil men think that while there may be an oil famine in years to come, it would soon be relieved by prospecting in states where practically nothing has been done.



BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA

Missouri and Arkansas are regarded as hopeful fields, and Wyoming, Mexico and Arizona as possibilities. It is prophesied by the oil men that the great Northwest will furnish a new territory for "the nervy prospector" of the future.

* * *

In Glenn Pool there is an unceasing rich and steady flow of petroleum, and it was said there were only a few instances in which wells did not give up oil.

Over the hills toward Glenn Pool, on what is called Bald Hill, a new strike has just been made and thirty new "rigs" are now on the ground drilling.

At Barnesville, in the very centre of the oil district, leases are held and operated by one of the early pioneers, Mr. George Barnes.

One of the peculiarities of the new oil field is that no exact map of it can be had, because those published a few years ago are

incorrect, not showing the towns that are springing up almost in a night. For instance, I had what I supposed to be a reliable map, made a few years ago, and yet looked in vain for the thriving towns of Glenn Pool and Keifer; they were not on the map, though very much in evidence on the earth's surface, Keifer alone having three to four thousand people, living in tents and temporary wooden buildings.

* * *

The railroads of this section are very busy, and every few months new stations are located and live towns cluster about them. This is one cause of the great drain upon the national financial resources, for all this exploitation cannot take place without an abundant supply of money, "the sinews of war" and of peace alike.

Situated on a hill overlooking the village of Glenn Pool is a white house, with green shutters and trimmings of red, located in the centre of a field. This is the home of Mr. Glenn, whose income is said to be \$100 a day for every member of his large family. A wind-

mill and water tank are the only features that make the house more remarkable than other homes near, but such is the fickleness of fortune that the great oil fields close at hand have made this quiet Indian farmer of a few years ago a very wealthy man.

A new railroad had just "arrived" at Glenn Pool; in fact, the whole country is grid-ironed by rails which have been laid down to anticipate the new traffic, incident on the expansion of the petroleum trade, and with 74,000,000 barrels of oil stored in the tanks at Bartlesville, Keifer and Glenn Pool it seems that the subterranean wealth of Oklahoma is assured for years to come.

Some of the signs over the business houses in these new oil towns are suggestive, and attractive "shingles" are abundant. I noticed "Dad's Lunch Room," and "Mother's Kitchen," and even a standard that flung out the legend "Roosevelt's Ranch." A "Pioneer

Drug Store" stood up on stilts, with green and red bottles in gorgeous array.

In one place a pig was being killed in the centre of the street, and I even saw some people bringing in a "prairie schooner," suggestive of the innate perseverance and development of the "sooner" boomers of the country. Everywhere were groups of happy children at play, as content as though brought up in a gorgeous marble-fronted apartment house in Boston—with creaking back stairs.

* * *

Off in the distance was the Red Tank Farm, far out on the prairie, owned by the

this drop in prices has been charged against the Standard Oil Company, but viewed on the spot, and talked over with the oil men of the country, it becomes apparent that the giant oil company is regarded by those who understand the situation as the founder of the oil trade—or at least as its developer.

"Of what value would be the oil, however continuously it might flow," they argue, "if there were no way of transporting it or selling it for storage? Of what use would be the surplus oil produced in such abundance in these fields, after the wants of the local buyers had been supplied, unless this un-



SOME OKLAHOMA INDUSTRIES

Prairie Oil Company, where millions of barrels of oil are stored previous to being sent direct by pipe line to Kansas City, Chicago and the coast. Pipe lines also lead southward, through Texas and on to the Gulf at Port Arthur, Texas. The marvel of transportation methods at once tells the story of Standard Oil ingenuity. The great trestle work beside the tracks, from which the tanks were filled, overlooked the old corn fields of the Indians, where the deserted straw stacks have given place to the onward flood of petroleum.

The first oil in this field was struck by Guffy & Gurly in 1890, and for a long time the supply was used for the local market, when the price was \$1.38 a barrel. When this market was oversupplied, and sixty-three percent of the product was sent to foreign countries in competition with Eastern oil enterprises, the price dropped to forty-one cents a barrel, and then millions of barrels were stored in the tank farms. In the east

used product could be conveyed to foreign and future markets?"

* * *

Upon entering the oil fields, I was reminded that Oklahoma has incorporated prohibition in its constitution. The strict surveillance that has been maintained for years over the Indians by the federal government, has become a part of the regular conduct of the liquor traffic, and if there is any state in which this law ought to be a complete success, and receive a fair trial, it is Oklahoma. There they fight not only against the curse of the saloon, but also against the men who carry bottles and become beastly drunk on railroad trains, and in other public places. An effort is being made to curb

this vice to the extent that it is a crime to have a bottle in one's pocket and give another man a drink on the train, while in the state of Oklahoma.

While reflecting on the prohibition laws, as we spun along the shining rails, the train drew up at a wayside station and a lady with two children and some bundles entered the car. As the little party brushed past one of the seats there was a crash. People all supposed that the lady had dropped the baby's bottle and we expected to see a white fluid cross the floor—but it was not milk that flowed. As the amber-colored liquid meandered gently down the centre aisle there was much sniffing and one man remarked:

well had just begun to flow, and he thought that at last he was to realize the dream of years, and secure the wealth for which he had so long prospected unsuccessfully all over the oil territory. At last he "struck oil." For a little while all went well, but very soon the fickle fluid ceased to flow. It was about the time of the earthquake in Martinique and his "hard luck" was attributed by some to that disturbance. A man came running to the well owner one morning, with the news that water was running into the well and that the oil was ceasing to flow. He turned quietly over in bed and replied: "Well, move the drills to Oklahoma and we will try it again."

* * *



OLD SCHOOL HOUSE IN WHICH HENRY M. STANLEY
TAUGHT IN THE EARLY DAYS

"Haven't smelled that for years. It beats all how one never forgets a once-familiar odor."

So here the bottle was broken, significant of the launching of the new prohibition state.

* * *

The oil men in their corduroy suits, flannel shirts and high shoes are much in evidence going out on the morning train from Tulsa, Sapulpa and Bartlesville. They are true and stoical worshippers of Dame Fortune; one of these men may possess an abundance of money one year and be almost destitute the next, but no vicissitudes of life phase him. A story is told of a man in Beaumont, whose

well had just begun to flow, and he thought that at last he was to realize the dream of years, and secure the wealth for which he had so long prospected unsuccessfully all over the oil territory. At last he "struck oil." For a little while all went well, but very soon the fickle fluid ceased to flow. It was about the time of the earthquake in Martinique and his "hard luck" was attributed by some to that disturbance. A man came running to the well owner one morning, with the news that water was running into the well and that the oil was ceasing to flow. He turned quietly over in bed and replied: "Well, move the drills to Oklahoma and we will try it again."

Perhaps no state is more interesting in regard to the territory of which it is composed. The 71,000 square miles comprising Indian Territory were part of the Louisiana purchase, and were a portion of the United States in 1803. The first settlement on record was near Muskogee, and was made by the Creek Indians in 1827, but it was

The map of the new state looks portentous. There is a spur reaching out toward the setting sun and pointing like the index finger of a closed hand toward the west. Strip by strip the new accessions have been made to the original slender wedge first set apart, until the new state has now assumed magnificent proportions. It seemed to me there should be some tradition as to the origin of the name "Oklahoma," but no information was forthcoming, so we fancied that "Okla" must mean good and "homa" home. There are those who believe that the word was intended to mean the "Red Land," in the language of the

not until 1889 that an amendment on the Indian appropriation bill opened Oklahoma to white settlement, when the following counties were portioned off from the 3,000,000 acres available: Oklahoma, Logan, Cleveland, Canadian, Kingfisher and Payne. "No-man's-Land" was known as Beaver County and became part of the Territory June, 1890, when territorial government was inaugurated; this county comprised about 3,500,000 acres, and in September, 1890, 1,250,000 more acres were opened to settlement, being the Sac and Fox (the land of the fair gods) and Pottawatomie reservations. In April of the following year another large tract was added, 4,250,000 acres—the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, and is divided into Blaine, Washita, Custer, Dewey, Day and Roger Mills counties.

Two years later, the Cherokee outlet, 6,000,000 acres, was converted into Noble, Pawnee, Kay, Grant, Garfield, Woods and Woodward counties, and in 1895 the Kickapoo reservation of 200,000 acres was made a part of Logan, Oklahoma and Pottawatomie counties. The Supreme Court decided in July, 1896, that Greer County was a part of Oklahoma. It was in August, 1901, that Kiowa, Comanche and Caddo counties were opened for settlement, and the crowning act, the declaration of statehood, came on November 16, 1907.

* * *

Wagoner is a lively city in the heart of the timber section of the new state. Hundreds of thousands of feet of cotton wood, hickory, in fact, all sorts of hard-wood timber are cut near here every year. A considerable portion of this material is worked into fellows, hubs, spokes, hauns and other wagon stock.

Three railroads enter Wagoner, two of them, the M. K. & T. and the Missouri Pacific, are trunk lines. Near this city lie large coal fields waiting only the investment of capital to develop into profitable mines.

This city has long been noted as the center of a large cattle country. Hundreds of acres of the richest lands found anywhere in the

middle west surround this center. Located between the Grande and the Verdigris rivers, with the famous Arkansas river not far to the south, a great deal of fertile land adjoins the city. The rich mineral deposits lying to the east, will help to eventually make Oklahoma the Pennsylvania of the West. Professor Gould of the Oklahoma State University, an authority on Geology, states that the lead and zinc formations, that exist in the hills surrounding Wagoner are among the richest in the country.

This little city reflects strongly the well-to-do conditions of all classes. None of the residents have a single case of poverty reported during all the "hard times" among its citizens and even the way-faring transients

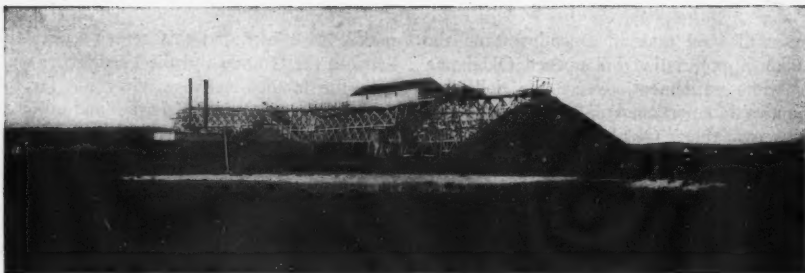


A SCENE IN THE OIL FIELDS

were cared for with a liberal and generous heart. Wagoner is also noted as the home of James A. Harris, one of the Republican leaders of the new state. Mr. Harris is a stout Taft adherent and his friends were enthusiastic in a campaign to make him one of the delegates at large from the new state to the Chicago Convention.

* * *

Honeymoons are scarce in Oklahoma. One characteristic of the people is that they are not partial to those festivities; when the young couple are married they do not spend money running about to see other places—they stay quietly at home and fix up the little nest. One of the new homes, where a young couple had just been married, exhibited a big washing on the line and the happy bridegroom was busy in the fields nearby.



THE BOLEN-DARNELL COAL MINE. McALESTER. OKLAHOMA

IN THE PRAIRIE COAL FIELDS

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

EACH section of Oklahoma has some product peculiar to itself—in some places the visitor hears of nothing but cotton, and the common figures of speech all relate to that product. In another section the talk is about corn; while in a third the conversation turns on oil, its quality and the machinery used to get it out of the depths of the earth. As I passed out of the agricultural districts and approached McAlester, in Pittsburg County, the talk was of coal. In every direction may be seen the coal mines, dotted on the rolling prairies.

McAlester is a thriving city located at the crossing of the M. K. & T. and the Rock Island 'Frisco Railroads, and has twenty-four daily passenger trains. The street railroads and handsome business blocks give an air of assured prosperity; the population is 15,000 but the city draws much trade from the tributary towns containing some 60,000 people, located along its sixteen miles of interurban railroad stretching eastward.

Pittsburg County has long been recorded as one of the richest coal districts in the state, and the output at McAlester is reckoned at 4,000,000 tons yearly, and it is said that there is enough coal here to supply the entire United States for one hundred years. The product is bituminous and of good quality, only three per cent. being ashes, while Illinois coal shows eleven per cent. Oklahoma coal leaves few clinkers and emits very little sulphur in burning. The coal resources of this section were first developed by Cap-

tain J. J. McAlester, for whom the bustling little mining city was named. In addition to its wealth of coal it seems that there is no kind of fruit, vegetable or cereal that cannot be grown in perfection in this county. Right around the city 4,000,000 acres of land are covered with oak, elm, hickory, and ash, and it does not require a prophet to promise success to the man who starts an industry in McAlester. Jay Gould aptly said, "There are twelve reasons why this city will be the Pittsburg of the Southwest."

It was Sunday afternoon when I reached McAlester. The Puritan Sabbath of New England is not known here; business activities were in full swing, but I did not observe a single instance of drunkenness. Near the station is the famous Busby Hotel, one of the best hostleries of the West, and the pride of Honorable William Busby, who has been prominently identified with the development of this section. During dinner at the hotel an orchestra furnished music that would have done honor to a New York cafe; while the menu and service almost convince the traveler that he has not drifted far from Pittsburg in old Pennsylvania. Mr. Busby is building for the city of McAlester, a large opera house which he intends to make one of the finest buildings used for this purpose in the Southwest. Here I met Mr. J. F. Elliott of Haileyville and a large number of the coal operators in the district who make McAlester their Sabbath rendezvous and come here to have a real fashionable Sunday dinner.

The coal fields of Oklahoma are located in the eastern part of the state and extend about one hundred miles westward from the Arkansas state line, occupying both sides of the Arkansas River Valley. The area of the field is approximately 30,000 square miles, but a comparatively small portion can be considered productive territory.

From a commercial standpoint the geographical location of this field is very advantageous, since it is the largest field producing a high grade bituminous coal, available to the territory lying between Arkansas, Colorado and the Gulf of Mexico.

The coal measures of Oklahoma are a part of the lower series of the carboniferous measures. While these measures lie at a considerable depth below the surface, through a process of folding and faulting, a part of the coal deposits have been brought to the surface, and a series of basins and anticlinals have been formed which represent the field in which developments are now carried on. The coal fields in this respect are unlike the regular stratified coal seams as found in Illinois or West Virginia, where the coal lies practically level. The Oklahoma veins have a pitch which is greatest on the outcrop and is frequently almost perpendicular, gradually sloping off as greater depth is reached. The main portion of the coal area is estimated to lie between 4,000 and 5,000 feet below the Arkansas River Valley. The available portions for development are the outcrop lines and small basins.

The coal area in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, as segregated by the United States government, contains about 550,000 acres, but as much of this coal lies at a depth of over 1,000 feet, it is estimated that the total area of workable coal of the entire field will not exceed 500,000 acres.

The conditions under which this coal field were formed, or rather brought within reach, are responsible for a high cost of production, because the veins pitch and are comparatively thin. The coal miners find difficulty with water and the gas which is generated. Nature, in her wisdom, has favored the field as far as the quality of coal is concerned, because the intrinsic value of the coal is much greater than that of any coal produced west of the Ohio River. The coal is especially low in ash and moisture, two factors which absorb

much heat in combustion; there is also economy on transportation charges.

One of the unfortunate features connected with the production of coal in this field has been the great fluctuation in the demand between summer and winter months. The comparatively small development of general industries, which are so essential to the coal trade, is responsible for an absence of the so-called steam trade, the principal use for the coal being confined to railroad fuel and the domestic trade. The McAlester coal has an enviable reputation throughout Texas and Oklahoma for domestic and gas purposes, but since the fine coal or screenings are not much in demand, the consumer of lump coal must pay a correspondingly high price for the grade which he purchases. From the standpoint of the coal producers and miners, this fluctuation is very undesirable, because the expense of keeping the mines idle is considerable; and both, the operator and miner, must earn enough money during the busy season to tide them over dull times, while the screenings are in so little demand.

The coal lands are owned principally by the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, and are a tribal property. Rental and royalty are paid to the nations, and the funds derived are used for school purposes. Prior to statehood, many restrictions existed which operated against the coal industry, such as the inability of miners to own their own homes, which resulted in a great shortage of men. Since 1903 wage agreements have been made between the coal companies and the organization of mine workers, and union wages are paid for all work. One of the most injurious factors with this agreement has been the adoption of the mine run system, which resulted in the abandonment of undercutting, and all coal is now shot "off the solid." This has increased the production of fine coal, the market for which is limited, and has increased the selling price of the coarser grades. The schedule of production of the Rock Island Coal Company gives a fair idea of the extent of this industry in the new state. In 1880, 120,947 tons were mined, and the production steadily increased, until 1907, when it reached 3,517,388 tons, and the present year will doubtless show a much larger output.

Mining camps in this field are healthy and attractive. The climate favors gardening.

Subscription schools have been in existence in nearly every town.

What a pleasure it is, in traveling through a new state or territory, feeling that "strangeness" which comes over a traveler when he enters a hotel for the first time, to find at the desk a clerk who is a subscriber to the *National* and at once begins to tell of the merits of his favorite magazine. This occurred in four places in Oklahoma, and I felt quite at home, although when I met the first subscriber-clerk I had been in the city only an hour or so. He told me he had formerly worked with Marshall Field in Chicago, and through the purchase of a necktie by a customer who buys her husband's neckwear, he had come to know of the *National Magazine* and the kind of ties the editor wore. But it was enough to know that he read the *National*—that proved him a friend, and the gracious lady has another long credit mark.

Though occasionally confused by mining terms, I gathered that the pitch of the coal veins makes Oklahoma coal mining somewhat difficult, the mines being usually opened to follow the slope of the coal seam, and miners have to contend not only with the steep pitch, but with poor roofs, which are common, with the presence of gas and the difficulty of eliminating the water, especially in damp weather. Good pumping machinery is especially needed in this mining district and the mining experts say that a big field is open to any company that will design machinery peculiarly adapted to increase the output. The present method is small compared with what might be done with adequate machinery.

In Indian Territory, coal lands are leased from the United States Government on a royalty of eight cents per ton. Full blooded Indians can lease for one year; mixed bloods for five years. In addition to the 120 leases granted by the Interior Department for thirty years, about 500,000 acres of coal land have been segregated from the allotments to the Indians to be sold. It is anticipated that the opening of the Territory with the possibility of actual ownership of lands will largely increase the production of this field, particularly since the surface is fertile, the climate favorable, and the region generally attractive to miners and settlers.

The miners employed in this field come from all States of the Union and many foreign

countries, principally Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Germany; few Indians seek employment in the mines.

Mr. Carl Scholz, who is considered one of the best posted men on the coal situation in Oklahoma, stated that during the summer months coal could be purchased at a price that would not pay for mining it, the mine owners preferring to sell it at a loss and keep the mines working, rather than incur the expense of pumping and ventilating when they opened again for the winter. Many of the railroad companies are offering storage rates—to encourage purchase and storage of coal by consumers.

Secretary Garfield made a broad and exclusive reservation for coal and mineral rights, which is in line with the government policy of conserving all coal and natural resources for the people.

The 'Frisco-Rock Island system, including the 'Frisco, Choctaw & Gulf, have been potential factors in attracting high class and effective immigrants, who have come pouring into Oklahoma. They have a line direct to the Gulf, crossing the state north and south, east and west, extending their line to the Pacific coast. Another new line reaches from New Orleans to Houston and is intersected by a north and south line to central Louisiana.

* * *

The method of doing business in Oklahoma is instructive, for not only are all citizens busy with their own affairs, but it is taken for granted that each shall do something for the common good as occasion offers. Every citizen contributes his moiety in the way of obtaining new enterprises and new settlers for the state, even if it means direct competition with his own business interests. The Oklahoman has always in mind the desirability of enhancing the value of real estate. A public building or railway station will often be erected far out on the open prairie, in the hope of attracting settlers and stretching the street lines and houses out toward it, to cover the intervening land with dwellings and stores. It sometimes seems that buildings are being erected too fast, for it is difficult to realize the fabulous prices people will pay for real estate in a "booming" town. As long as the demand exists, values increase, and men are always found ready to create towns and develop

more territory upon the slightest provocation.

New towns and cities are built, on the wholesale plan. A contractor and several cars of lumber appear on the prairie and houses spring up as if by magic; then come water works, a power plant and street car lines, all in feverish haste to get established while values are going up. As each new house is located, and the town spreads over the prairie, there is a glow of enthusiasm among the residents, even though they may not be directly interested in any of the property. Many of the settlers in the new state are men who have sold or rented their land in eastern and middle western states, and have come here to secure larger farms. In fact this class of settlers has done much to develop the territory, and during the harvest season especially affords the merchants a good market.

* * *

The state seal of Oklahoma furnishes an expression of the individuality of this new state. In the center is a five-pointed star, and in each point of the star is the symbol of one of the five Indian tribes; here is the Chickasha national seal, wherein the Indian warrior stands upright with bow and shield; the Choctaw has his tomahawk, bow and three crossed arrows; the Seminole nation is represented by a village opposite a lake, which has afloat on it an Indian paddling his canoe; the Cherokee nation is represented on the fifth point of the star and is surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves. The Creeks also have their emblem on the shield. In each one of the indentures of the star are groups of nine stars, representing altogether the forty-five other stars; while the large star in the center indicates the new state—the forty-sixth in the Union—so that now, as in the day of Tecumseh, when the Indians referred to the American nation as “my brothers of the thirteen campfires,” the full bloods of Oklahoma can gather about their tepees and look upon the great cities and towns and railroads crossing the prairies of old, and think of the Great Father now as having “forty-six campfires,” instead of thirteen in Colonial days.

* * *

Imagine the surprise at one farm home in a country where natural gas abounds, to

find the house illuminated with Acetylene. The natural gas burns very dim and black and the contrast with Acetylene was impressive. The farmer of Oklahoma is a home builder in the true sense of the word. There is nothing in the way of modern im-



MISS HELEN RENSTROM

The little Oklahoma “Nightingale” whose singing has attracted the attention of musical experts.

provement and convenience that he does not at least hope to have very “soon” in his home.

Payments are made in checks by the farmers in the new State because farming is strictly a business and home building proposition. More light and information is sought on every subject pertaining to the welfare of the home. There are well stored

libraries as well as well filled barns and graneries. They are always ready for new things and always looking for improvement and betterment, not being harnessed to tradition or precedent. I could well fancy a young Oklahoman handling an Acetylene plant, and lighting a small village with a care and consideration of customers that would suggest the possibility of harmonious relations between public utilities supply and the people.

It is a very notable thing that the pioneer spirit which expressed itself in the last and preceeding generation in the mere tilling of the soil, building of a log cabin, and a long and slow but steady struggle toward settle-



PERRY, OKLAHOMA

ment and prosperity, now finds expression in enterprise and business genius.

The settlement of a new country today means the building of substantial towns in two or three years, the opening up of the country in large tracts, the turning of the virgin sod by means of the gang plow and the traction engine. The long painful struggle, the isolation and the dangers are done away with. The boldness of the pioneer today lies in his intelligent grasp of the advantages of modern methods and machinery. His home is at once equipped with all conveniences. In no place is this change more notable than in the settlement of Oklahoma. Acetylene and its adoption here in place of the older and cruder illuminants, is but an illustration of this principle.

The stores know that good light brings business. The farm home is radiant because light makes reading possible, helps

the children in school, makes the home cheerful, and dispels all the horrors of the long nights which were so tedious to the pioneer of old. It has been said that kerosene, when first introduced, emancipated the country home, and by making type readable at night, educated half the people of the United States, and that the enormous circulation of books and magazines is due to this education. If kerosene was a step in advance, Acetylene is a positive leap. Its radiance is beautiful; it can be used in every home, no matter how humble, either by means of an apparatus simply constructed and not very expensive, which will light the whole home, or by means of beautiful lamps which can be had for a

modest sum. Acetylene comes from the substance called Calcium Carbide, which is merely lime and coke melted together in the frightful temperature of the electric furnace. This coal-like substance has an astonishing property; if you drop it in water, it will give off the gas "Acetylene." Therefore, the only thing to be done in the home is to have an apparatus which will drop the Carbide into the generator as needed, and the gas piped

through the house the same as city gas, only it requires about one tenth as much to give equal light,—and the light is like a spark of the sun itself. By the way, my good friends, the Union Carbide Company of Chicago, who manufacture Calcium Carbide, have told me that, while they do not manufacture generators for Acetylene, they will gladly furnish the readers with reliable information on the subject without expense.

Acetylene is to the man who is establishing his home in the new country, exactly what the mowing machine is to the scythe used by his forefathers, and is in a direct line with the rapid advance he has made in other directions.

I was glad to see the Acetylene illumination throughout Oklahoma, for it certainly showed that the people were in the van of civilization, for the best light and the best civilization go hand in hand.

THE INTERVENTION OF ALMEDA

By VINGIE E. ROE

FOR land sakes, Almeda," sez my dear husband Jeremiah, "you don't mean it!"

I told him I did, and I put on my bonnet with a determined air and went down the garden path.

"Almeda," cautioned Jeremiah, "them roses of mine beside the gate, I can never pass 'em without stopping to smell deep of their fragrance, they're Maiden Blushes and the soft pinky white of their modest hearts allus makes me think of the satin wings of God's youngest angels, them that has died in their girlhood and still retainin' a vague suggestion of the warm red blood of youth, as if even the glories of Heaven couldn't blot out the memory of their loss,—Almeda," called Jeremiah, "if you stick your fingers into Sary Ann's pie you'll hev to take the consequences. Don't count on me to help you out," sez he. Land sakes! I remembered the countless times I'd had to count on him and he had never failed me yet. And in this matter I was determined to act if I did have to stand alone.

You see I'd known Sary Ann Minor sence she was'n't more'n an hour old, hardly that,—me gettin' there as quick as I could when I heard Elviry wanted me, we bein' clus friends in our girlhood, and when Elviry passed and asked me to watch the life of her helpless babe, I promised and I have kept the promise,—and I knew that there wasn't a finer girl in seven counties than Sary Ann, barring her high temper and the spoiling Jake Minor and the three boys had given her all the eighteen years of her life. And I knew too that her whole heart, as deep and true and fresh a heart as ever belonged to an innocent country girl, was wrapped up in the six feet of brawn and muscle and brown curls and blue eyes and laugh that went to make up Sam Wells.

And now those two young things had quarrelled, and it was as vital and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians to Sary Ann I knew, knowin' her disposition, and it bein' all over the country and in everybody's mouth wasn't agoin' to make it any easier to handle. I went in through the garden. I

never can pass a garden if there are a dozen other ways and Jake Minor allus did raise the finest dahlias in Light's Point neighborhood. I found Sary Ann busy at her mornings work and flying round as if she hadn't a thing on her mind. She is a girl of force,—in more ways than one,—and I knew her stronghold was goin' to be indifference before I had commenced. But I went straight to the point. Sary Ann will take more from me than any one, me being allus in love with the self-willed sprite from the time I first cried over her helplessness, and the first thing I did was to ask all about it. But right there and then I see I had met my Waterloo. Sary Ann's head went up,—she had set down to chat with a pan of peas in her lap,—and her pretty dark eyes grew hard as two harrow points.

"Aunt Almeda," she said, and my heart fell with a foreshadowing of utter rout at the tone of her voice, "there is no need for us to talk about Sam Wells. There is nothing between us, and never will be again." And right there she stuck, as determined that it was all a thing of the past as I was to fix it up. I talked to that girl first like her mother would, and then like a pillar of the church as I am and have been for thirty years, but I might as well have poured water on a stone. She was mighty sweet and awful polite,—for the tender relations that had allus existed between us,—but by the time the morning was half gone the light began to dance in her eyes in two little points and I see the Minor temper was rising even to me, and so with a sigh I put on my bonnet and went back home, and I must say I was a bit out of sorts myself at what I would have to say to Jeremiah. It seemed that there had been a girl in the case, some girl over at Valley Center, and when Sary Ann had heard about it she had met Sam Wells at the gate that evenin',—and land sakes, I knew how she had met him, with her head up and all the dignity that her year of boarding school had given her,—and told him out of hand that he needn't come in,

then or ever. And he, after makin' some stammerin' plea for a chance of forgiveness, and seein' her face harden more and more with each word, had held up his own head and walked away.

But big, happy-go-lucky Sam Wells was no match for that girl in pride and spunk and courage to fight it out. After a few days at tryin' to act in a carefree manner that was too pitifully thin to hold pan-cake batter, his eyes began to tell the whole thing to every one he met. He actually got white under the tan, and Mis' Taylor vowed that his Sabbath coat showed signs of bein' took up in the seems Old Mis' Wells bein' so neat that a mis-fittin' garment was a real pain to her. And how the neighborhood did talk! Not but what we have good people in Light's Point, but such a thing had not happened sence Dan Morris went to the West when Lu Mills married her man.

And Sary Ann went her way as calm as a saucer of milk, and she came out to meetin' too, though every eye was on her and she had more attention than the preacher.

I had been a bit taken aback by her reception of me that day, and hadn't got up my courage for another attack on the citadel of her stubborn little heart. Jeremiah begged me not to try again.

"You're worryin' yourself to pieces over this, Almeda," sez he, "and suppose you get Sary Ann down on you for good. You remember the feud between her father and old Si Harman," sez he, "and take warnin'." But I felt that I must take part again in this trouble of these two poor young things, for no one could do anything if I couldn't and I was just gettin' ready to beard Sary Ann again when one day I met Sam Wells in the big road. He was afoot and when he looked up and said "Good mornin' Mis' Pomroy" with them big holler eyes of his jest fairly swamped in misery they went right to my heart and I decided I'd do my beardin' in another quarter.

"Whoa Kit," sez I, and very deliberately I pushed over the basket of blueberries I was atakin' to town.

"Young man," I commanded, "you climb right in here."

And so before that early golden morning had reluctantly handed back its borrowed jewels to the blue summer skies, I had got the whole story with its ins and outs,—and it was mostly innings, if nobility and gentle-

ness and manly chivalry and loyalty to sufferin' womanhood count for anything. And how my heart did leap with its burden for these two rolled away, for now I saw my way clear, as clear as crystal. And poor Sam Wells rode along with me to market a-tryin' to keep a stiff upper lip and pretend that it was alright to be misjudged by the idol of his heart!

There had been a girl,—you see Sam had never denied it and that was what lifted all the fire and pride and scorn of the Minors in Sary Ann, his never denyin' the charge,—a poor broken-hearted girl in Valley Center, who, being deceived by the wiles of man, had stood on that grey brink where despair and death go together. And 'Sam Wells, big, hearty, tender-hearted Sam Wells had stumbled upon her trouble, had helped her by wise counsel,—how I thanked the Lord for one young man in the world like him!—had promised to help her more and to keep her counsel and on this very coming morrow was starting away to a distant town to bring back, "by the strength of my hands"—he had said,—and I made no doubt that was the way he would bring him,—the fellow who was the girl's sweetheart. My eyes were wet when I set him down at the edge of town and Sam Wells had learned a good many things about women and their way of doing things, I guess. Any way his face was covered with smiles and you'd have thought he had seen the New Jerusalem by the light in his eyes. "Aunt Almeda," he sez,—they all call me "Aunt Almeda," the young folks at Light's Point, "Aunt Almeda, you're a brick!" I felt honored by the complement, comin' from such a man as I had that mornin' seen Sam Wells to be, and I made Old Kit trot all the way home, a proceedin' she resented, and I made up my mind that Sary Ann Minor should see the inside of this thing in a way she'd not be likely to forget. In the stable lot I threw the lines to my dear husband who in all the years of our married life has not learned to let me wait on myself, and I was bursting to tell him I didn't think I'd have any call to ask for help in getting my fingers out of Sary Ann's pie.

The very next mornin' I took a bucket of berries,—they don't raise 'em, bein' more give over to large fruit,—and went over to Jake Minor's. Sary Ann was glad to see me. It was the loveliest mornin', all gold and blue and light, and I couldn't help repeatin' the

twenty-third Psalm to myself, the still waters and green pastures must surely have laid before David on a summer morning.

"Deary," I said to Sary Ann after a while, "I want to talk to you a bit." Her mouth set in a minute. Its too bad, the temper that poor child is hampered with!

But I hastened to plunge into my story, the story of another young girl like herself, only not so fortunate, her bein' struck down in a woman's noblest point, her great love for a man, and before I was half through I had Sary Ann a-settin' forward with her big eyes full of tears and her sweet mouth a-quiver with pity. She has the tenderest heart in the world and the greatest Christian charity.

"And now, deary," I said in finishing, and I had made the whole pitiful thing as strong as I could, showin' her how rare a thing was a good man's true affection by contrast, "it needs a woman's hand in at the finish and I am going to help this unknown child, and I'd like for you to be with me. It may help to make it all a bit easier for her with another young girl around, her bein' among strangers at her own marriage under such tryin' circumstances." And Sary Ann was all fired up with enthusiasm, ready to help in any way.

"But Aunt Almeda," sez she, "I do admire the young man who is bringing it all about! Why its splendid!" sez she, "There's a man worthy of the name,—a man one might trust!" And by the thoughtful and somewhat scornful look in her eyes I knew she was thinkin' of one not so favored. But I held my peace.

Before I went home it was all arranged, the part Sary Ann was to take in the affair, her consentin' eagerly to drive Old Kit over to a point on the Valley Center Road, when all things were in readiness, and meet and bring to our house the poor dishonored little bride. And I knew that this little touch with the pitiful every-day tragedies of life would do more to make her see some things in their rightful light than anything else.

And just as I was a-tyin' on my bonnet to start I turned to her with affected indifference tinged with a shade of sadness, and I sez:

"Sary Ann, deary, its too bad that you couldn't fix up your own trouble with Sammy before he went West." I hoped the recordin' angel was busy,—but then that town was west of Light's Point.

"What!" said Sary Ann so sharply that I

jumped, though I was lookin' for something like it. You see I knew her carelessness was only skin deep. But then she recovered and began to shake the petals from the roses that lined the arbor with elaborate self possession.

A mighty strong man was spoiled in Sary Ann Minor.

At home I spent the next day a-fixin' up the old parlor for a weddin' for the idea jest took hold of me, sort of, and it seemed that may-be if some one acted as if it was all right and natural, a-givin' it in some measure the festive air that by right belongs to weddin's the world over it might be a good omen for the two young lives so wrongly startin' out on life's great sea. Sary Ann came over in the afternoon and helped and she was filled with the tenderest pity and compassion and her lips had a mighty troubled droop of their own. I felt bad for her, but I said nothin', knowin' it would all come right and that in the end she would be happier than before, havin' learned the true worth of that which she had been so quick to throw away in anger and suspicion.

Jeremiah was very willin' to help out in any way, a-hauntin' the depot to intercept a telegram if one should come from Sam Wells. He had expected to be back inside of three days, and was to let me know when they started home that I might send Sary Ann and Old Kit over to the Valley Center Road. And sure enough the very next mornin' it came and Jeremiah hurried up from the station which is over a mile from our place, faster than his rheumatiz should have allowed, all excited for the play had commenced. And it was just like a real play.

They was a-comin' on the night train, which come through at nine o'clock, and by one I had started Sary Ann on her long drive for it is quite a ways and Old Kit has notions about time and pace. I staid at home and put the last touches to the parlor,—some roses in the mantle vases and a great bowl of peonies on the marble-top center table. And I fixed up the nicest supper I knew how to, and my dear husband has allus said I am a good cook. Someway it seemed as if blessin's was to come from this thing and it was a real pleasure to fix for a weddin'. I couldn't keep from thinkin' of that other girl a-comin' to a stranger's house to marry a man under force, a poor heart-broken little girl, trembling with shame and fear and uncer-

tainty. Sam had said her mother was dead and that her father was a mighty stern man. This world is mighty uneven in its bestowal of gifts and griefs. By dusk I was a-waitin' down at the orchard gate to welcome her and make her feel at home and when they druv up and Sary Ann jumped out and then she follored,—a dainty white-faced little thing with big blue innocent eyes that would make any one be good to her it seemed, I jest took her into my arms and kissed her before she had said a word. She went right to my heart,—and I may as well say right here that in the years that have followed that child has seemed as my own daughter, who never had one of my own.

We went in to the old house where the lights was lit and the flowers perfumed all the air. Jeremiah was struck by her innocent face too, and as for Sary Ann,—Land sakes! she couldn't do enough for her, takin' off her big hat and her white gloves and a-smoothin' her pretty golden hair. I bustled about a-fixin' things that didn't need a touch, just to kind of take the strain off the atmosphere, and after a-while I see it was all havin' an effect, like a draught of old wine on a tired system. She began to lose the frightened look out from her eyes and to take an interest in the festive look of things.

There is an old melodian in one corner of the parlor which was my mother's and Sary Ann opened it and played and sang some sweet songs. Sary Ann has a fine silvery voice. I've listened to it many an evening in the dusk, looking out at the pale light of evening in the west where a great star stood out near and brilliant in the lavender sky, and have seen the city and heard the far songs of the angels drifting over the bar. And the other girl leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. But the strain was there jest the same, and as it drew near to train time I see that she was gettin' nervous. Poor child! Sary Ann was a bit excited for all her usual calm, and her eyes was dilated. Sary Ann is a beauty sometimes.

"Aunt Almada," she sez to me in the pantry where I had gone on pretext, leavin' the girl a moment by herself to maybe gather up her nerves alone, "Aunt Almada I'm anxious to meet that young man. He must have a strong, fine character," sez she.

Land sakes! I guess he had. You see Sam had warned the girl after my talk with

him, not to mention his name to the person who came for her. However I said nothing, and at that moment came the shriek of a locomotive, the train that was bringin' them in and Sary Ann ran into the parlor. And just then there came a knock at the front door and Parson Adams came in. Parson Adams is the salt of the earth. I often think that if the Lord had a few more like him in his service he'd soon have the whole of creation preserved. How he did meet that poor little girl with her scared blue eyes!

Jest as if it had all been in the regular way, talking and laughing and patting her on the head. You'd have thought that she was a princess of the realm, the way we all tried to be good to her.

Her bits of hands were shaking and her lips were trembling bravely—bravely because she tried so hard to keep them steady. I knew that she loved the man who was coming up the road with Sam Wells in spite of all. As for me,—well I own I was as excited as the rest for it was the most excitin' thing that ever happened at Light's Point. And then the thing for which I had planned so hard was about to fail or succeed, jest the minute Sam Wells opened the door. I was thinkin' what I'd say to Sary Ann in case she didn't show the deep sense of the grand things of life I was almost sure she would, and give way to the Minor temper, when I heard their feet on the stoop.

I cast one look at her and went to the door.

A slender young man with the unmistakable stamp of breedin' and good birth on his face stepped in, bowin' to me in a dignified way, and the first thing he did was to go over to that white-faced girl in the big chair and bend down and kiss her! Land sakes! you could have carried off my best chiny and I wouldn't have moved.

In the grip of circumstances,—and Sam Wells,—he had yielded with a fine grace and I could see he was determined to carry it off like a man. But when he straightened up with his hat in his hand it was plain that the odds had been heavy and the grip strong. One of his eyes was beautifully blacked. Then I looked at those other two.

Sary Ann was standin' and jest lookin' at Sam, and all I had hoped for and more was in her flushed face. Pride and wonder and a great deep gladness, and a renewal of faith, and love and some other things I didn't have

time to see. But I was mighty light of heart as I hurried around takin' their things and gettin' ready for the ceremony, for the young man said that they would take the midnight train for the east.

And so they were married, and Sammy went around and asked Sary Ann as off hand as if there was nothing wrong, if they should stand up with them and she sez yes, with her eyes shinin' like two stars, and Jeremiah and I stood back and looked on at the solemn service thinkin' of another weddin' thirty year ago.

And then we had that supper and it seemed as if all was so well that we couldn't laugh enough, Sary Ann who couldn't take her eyes off Sam Wells, the little bride with her trouble lifted, the young man who I have known for years was glad for the chance to right his

wrong, Parson Adams who was never so happy as when helpin' someone, and Jeremiah and I in the reflected joy.

When it come time to start the young man came to me and took my hand and said some words I have allus remembered against those times when it seems that the right is underneath, and the little girl kissed me and cried a little and said I was her best friend, next to Sam Wells, and Sary Ann's eyes grew soft with pride and adoration at that.

Sary Ann and Sammy went with them to the train, and came clear back an hour later and waked up Jeremiah and me to tell us through the winder that they was a-goin' to be married a month later and ask if it could be in our parlor! Land sakes! And Jeremiah didn't want me to put my fingers in Sary Ann's pie when it was nearly spoiled!

EASTER DAY IN GNADENHUTTEN

By ANNA BOYNTON

AN almost perfect semicircle of hills, and the broad sweep of the beautiful Tuscarawas, in the curve of which, as in a protecting arm, nestled a little frontier hamlet—that was the view that burst upon the sight of two young travelers as they reached the summit of a hill a mile distant from the straggling village.

They stopped involuntarily. It was a fair scene—early April, but, in the shelter of the hills the valley showed the flush of Spring, and the sense of growing things was in the air.

"At last!" exclaimed the younger of the two, in an exultant tone, as he realized that the long, hard journey was at an end, "Surely this is Gnadenhutten and we shall keep Easter with our brethren."

"Yes, this must be the place we seek," responded his companion, grave John Colter, his voice and manner showed none of the joy or enthusiasm of the younger man.

Both men were young to have been sent as messengers from the parent church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to the new settlement upon the banks of the Tuscarawas, on the very site

of the old mission town from which the Indians and the missionaries had been carried away nearly twenty years before.

Though the Moravian Church still had the right to control the lives of its members, in this instance it had not exercised its authority arbitrarily. Volunteers had been called for, for the perilous journey and the hard service to follow and these two had instantly responded. The younger, light-hearted Joseph Peters, because of his love of adventure and an eager desire to get out into the wide world; the other because somewhere in those western wilds was a sweet Moravian maiden,—the one woman in the world for him.

Two years before when her father, honest Joseph Erhart, had decided to join a party of emigrants going out to the Ohio, John had besought her to stay with him, and she had not said him 'nay'; but when "The Lot" was consulted, without which the church did not bless the union of her children, it had gone against them, and she, too submissive to disobey, had set out with her father's family

toward the setting sun. No word had come back to tell old friends where they had found a home. They might have followed the Ohio down to a settlement at the mouth of the Muskingum, or they might have gone over the Great-Trail out into the wilds of the almost unknown territory.

"You have paid more attention to church affairs than I," began the younger of the travelers as they descended the hill. "What kind of people shall we find here? Did the missionaries, Zeisberger and Heckawelder, bring their Christian Indians back here, or is this a White Settlement?"

"From its location this must be Gnadenhutten. Brother Heckawelder lives here, he is no longer a missionary but an agent of the United States Government. He comes east nearly every year to bring parties from about Bethlehem and Nazareth who wish to emigrate, to settle here upon lands the Government gave to the Society."

"Is he here now?"

"I think so."

"Are we to seek him out to-night?"

"No, our letters to Pastor Huebner are to be delivered first. He will doubtless keep us with him to-night and to-morrow, it being Easter. After that we go to Brother Zeisberger."

"Then he is not here?"

"No, it was not thought best to have the Indians settle again on the spot where so many of their people were massacred, so a new town and mission station has been started a few miles away on the other side of the river. Our work will be there."

"The word 'massacre' brings back all the old horrible story they told us when we were boys. Could that point where we stopped have been 'Mile Hill' where the fate of the defenseless Indians was decided?"

"Probably, though it looks a long mile to the village, but I see no other point where a trail breaks over the line of hills."

The twilight deepened as they came into the valley, and lights twinkled in the windows of the rude cabins as they approached. A wondrous hush seemed to brood over the landscape.

"How still it is," came from Colter's lips.

"Yes, it is the 'Quiet Sabbath,'" responded his companion,—then after a moments pause.

"I see the church. Can it be the one that was built in Indian times?"

"Oh, no. Surely you know the custom of the missionaries; when their bands of Christian Indians were obliged for any reason to leave a settlement, they always tore down their chapels, lest savage Indians should profane them with their heathen rites."

The house of the pastor was sure to stand next to the church, so there was no question as to their destination. No traveler would have been turned away from a settler's door on the frontier, but a double welcome was extended our young friends by good Pastor Huebner when their letters were presented and he realized that he had the privilege of entertaining the messengers of the church. An abundant though plain supper was soon set before them by the women of the household, who restrained their eager desire to hear of old acquaintances and friends, till their guests' keen appetites were satisfied.

Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered that it was long past their usual early hour of retiring when the pastor, seeming to suddenly recollect all the circumstances, rose hastily saying:

"We must not keep you talking longer to-night; you are worn and need rest. Besides, tomorrow, we all rise early for the sunrise service at the cemetery."

"You keep up all the Easter customs of the church at home, here in the wilderness?"

"As nearly as possible. We have been so blessed, we have but few graves in our little burial ground, but, if we had none, we should go to read the resurrection service at the mounds which cover the remains of the Indian converts who perished in the massacre. It is not unlikely that some of the Indians may come down from the mission in the morning to attend our service, though they, too, hold one among themselves."

"Is it possible that all our church services are carried on among the Indians?"

"Surely. Brother Zeisberger is very careful about them all. The Early Easter Service is especially beautiful as he has translated it into their tongue."

As they separated, young Colter asked casually, "How many are there in the settlement now?" and the pastor replied with a smile:

"I cannot tell you just now how many souls we number tonight. You are not the only new-comers in our midst. A little band of four or five families came in earlier in the day."

"Strange that we saw nothing of them!"

"No. They came up the river from the region of the Ohio."

From the Ohio! John Colter's heart stood still one glad instant; then the blood surged to his brain till he could hardly stammer a question as to who the new-comers were.

"All families from the old home region who had friends here. I have not yet seen them all." He added two or three names—family names familiar back in Bethlehem—but not the name for which the questioner listened.

* * * * *

"Very early in the morning, while it was yet dark," the pastor's family was awake, and it had only just "begun to dawn toward the first day of the week," when the church bell called them to the sanctuary.

Standing in the rude pulpit the pastor chanted the Easter greeting of the first Christians, "The Lord is Risen," and the whole congregation answered with a burst of song; "The Lord is risen indeed."

Just as the sun looked over the eastern hills, they came forth two by two, forming a rude procession.

According to Moravian custom, the trombone players came first then the old men, headed by the pastor and John Heckawelder; after them the young men among whom the new-comers attracted much attention and regard as representatives of the home church, next came the older women many of them leading or carrying young children, then the unmarried sisters and young girls.

They took up their line of march towards the outskirts of the village where lay the level field set apart as "God's Acre." A broad roadway separated the newer burial ground, where were a few rude sandstones *laid flat* from the older field where slept the martyred Indians.

Assembled here their leaders began the Litany for the day: "I believe in one only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost—" words sacred in all Christendom; and the choir sang the response—

"We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth—"

So the grand confession of faith went on, the people adding to each confession: "This I most certainly believe;" on to the triumphant assertion of the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting. "He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; and he that

believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "From everlasting to everlasting," said the congregation.

Then, suddenly, in the closing hymn there was heard a new voice, pure and clear and strong—exultant—as from a heart just set free from all sorrow and fear. It seemed to rise and soar straight up and up above the forest trees, lost in the overarching blue.

In spite of the strictness of Moravian decorum, many heads turned to see who the new singer might be; but John Colter had no need to turn, he could not be mistaken. The one whom he had expected to go far to seek was surely here. He bowed his head and out of a full heart gave thanks for the answering of his prayer, but he stood quietly in his place till the hymn was ended and the benediction over. Then with quick step he turned to the little group of maidens,—there a pair of happy, glowing eyes met his, and two hands went out with the glad cry: "John!"—"Sarah!"

That was all—it was enough. No other words passed between them as they walked back at the end of the procession,—uncaring, almost unconscious that they held each other's hands,—till they neared the church then John said: "How long have you been here, Sarah?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Then yours is one of the families from the Ohio?"

"Oh, John," and the tears came thick and fast, "there is no family now."

"No family!"

"My mother and little sister died of the fever down by the Ohio, and my father gave out during the hard journey here. They made his grave—nobody will ever know where—in this great wilderness. I am all alone."

"No, never, I am here. You are mine now. I see why I was sent on this journey, it was to meet you and take care of you. You were not to be left alone in this rough, wild place."

"When did you come here, John? I did not know you were here."

"I reached here last night."

"Only last night! Then how did you know I was here?"

"I did not till I heard you sing. You must have wonderful faith to sing as you do, after all your trouble."

"But—" the confession came with a blush, and a dropping of the head "*I saw you.*"

John, and then I sang without knowing it. Was it wrong to be so happy?"

John's eyes made eloquent reply, and there was a happy pause, then Sarah asked: "Why did you come, John?"

"Joseph Peters and I came together. We brought letters from the church to pastor Huebner."

"Are you going back?"

"Not now. My commission from the church is to stay six months doing whatever I can to help in building up the new Mission station with Brother Zeisberger. Then I may go back or settle here with Heckawelder, as I choose. Rather, it shall be as you choose."

"As I choose?"

"Yes, we shall go back to the old home or stay here, as you choose. I shall not lose you again, Sarah."

"But, John, *the lot*, it went against us."

"Will they think of that out here? Surely, there must be more freedom in these western wilds. I will speak to the pastor or Heckawelder about it at once."

"Oh, not today, John. It is Easter Sunday. It is enough for one day that we have found each other. Don't trouble the ministers with our affairs today."

John would not promise to wait longer than till the morning service in the church was over, but his patience and self-control were not tried. At the family breakfast, good mother Huebner's curiosity, say rather *human interest*, overcame all sense of the special sacredness of the day, so in reply to her questioning, John was soon telling the story of his life. How he and Sarah Erhart had loved each other from childhood, how *the lot* had been against them, and Sarah had gone with her parents to the Ohio, and the sad consequences of the two years of hardship. How he had accepted this mission from the church that he might cut loose from his old life, and of his fixed intention, when his work here was done, of setting out upon a life of wandering, if need be, and never resting till he had found her—"And, now," he was concluding—"Now"—broke in the good mother—"Now, you will marry her, of course. Your meeting out here is as much the Lord's doing as ever *the lot* was."

"Mother," protested the pastor—"don't encourage the young man to be too sure about the will of the Lord. However," he added kindly to John, "I will speak to Brother

Heckawelder about it, after the morning service. I make no doubt he will hear your story, and be better able to advise you than any one else here."

When the people gathered for the regular Sunday service in the church, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other,—the theme was still the glorious hope of the resurrection of the dead. It was an occasion of sacred joy and solemn rejoicing, so personal seemed the note of assurance of eternal life.

The pastor joined the government agent as they left the church and they walked together in earnest conversation.

"Brother Heckawelder will see you at his home this afternoon," remarked the pastor quietly to John at dinner, and no further reference was made to the subject of the talk at breakfast.

Heckawelder, in the work of his later years, had lost much of that austerity of manner, which in spite of great kindness of heart, marked the Moravian ministers as a class. His cordial greeting gave John courage and hope at once.

"So, young man, I understand you think the church doesn't know how to pick out a wife for a man," were his opening words, with a merry twinkle in his eyes; "why, the church sent my wife to me, out into this wilderness over twenty years ago, and I have never complained."

"Oh, yes—but suppose they had sent another and not Sarah Ohneberg, what would you have done?"

The other laughed heartily.

"Well, well; we will not talk about myself. Tell me your story."

Stimulated by his manner, John told his story and told it well; when he came to tell of Sarah's life, the hardships she had endured, the great loss she had suffered, there was wonderful tenderness and pathos in the telling, and the older man was much moved.

Still, to try him, Heckawelder asked, "But suppose we say that we here feel bound by *the lot*, what then?"

"I shall fulfill the mission upon which I was sent, working under brother Zeisberger's direction for six months—"

"And then?"

"Then," with new firmness and dignity, "Then I shall marry Sarah Erhart, with the blessing of the church in which we were both born—if I may—without it, if I must."

"A chip of the old block, eh?"

"You know my father's story!"

"Oh, yes. I know it well, though I am a little younger than he. His going out of the church and away from Bethlehem rather than marrying according to *the lot* seemed a very bold thing to me at that time."

"Yet the church received him back after his marriage."

"Yes, he married while away. But though he was received back, he has never held places of trust and honor in the church as your grandfather did."

"No, but it was my grandfather who told me the story, and he finished it with the words, 'Jack, you are not as much of a man as your father was.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Heckawelder, suddenly, as an aged man appeared at the door, "here is Brother Zeisberger, come over from Goshen for the four o'clock service. We will ask his advice."

So, after being duly presented to the venerable missionary, and greeted heartily as a messenger of the church and a new helper, John told his story for the third time that day. During its recital Mother Heckawelder slipped quietly into the room bringing Sarah with her. The tender-hearted missionary was strongly moved by the account of Sarah's loss of parents and home and her unfriended state. Closing, John made a strong appeal, reminding him of his own devotion to the wife who had shared so many years of his life of hardship and wandering. Then the old man lifted up his trembling hands, as in a benediction, saying, "The Lord hath many ways of manifesting His will. Surely it is He that

hath brought these two together, here in this wilderness—and let not man keep them asunder."

"Amen," cried Heckawelder, heartily.

The afternoon or vesper service was less formal than those of the earlier part of the day. There was much singing of well-known hymns, there was a love-feast for those whose baptismal day it might be,—mothers brought their infants for baptism.

Finally, just when the end seemed to have come, the pastor came down from the pulpit, and was promptly joined by Brother Heckawelder and Zeisberger. There was a stir of curiosity in the congregation, which increased as John and Sarah walked quietly down the aisle together. Not till John Heckawelder's sonorous tones were heard repeating the time-honored words, "Dearly Beloved; we are here assembled in the presence of God and this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—did they fully realize that a marriage,—a real church wedding—the first since the rebuilding of the settlement, was taking place among them; then the whole congregation rose to their feet. The beautiful service went on, the pastor putting the usual questions, and the "I wills," coming in no uncertain tones. When the beloved missionary raised his aged hands for the benediction, there seemed a tendency to gather about the newly married ones, and at its close, congratulations were showered upon them with true frontier heartiness. Impromptu wedding suppers were hastily prepared, and there was general rejoicing. In all its long history, old Gnadenhutten has known no happier Easter night.



A MIRACLE OF PUDDING HOLLOW

[AS UNCLE JOSH TELLS IT]

By ETHEL M. JOHNSON

UP at Puddin' Hollow the feelin' against the selectmen run high. Elanthen Durgin, one of the Puddingites, had been workin' with the rest of us that spring on the new bridge that was bein' built over Big Snow Brook. 'Lanthen wasn't a great sight to look at. He was one of these long, lanky critters, with a big slab of a nose on his face like a grave-stone, only 'twas sharper: you could take him any time by the heels an' split wood with his face. But whenever there was any work to do, he was right up an' comin' every time. They put him in the meanest sort of a place on the bridge; but bein' a rather risky, don't-care kind of a chap, he never made no complaint.

Well, he was workin' like all possessed one afternoon when some of the timbers give way; an' he took a header into the brook. The water wasn't deep; you couldn't drown there if you tried, an' we fished him out without much trouble. But the fall had sort of stunned him (he'd struck plum on his back) an' he never spoke a word till after we'd got him home an' fixed him up in bed the best we knew how.

We didn't any of us think at the time about its bein' such a serious piece of business; but come to find out, the fall had pretty near done for him. It hadn't broke his back exactly, but kind of sprained it so he hadn't much of any use of it. He couldn't walk; an' he couldn't sit up, that is, he couldn't sit up as folks commonly do. When he'd try to, he'd drop all together somehow, like a jack-knife that's almost shut up.

Now there couldn't have been a clearer case of the town's bein' to blame than that was. But it was a small town, a poor town, an' a timenation mean one into the bargain. An' we had the measliest lot of select-men that year that ever sprouted into office. There was Tobias Greenlaw, first; an' Abraham Dutch for second; an' Joshua Pike for third. They was any one of 'em close enough an' little enough to skin a widow's tears if they got the chance

Well they went with a measurin' stick, an' looked the bridge over; an' then they went up to 'Lanthen's an' looked him over. He was sittin' by the table all doubled up, or perhaps down would be more correct to say; for his chin was all but restin' on his knees. Abe took out his wallet, counted out fifteen dollars an' shoved it across the table to him.

"What's this fur?" 'Lanthen asks when he see what they was offerin' him.

"Damages," says Abe.

He hadn't any more than got the word out of his mouth when 'Lanthen grabbed the money in his right hand (an' his arm wasn't broke any if his back was) an' he throwed it across the room as hard as he could throw. It wasn't no soft job for them pickin' it up again, now I tell you; for part of the money was in change

Of course that didn't help matters much on either side. Abe Greenlaw an' the rest of them vowed that the town'd never offer him another cent; an' they went off mad as a mess of old cats when you've hit one of them with a boot-jack. 'Lanthen was poor as Job's turkey, an' couldn't afford to hire a lawyer to fight the case; so there the matter stood.

About everybody except the town officers sympathized with 'Lanthen an' felt bilin' hot over the way he'd been treated. You see 'twasn't as if he'd been at all out of reason in his demands an' asked for any of these dizzy amounts such as you read of in the papers where some blunderin' idiot manages to stick his fingers in the door just as the conductor is shuttin' of it, an' then wants twenty thousand or so; or where a 'sour-lookin' old spinster demands a quarter of a million for her slighted affections. Why if 'Lanthen had asked for anything like that 'twould been a different matter. But all he stood out for was seven hundred dollars. Now while I don't mean to make any comparison between love and bones, still if a cross-grained old maid values her affections, which most likely she ain't got, way up in the thousands, why it's only fair to say that seven hundred ain't no extraordinary sum to set on a man's back.

'Lanthan hadn't nothing but his place to support himself with, an' of course he couldn't run that all broke up as he was. But he showed grit clean through, an' wouldn't give in while there was a breath in his body. He'd manage to sit down an' work himself round over the ground some how, doubled up though he was; for he couldn't take a step no more than when he was a little shaver a week old.

Well, we all laid to an' did the best we could for him. We got up a crew in plantin' time and went over to do his ploughing and harrowing. An' nothing would do but he must try to help too; so out he come hitching himself along in that way of his which was most distressing to look at, an' I'll be blessed if he didn't follow after the teams and hole all the potatoes himself. I don't see how he ever done it. If he'd been a common sort of a man 'twould killed him. But he was always a turrible worker an' tough as a bull's hide. Before he got that fall, he was fit to put right on forwards of a yoke of oxen.

He appreciated it wonderful having us take hold so; an' when Joe Pendexter started round with a paper to get up money to pay for a lawsuit, 'Lanthan come the nearest to crying an' not doing it, that I ever see. It was surprising how many put their names down on that petition. There was folks that had never given a cent to the church; and there was folks that had never given a cent before to anyone.

Well, things dragged along through the summer and fall till it come apple picking time, an' a party of us went over to pick 'Lanthan's apples. Joe had got most money enough signed for to start the fight; an' we'd written to a good lawyer about the matter. We was having a turrible busy spell just then. It was right after the fall rains and there'd been a freshet that washed the roads out bad; so most of us that could leave our own chores was working our highway tax. There was so much to do that we couldn't spare a week day; so we went of a Sunday.

'Lanthan was tickled to see us, an' of course, he was bound to crawl out an' try to work with the rest of the boys. 'Twas astonishing to see how he'd hitch himself over the ground, an' 'twas mighty pitiful too. It stands to reason it must have been hard on him; for 'twas visibly hard on his trousers.

Well, we all worked real steady that fore-

noon, 'Lanthan doing pretty near as much as any of us, though of course, he couldn't get up in the limbs. He was sliding round under the tree where I was, gathering up the apples in a basket that he was dragging along, as fast as I shook 'em down. I'd just been shaking a limb rather hard when I noticed some yaller-tailed hornets buzzing about. That made me kind of cautious, an' I began to look around. Pretty soon I spied the nest right under the tree. 'Twas close up to the apples I'd shook down the minute before. I hadn't more than made this discovery when Joe Pendexter called to me from up on the hill.

"What's the hour?" he asked.

I had to turn 'round to answer him, an' I looked back again just in time to see 'Lanthan come hitching along towards the pile of apples. And before I could open my mouth to say a word, he'd hitched himself right into that hornet's nest. Well the way them yaller-tails sailed out an' up in the air was amazing. You wouldn't believed to have seen 'em, that by the closest packing they could all been jammed inside of a bushel basket.

But that wasn't the extraordinary part of it. I've heard tell of miracles; an' I always supposed the day of 'em was long past. But just as them yaller-tails started, 'Lanthan let out a yell that must have split the ear drums of his guardian angel if he had one, an' sailed up in the air higher nor any of the hornets.

For about a minute there was the liveliest stream of man, and hornets, and cuss words flying round there that ever was met with in this part of the country. Then 'Lanthan lit out for home on the jump; an' such jumping as he did with them long legs of his ain't never happened since the days of the cow and the moon. 'Twas good forty rods to the house an' I'll be everlastingly kerflummuxed if he hit the ground a dozen times on the way. He looked as much as anything like a shooting star with a long comet tail of hornets streaming out behind him.

I was so dumbfounded I couldn't say a word; I just stared with my eyes pooping out of my head, an' my mouth wide open. When I looked around, I see, 'twas just the same with the rest of the boys. An' there we all gaped after him like a pack of idiots till he was out of sight.

"Well, I'll be blessed," says Joe Pendexter, as soon as he could find his voice, "if I ever knew before there was any magic in yaller-tailed hornets!"

An' with that we all cut for the house. 'Lathan opened the door for us himself. He was standing on both his feet; an' he didn't act as if he'd ever want to sit down again as long as he lived. His face was as big over as a wash tub an' looked all knobby, like a summer squash. His head must have been extra heavy on account of the size, at any rate, it

sort of hung down; an' he kept the slits where his eyes had been, glued on the floor.

"Well," says I, acting as spokesman for the rest, "I can't tell you how delighted an' astonished we air over your miraculous recovery."

"There ain't no great call for astonishment" says he, kinder short an' burning up hot under the stings, an' he goes on, still keeping his eyes to the floor, "I guess boys, you'd better drop that petition if you will. I don't believe I want to fight the case."

LIMITATION

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WE think to drive the horses of the sun,
And rise the common herd of men above;
But glad are we, when all is said and done,
To rule the kingdom of one heart with love.

We think to search the midnight's vast of skies,
And find upon its native height the truth;
But glad are we, if in one baby's eyes,
We see the stars of beauty and of youth.

We think with notes of some great song to shake
The world, and bid the iron ages hear;
But glad are we, if dying echo wake,
Response in just one heart of friendship near.

We think to play the God, and sit and show
On high Olympus all our power august;
But glad are we, if when we've fallen low,
We've strength to rise again from out the dust!

IN AUNT HARRIET'S GARDEN

By LEONA ANSTINE SUTTER

WE were sitting in Aunt Harriet's garden, the afternoon that I told her my first great secret.

I wonder if in all the world there is another spot as sweet as Aunt Harriet's garden. I wonder if there would ever be a great crime committed or a great wrong set down in the Angel's book if every one had such a garden. I am a curious girl and I wonder. It seems to me sometimes that I feel invisible wings brush against my cheek as I sit there under the blossoming trees. Perhaps I am fanciful—perhaps they are only the soft-falling petals of flowers, but who shall say even then that they are are not the wings of bodiless souls?

I am very young and Aunt Harriet is very old—oh, very old—and between the two stages somewhere I suppose I shall "Pooh-hoo," and be matter of fact with the rest of the world. Just now Aunt Harriet and I agree. I, who am only a few years out of the invisible and Aunt Harriet, drifting slowly from me into the invisible again, do not scoff at souls.

I should certainly think that tired spirits, doomed to wander up and down the earth would like to come to that garden sometimes to rest. You could hardly blame them for trespassing. The phlox and the marigolds and the mignonette are so old-fashioned and sweet and would nod just the right welcome I am sure.

My Aunt Harriet is very fragile. You can see through her beautiful white skin the tiny net-work of blue veins that carry the precious fluid of life. Some poet said that life was the shadow of a dream and I am always afraid that Aunt Harriet will lose her shadow like Peter Pan.

I think she knew why I lured her into the garden that afternoon. Perhaps she read my excitement in my manner or perhaps she just knew with the blessed intuition of the old.

There is something very wonderful about a girl's first love affair—to her I mean—and if it progresses far enough there are tantalizing, maddening thrills, she never suspected existed except in books. It's splendid

and flattering to be called upon to be a wife as your mother was before you. It's Dignity Realized.

That is why I am surprised that I did not say, "yes" before Ned could get his proposal nicely rounded off but I didn't. It may have been the old habit of telling all my secrets to Aunt Harriet and the longing for advice.

I am bound to admit that I acted scandalously just at first. I let Ned take me in his arms! Only for a moment though—the next, I had jumped quite out of them.

"Oh, my gracious!" I gasped. "What did you do to me?" I felt like forty thousand needles dipped in honey had been jabbed into my spine. I wanted to try it again but I was afraid. I ran behind a tree and from that point of safety I promised to give him his answer in a week.

"Not that I may not be able to make up my mind, sooner, Ned," I consoled. "But I want to provide against every possible contingency. The chances are, however, that I will say, 'yes.'"

Ned brightened up at that and I went to seek Aunt Harriet. I found her sitting in a little low chair by the window, her lap full of old daguerreotypes.

"Come into the garden, Maud," I cajoled.

"You disrespectful child!" She flung the words at me tenderly in her quaint old voice. Then she followed me and I told her. I had always talked to her before as a child but I am sure that day she sighed at the newly-grown up air I assumed. I'm afraid I almost patronized Aunt Harriet. I could not help being "Set-up." It was such a fine thing to be in the world with a splendid niche just opening for me. I projected myself into the future. I could see myself, busy with household cares—of use in the world. I had visions of lovely chests of linen and dainty china, mine to care for. I even saw a rosy, dimpled, pink-toed darling of my own in a crib all lace and pink ribbons. I decided then and there that the ribbons should be pink. Ned wasn't in the vision at all.

Aunt Harriet sat there quietly for a long time after I told her. I thought she sat there dreaming wistfully of the time when she was young—perhaps; when Uncle asked her what Ned had asked me. I felt sorry for her. How much sweeter it was to be just beginning to wind the pretty skein than to hold the rounded ball in a trembling blue-veined hand.

Finally she asked me an old-fashioned thing. She asked me if I loved Ned. Mercy on us—Aunt Harriet—how you startled me that day!

"How in the world do I know whether I love him or not," I ejaculated. "He makes me feel all quivery up the spine if that is love. I like to play golf with him and row on the river with him, if that is love, and I am just dying to marry him and have a perfectly sweet wedding and a cozy home of my own and leave one of my cards and two of his every place I go," I said all in one breath.

"That is what I brought you out here for, Aunt Harriet, and I thought I had put it to you plainly. Does or does not the aforesaid Annabel Harrington love the said Ned Hastings enough to be justified in marrying him?" You are a great deal older than I am, Aunt Harriet, and you ought to know. It's simply absurd for you to expect me to know anything about it."

"When you love any man enough to marry him, Annabel," she said and she looked as solemn as an owl, "Your own heart will tell you beyond any doubt. Let that be the test, dear. If there had been someone to say that to me fifty years ago, I'd have carried a lighter conscience this half century."

She made me feel all creepy as though I walked among all the dead bones of ten centuries but I waited breathlessly for her to go on.

"At the risk of not seeming quite modest," she went on. "I am going to tell you how a sad nycanthe somehow crept in among the early flowers I gathered and how all unknowing I filled another's arms with nightshade."

Aunt Harriet is a poet. I've always known that! There is poetry in the way she lays her clothes away in lavender. Dear, sweet, little, old miniature, she seemed to float that afternoon in a mist of evaporated tears!

"I suppose it seems strange to you, Annabel, to think of your old Aunt Harriet having lovers," she said modestly. "But I was

really very pretty once and two men loved me with a great love."

She paused just an instant then and her cheeks took on the faint, pink tinge of apple blossoms. Then she went on.

"I was a thoughtless, careless, selfish girl. I'm almost ashamed to tell Betsy's child how thoughtless and selfish I was. Your mother was all sweet seriousness, Annabel, while I was a butterfly, flitting from flower to flower.

One autumn night I had my coming out party. Hot and flushed from my dancing I let a neighbor's son, a splendid young fellow I had played with from a child, take me into the garden. It was a beautiful star-lit night with just that crisp, coolness in the air that tells you somewhere beyond your vision the air is full of sleet. It will always stand out in my memory for it added a positive wrong to all the negative wrongs of my girlhood. The smell of frost always brings it back. I received my first proposal that night; in the evening stillness on the banks of the old river that flowed through our father's place, heard the sweet, old tale of love.

It was new to me and I listened with fast beating heart. He was a noble fellow and he spoke to me with the pure lips of a man who had never trifled with love. The words were as new to him as to me. He plead his cause simply and with a passionate sincerity known only to high souls.

The honor that he did me—a slip of a girl—was singing in my heart, the triumph it would be to tell Betsy was racing through my veins and under all this there was something like a response to his passion. I know now it was only youth answering youth. It was so good to be young and beloved and he did look very handsome, standing there with the earnestness lighting his face. Tender, answering words trembled on my lips, but he raised his hand in warning.

"Think well before you answer me!" he said. "Remember that I want all—all! There must be nothing held back. I alone, must be your waking and your sleeping thought—I alone. I shall be terribly exacting. You had better a thousand times send me away tonight, lonely and heart-broken than to give yourself to me unless you are absolutely sure that you can give me all your heart, to be mine without wavering forever."

The devil must have been at my elbow

that night for I looked into those honest eyes and said that I was sure—absolutely sure and all the time something within me was crying, "You are not—you are not." I did not want to give up altogether that glorious thing laid at my feet and so I told him that he need not be afraid to trust me.

With a glad cry he swept me against his breast. A little hand-fulk of yellow leaves came floating down at our feet but he felt no omen in them. Love was imperishable, knew no seasons—could not die. I had said that I was sure. We vowed that nothing should ever separate us. The God of lovers registered our vows and the cold stars looked coldly down upon a world whose law is change.

In a little while I am going hence and yonder he is going to ask me why I broke my vow. I do not know what I shall answer, Annabel. I thought I loved him. My fault was in saying I was sure. I knew afterwards that what I gave him was only gratitude for so exalting me, the impulse of the maternal in every woman, hating to wound; the response to eloquence. What else could it have been? I had never thought of him before that night except as friend and cavalier. He went away the next day to be gone two years bidding me wait for him. Letters were of necessity infrequent. They were wonderful letters when they came full of a passion that frightened me but between times the memory of that night grew less and less distinct.

Then your Uncle came into my life and from the first I knew my mistake—knew that with his coming, love came for the first time. There was as much difference in my feeling for the two as there is between the cut and the uncut stone. There was only a promise of brilliance in the first, in the second there was the light flashing out! I never had one moment's doubt but that I loved wholly—absolutely. I struggled against it at first but it was like struggling against iron chains.

One day, into the heart of the Soudan, where a man lay ill of the insidious fever, babbling my name in delirium, went a little white letter full of a girl's confession and a girl's repentance and a girl's plea for forgiveness. There under the hot, tropical sun in one of the pauses between delirium, a man held it in feverish, shaking hands and read it with eyes that were like red balls of fire. A

few days afterward, he died. I can only fill in the few details that came to me, but I think it was because he did not care to live. The news came to me on my wedding day in a letter from his friend telling how brave his fight at first against the fever and then how finally, he ceased to fight and let his life just drift out as though he were too tired to struggle. I never wholly lost the shadow of it Annabel. I can never forgive myself for the untruth I uttered when I said that I was sure. I have told you this so that you will be careful, Annabel. I love Ned as though he were my own, and I want you to be sure it is for life and death if you make him happy now."

She pressed a kiss on my forehead that was like an angel's wing brushing by, and then she floated away into the house, leaving behind her the sweet fragrance of lavender.

I sat there with the silly tears making me look all frumpy and feeling that the wind had all been taken out of my sails. Of course, there was nothing for me to do but to give Ned up—dear old Ned with the great big jolly laugh in his eyes. I mustn't take any risk of banishing that laugh or making *him* want to die in the Soudan. I thought too much of him to spoil his life by any mistake like Aunt Harriet's.

Goodbye then to the housekeeping plans, goodbye to all the fun on the golf links and the river, for I must not keep him dangling, and oh, Boo-hoo!—goodbye to the pink-toed darling in the pink-ribboned crib.

Then a terrible thought came to me. What if Ned should be so grieved that he would go off and die in the Soudan anyway, under the tropical sun with only the black men around him, and then when it was forever too late I should discover that I had loved him all along, and my heart would have to be buried there in a lonely grave under a bamboo tree? Oh, dear—such an ending for a perfectly good heart!

Wasn't it the very Dickens that there was no way of telling whether one was in love or not? It was *surely* the very Dickens!

Just then I heard Johnny Brown calling my name out by the gate and I knew that his little round, freckled face was peering through the hedge. I kept still. I wasn't going to have my misery interrupted. Then his voice sounded nearer and I knew he'd gotten over the hedge some way. I shall always hate that Johnny Brown for the start he gave me.

"Ned Hastings is drowned, Annabel!" he shouted, "Drowned—drowned—drowned!" and the freckles seemed all bleached out white on his little freckled, frightened nose and he was crying. As though any one had a right to cry but me when Ned was dead—dear Ned—Darling Ned with the laugh in his eyes.

The ground seemed to be sinking under me—everything turned as black as night, and I guess I'd have fallen like the heroine of a penny novel and swooned away, but just then I heard the tramp—tramp of feet coming up from the river and I knew they were carrying—someone. I ran shrieking to Aunt Harriet that Ned was dead, and that I loved him—loved him, loved him, and that it was all her fault because she kept me so long in the garden.

I felt like a petrified mummy, five thousand years old with nothing but a stone where my heart had been. Then finally I came to life like the sculptor's statue and Ned wasn't en-

tirely drowned after all—only partly, and Aunt Harriet, a very white Aunt Harriet, was getting him between warm blankets and chafing his cold hands and crying almost as much as though he had never come up from the black ooze at the bottom of the river. There wasn't any doubt in my mind any longer about loving Ned and pretty soon he was strong enough to put his arms around me and Aunt Harriet seemed tickled half to death.

"I'm so glad you fell in the river, Ned," I whispered an hour or so afterward. He looked at me very queerly a moment.

"Why sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Because if you hadn't, I would never in this world have known whether I loved you," I said.

"Why Pshaw!" he answered. "I knew it all the time."

Now wasn't that just like a man? If he knew it why didn't he tell me straight out and save me all that worry?

WHY?

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

THE sunset fires are dead beneath their bed of ashes
 Slow-raked athwart the sky
 By yon grim wind, whose wailing music clashes
 Discordant melody.
 And yet to me the whole vast heaven with rose-light flashes
 Above me. Why?

A dark old house, forlorn, grey-grimed with dust and ashes,
 Frowns 'neath the leaden sky,
 Where the grim city's tumult rolls and clashes,
 And roars unceasingly.
 And yet such rose-light not Aladdin's palace flashes
 Above me. Why?

THE "ONE-EARED FILLY"

By FANNIE C. GRIFFING

COLONEL CHARLES GORDON was descended from an illustrious and patriotic family. His ancestors had been prominent in the Revolution; his father had stood by Jackson at New Orleans, while he, in early manhood, had enthusiastically followed Sam Houston in the struggle of Texas for independence.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was among the first to take up arms in defense of the cause he believed to be so just. His beautiful plantation home, "Red Oaks" was but a few miles distant from the little town, that, lying directly upon the banks of the mighty Mississippi, was the scene of many thrilling and tragic episodes during the four years of terror and bloodshed.

Having an excellent wharf and a back-ground of long, low hills, it became a favorite landing place for the gunboats, which, after the fall of Vicksburg, filled the river.

The Colonel was a keen sportsman, and the rearing of dogs and horses was his passion. Many were the fine brood mares, with their blooded colts, that roamed the rich pastures of the "Red Oaks" estate, feeding on the luxurious green "cane" that covered the hill-sides.

It was a beautiful sight to see the graceful creatures quietly feeding on the green hillside or else clustered under the shade of some giant oak, to escape the noonday sun. But the most thrilling sight of all, was when wild for salt, the band came, at a quick trot down the great "Public" road that ran along the crest of the hills, and wheeled into the private one leading to "Red Oaks," with the precision of a troop of cavalry. The acknowledged leader of the band was a certain little brown filly, whose arched neck, brilliant eyes, and tiny pointed ears proclaimed her descent from the fleet footed steeds of the desert. Always unusually wild, she had successfully resisted every effort on the part of old Jason, the Colonel's "right-hand" man, to get a halter around her neck. Desiring her for a saddle-horse for his daughter, the master would

frequently inquire: "Have you broken the brown filly yet, Jason?" and the reply was invariably:

"No, sah! We can't ketch 'er! De ole debble am in dat filly, suah!"

A Mexican "greaser," drifting to "Red Oaks," had been hired by Col. Gordon to assist with the horses, and after witnessing his marvellous skill with the lasso, and the ease with which he broke to the saddle the wildest colt, old Jason's hopes of subduing the brown filly revived. So he had her driven into an inclosure, and Jose, armed with his lasso, perched himself on the fence.

Instinctively scenting danger, the little creature flew madly around the inclosure, while the Mexican, watching for his opportunity, launched the lasso with unerring skill. Like an arrow it flew through the air, and settled over the head of the flying filly.

But alas! so fearful were her struggles, that the inclosure collapsed, upsetting José, and mad with rage and terror, the filly cleared the débris, and bounded away, to freedom.

One tiny ear was nearly torn from her head, and so badly damaged, that it ever afterward drooped in such a manner as to gain for her the sobriquet of the "One-Eared Filly." After this exploit, she was allowed to roam at her own sweet will the leader of the band of brood mares, half grown colts and strays.

And now the tocsin of war had sounded, the Colonel was away with his command, and his wife and daughter lived in daily expectation of the fall of Vicksburg, well knowing that once the gunboats reached the town below, they would be at the mercy of their foes. They were alone, their only protector being faithful old Jason.

Late one beautiful afternoon, Mrs. Gordon and her daughter Irene sat on the front piazza of their home, with pale and anxious faces. Old Jason sat on the lowest step with the two smallest children beside him, while behind Mrs. Gordon's chair stood a little negro boy of perhaps ten years. The old negro had

just informed his mistress of the arrival of several gunboats in the river, before the town and the hearts of all were filled with anxious forebodings. Calm and lonely was the scene; the sun was just sinking, and it seemed impossible to realize that, at last, "grim visaged war" was indeed at their very door.

Suddenly, a deep, booming sound was heard, dying slowly away, and the two children, terrified, flew to their mother's side.

"Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, as she clasped them in her arms. "The gunboats are firing on the town!"

A second report, then another, and still another, followed, and the faces of the two women blanched with terror.

Bijah, the little negro, clung to his mistress's skirts, his great eyes rolling fitfully. He was an orphan, who had been "raised" by Mrs. Gordon, and was the constant companion of the children.

"Don't be scart, missy!" cried old Jason, listening intently. "Dem Yankees am jes' throwin' shells ober on de hills to skeer folks! Dey will lan' termorrer, an' we'd better be a hidin' yo' dimunts an' de siluer!"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Ifene, rising quickly, "We haven't a moment to lose, and should have done it long ago!"

"Come, Mama, lets go and pack the things; Uncle Jason can hide them tonight!"

She disappeared in the house, followed by her mother, and, seating himself by old Jason, little Bijah whined:

"Unc' Jason, where yo' gwine hide dem things? Can't I he'p yo' do it?"

"Clare out, yo' young raskel! What biznis it ob yourn?" stormed the old darkey, and afterwards, he was glad that he gave the little fellow a sound cuff.

The gun boats had now ceased firing, and presently, sweet and clear came the sound of music over the water:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree! As we go marching by!"

Late that night, when every eye but his was closed, old Jason buried his mistress' silver and diamonds in a remote corner of the garden; not a moment too soon as the morrow proved.

Early next morning, as the two ladies sat in the sitting room, at their sewing, the two little children, followed by Bijah, rushed into the room, crying: "Oh, Mama, Mama! The Yankee's are coming!"

Rising quickly, Mrs. Gordon and Irene hastened to the front piazza. Approaching the house, were about a dozen mounted men in blue, led by an unusually tall, black-bearded officer. Drawing rein at the great gate, the Federal Captain shouted:

"Good day, Madame! Are there any Rebels in the neighborhood?"

"Good morning, sir! If there are any *Confederate* soldiers in the vicinity, I am not aware of it!" replied Mrs. Gordon, adding in an undertone to her daughter: "Would to heaven, there were!"

"Is your husband at home, Madame?"

"Certainly not! He is with his regiment."

"Dismount!" shouted the Captain, swinging himself from the saddle.

Leaving a sentry on guard, the entire company mounted the steps, and filed into the hall with trailing sabres and rattling spurs.

"Madame," said the black-bearded leader, bowing, "I'm Captain Wright, of Gen'l. E's Marine brigade from the gunboat 'Rattler' now lying at R— Please turn over to me at once, all arms, ammunition and specie that you have in the house. Make no resistance, for it will be useless."

Trembling with helpless indignation, Mrs. Gordon turned without a word, and led the way to her husband's room. Pointing to an old-fashioned gun case, she said, curtly: "Help yourselves!"

Two soldiers stepped forward, and with shouts of laughter, took possession of the contents of the case, a pair of old duelling pistols which had belonged to the Colonel's father, and an old musket that his grandfather had carried at King's Mountain.

"Have you any specie, Madame?" inquired the tall Captain, turning to Mrs. Gordon.

"There is none in the house."

"Which means that you have hidden it, I guess, and you'd save yourself much trouble by handing it over."

The lady made no reply, and the soldiers proceeded to ransack the house, with the exception of the garret. This they carefully shunned, evidently fearing a trap of some kind.

At length, they all remounted, just as a soldier emerged from the barn-yard, leading the two handsome gray carriage horses, while a second bestrode Irene's little black mare. Old Jason had carefully concealed the horses

in the swamp that morning, and how they were so quickly discovered, Mrs. Gordon could not imagine.

The eyes of the two women filled with tears, as they gazed after the retreating forms of the horses, the only ones left on the place except the band of unbroken colts and "strays" led by the "One-Eared Filly."

Gunboats soon lay at every landing along the river; the country swarmed with soldiers who plundered the surrounding plantations "confiscating" all horses and other live stock. Soon after the appearance of the first gunboat, all the slaves on the plantation, with the exception of Ephriam, the coachman, his wife, the cook, and of course old Jason and Bijah, packed their worldly goods, and under the cover of night "silently stole away" to the Yankees and freedom.

"Red Oaks" being only a few miles distant from the little river town, suffered much from the depredations of the lawless bands of soldiers, who came from every boat.

At last the time came, when, but for the faithful devotion of old Jason, the wife and daughter of Col. Gordon would have suffered for the actual necessities of life.

And, as if their cup of bitterness was not already full to overflowing, another drop was added. Irene was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. By the aid of some Confederate soldiers who daringly ventured into the neighborhood, Mrs. Gordon managed to inform her husband of the fact, an act she afterwards bitterly regretted, fearing that he would be rash enough to venture home in order to see his idolized daughter.

And her fears were well founded, for as she sat at Irene's bedside, late one night, she was almost paralyzed with terror to see her husband enter, followed by old Jason. Accompanied only by an orderly, he had ridden many miles, and stolen to his home by a path through the woods at the back of the plantation.

Clasping his almost fainting wife in his arms, he assured her that there was no danger. No one knew of his arrival except old Jason, who would keep watch all night on the front piazza.

Bidding the old negro hasten to his post, the Colonel kissed his suffering daughter, and settled himself for a long desired conversation with his wife.

Little Bijah lay asleep on a pallet at the

foot of the bed. He lay quite still, with his head muffled in the cover, after the manner of his race, and no one gave him a thought, but his eyes and ears were both open, and no word of the conversation between husband and wife escaped him.

With the first glimmer of dawn, he rose softly from his pallet, and stealing to the bedside of his sleeping mistress, he slipped his little black hand beneath the pillow, and drew forth the key of the back door. Noiselessly unlocking it, he sped to the kitchen, and after one whisper in the ear of the cook, he was back again, with an armful of kindling, and an expression of lamb-like innocence on his face.

Colonel Gordon, injured to danger, was in no hurry to leave his comfortable quarters. After a bath and a much needed shave, he spent a few minutes with his daughter, and then sat down to breakfast with his wife and the young orderly.

Mrs. Gordon was nervously apprehensive, starting at every sound, although she strove to hide her fears from her husband.

Just as the Colonel drained his second cup of coffee, there was a sudden rush of barking dogs, a thunder of galloping hoofs, and old Jason dashed into the room, with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Dey air comin', Mas' Charles! De Yankees is comin'!" he exclaimed. "Run for it!"

"My horse, quick!" shouted the Colonel, springing to his feet, while Mrs. Gordon's face was like drifted snow.

Despite the immediate danger, the soldier paused an instant to bid his wife good-bye, while old Jason rushed to the back gate where he had secured the horses, but instantly returned with an ashen face.

"Dey am gone, Mas' Charles!" he wailed. "De horses am gone. Yo'll hafter hide!"

"Yes, hide in the garret, Charles!" almost shrieked Mrs. Gordon. "They will not go up there!"

"I will never be taken alive!" cried her husband; as grasping his sabre, he rushed through the house, and bounded up the garret stairs, followed by the young orderly.

The great front gate was now flung open, and a dozen magnificently mounted men dashed up to the very steps of the portico.

Flinging himself from the saddle, Captain Wright mounted the steps, followed by his

men, and was met in the hall by Mrs. Gordon, who was struggling desperately for composure.

"Madame, where is your husband?" demanded the Federal Captain.

"I know he spent the night here!"

"You are mis—" began the terrified woman but the words died on her lips and her eyelids fell. Not even to save her husband could she utter the falsehood.

"I am *not* mistaken! He *is* here!" exclaimed the officer harshly.

"You need not try to deceive me! The house is surrounded and he cannot escape!"

"Who gave you the information?" asked the lady to gain time.

"One who saw him, and cannot be mistaken. There he is!" And the Captain jerked the thumb of his long buff gauntlet over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Glancing quickly beyond the burly Captain, Mrs. Gordon was transfixed with astonishment to behold Ephriam the coachman, mounted upon the Colonel's missing steed, and clad in a brand new blue uniform!

"Ephriam!" she gasped, staring at him in horror, and hurrying to the door. As he caught sight of her astonished face, the black rascal grinned.

"Yessum, Miss Ellen I done tole um!" he laughed impudently. "I'm free now an' a sojer! Mas' Charles jes' might as well cum down, we knows he's yere!"

Leaning forward in his saddle, he called loudly: "Mas' Captin', he's up in de garret!"

"Ephriam, you ungrateful wretch! How dare you betray your master?" exclaimed his mistress, her dark eyes flashing fire.

The negro, to whom the Colonel had ever been a most indulgent master, only uttered a loud "Haw! haw!" and turned away.

"Come on boys!" impatiently shouted the Captain, drawing his sword.

"We have no time to lose and must be quick about this business, for I hear that the Rebs are in the neighborhood, and they may nab us any moment! Johnson you remain below and guard the door! Up with you all!"

He rushed up stairs, followed by his men and pausing at the foot of the stairs leading to the garret, knocked loudly on the wall with his sabre hilt.

"Colonel Gordon!" he shouted, in stentorian tones, "The place is surrounded, and you might as well give up! Come down and surrender!"

"Never!" was the instant reply, and the Colonel appeared for an instant at the head of the stairs, the blood of his fighting ancestors boiling in his veins. "Come up if you dare!" he shouted.

A bullet crashed into the wall just above his head, and mingled with the report was a woman's scream. Mrs. Gordon who had followed the soldiers up stairs, now rushed forward and grasped the arm of the Federal Captain. "For heaven's sake Captain, do not fire again!" she shrieked, almost frantic with terror.

"My daughter is lying at the point of death, and the shock will kill her! I will implore my husband to surrender without bloodshed for her sake! Pray, pray, do not fire again!" Before Captain Wright could reply, there was a sudden yell from the sentry at the gate, and a second later Johnson dashed up the stairs, shouting: "The Rebs are comin' Captin', and we'd better vamose double quick! Bill says they're comin' down the road!"

Wheeling quickly about, Captain Wright lifted his hand and listened intently for a moment.

In the sudden silence that ensued, clear and distinct could be heard the sound of many horses coming down the "Public" road, and in a few seconds they would turn into the one leading to "Red Oaks."

"They are coming, sure enough!" exclaimed Wright. "We'll have to cut this and get out double quick, boys!"

And in an instant the whole band had clattered pell-mell down the stairs.

"De Rebs are a comin' Mas Captin'!" yelled Ephriam, dashing up the avenue at the top of his speed. "But we kin git away by de ridge path! Come on, an' I'll show de way!"

In an instant, every swearing trooper had vaulted to his saddle, and led by the fleeing Ephriam, dashed around the house, leaped the back fence, and vanished down the "ridge path" that led by a short cut to the town.

Hardly had the last blue-coat disappeared amongst the trees, when coming down the road at a quick trot, appeared the trim form of the little "One-Eared Filly," followed by a troop of long-tailed, bright-eyed colts!

On reaching the gate, she came to a sudden halt, lifted her dainty head, and uttered a shrill neigh.

Then wheeling quickly, she swept gracefully, with head erect in the direction of the barn.

Mrs. Gordon had sunk, half fainting into a chair, while her husband finding that his foes had really disappeared, hastened to descend from his place of safty, and with the assistance of old Jason and the orderly, quickly secured a couple of mounts from among the few "strays" in the Filly's band. Thanks to her opportune arrival, he succeeded in rejoining his command in safety, to meet his loved ones no more, until the "Con-

quered Banner" trailed in the dust, and the defeated heroes sadly returned to their desolated homes.

When the Federals learned the truth regarding the Colonel's escape, they made many and fruitless efforts to capture the little "One-Eared Filly," but she fled like the wind to the deepest recesses of the swamps, or to some remote and lonely ravine, where she was safely hidden from her would-be captors.

When Peace at last came, and War became a thing of the past, she reappeared at the "salting block," bringing with her a tiny colt which was the beginning of the replenishment of her master's empty stables.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1869

By E. S. CULVER

NOT long after the close of the Civil War there was found to be a disregard of tariff regulations along the line between Mexico and the United States, and smuggling goods from Mexico over the line to sell at mining camps or wherever there could be found a settlement, was frequently accomplished. About this time I received an appointment as Dept. Inspector and Collector of Customs to be located somewhere along the Rio Grande River or adjacent thereto. With this end in view I started with my wife and two year old son from our home in Pennsylvania to make the perilous journey. After three days ride we reached the Missouri river opposite Kansas City. We crossed on a ferry into the little village of less than a thousand inhabitants, which at that time gave no sign of the great Metropolis it has since become. Here we boarded a train on the only road leading into the vast unsettled interior.

We passed Lawrence and Topeka, then quite important towns and were soon whirling over the prairie whose inhabitants were wild Indians, deer, antelope, buffalo, coyotes, and

whose towns were only inhabited by prairie dogs. When suddenly we ran into a vast herd of buffalo under full stampede. A few minutes brought us into the midst of them and the train was compelled to stop. For miles around the prairie was completely covered, all rushing and crowding in front and in rear. The ground fairly trembled under their tremendous weight and force, and it seemed as if they would rush over the train itself. Those in the rear crowding those in front with such force that for a time it was expected they would pile up against the train. The result of which can be imagined.

But as was the custom in those times all passengers as well as train men were fully armed and volley after volley was poured into the herd near the center, which caused them to divide, a part rushing to the front and part to the rear of the train. Many were limping, but not a buffalo came to the ground as they dashed on without a sign of faltering.

Today such a scene in Kansas is utterly impossible and it will never again be witnessed on this Continent.

Cultivated fields and farm-houses occupy

the vast buffalo ranges and Kansas has become a great and prosperous state. The prairie dog towns have, in a measure, given way to brick and mortar towns of civilization and deer and antelope have gone with the Indian a little farther back.

We reached Sheridan, a shabbily built wooden town at the end of the railroad. We could go no farther by rail and there was a vast plain before us, many hundred miles in extent without inhabitants except such as I have named.

The plain Indians were on the war-path and had that very day in sight of the little town captured and run off a large number of mules and horses belonging to freighters, who were left with no way of moving a wagon.

The town was full of gamblers and desperadoes as well as many Mexican freighters, who fought with revolvers upon the slightest provocation.

The hotel built of thin boards without lath or plaster was a combination of gambling house, saloon and restaurant, with a few beds. My experience that night guarding my wife and child against bullets with pillows and bed clothes will never be forgotten. A fight was going on in the saloon below and a ball would occasionally sliver the floor. Then the Mexicans retreated across the street and commenced firing at the house. The thin siding did not stop the balls and they flew about us thick and fast but we miraculously escaped injury. The next morning two dead men were carted off and others laid up with wounds as the result of the fracas. No arrests were made and not an officer to be seen.

Lawlessness of every imaginable nature reigned supreme throughout this part of Uncle Sam's domain.

With a train consisting of ten wagons in charge of thirteen Spanish speaking Mexicans, whom we could not understand, I felt somewhat apprehensive in starting across that Indian infested country. And after we had broken a wheel twelve miles out and found while mending it that we had a ten-gallon keg of whiskey along and that the Mexicans were making very free use of it. I would have turned back had I the moral courage to meet my friends. But I had started for New Mexico and felt impelled to go forward at any risk.

We were moving by the smoky hill route and scarcely made ten miles per day. Water was almost unobtainable. At night our wagons were corralled—that is, made into a hollow square, and our little Mexican mules kept on the inside, for to lose the mules meant starvation or an easy capture by Indians with all that it implied.

One night we were attacked but drove them off without loss. One afternoon we were traveling along quietly when we saw a large party of well-mounted Indians making directly for us across the plain. Our wagons were immediately corralled and we formed on the outside. On they came as though they would sweep everything before them. But thirteen rifles were held steadily upon them with orders not to fire until they were within six rods. Suddenly they discovered the barrels of our rifles glistening in the sunlight and quicker than a flash they swung to the left before we could fire and dashed upon a train about half a mile ahead of us, which had camped without corraling their wagons, and whose mules and horses were grazing close by. The Indians spread out about ten yards apart and began circling around the train, lying close down on the outside with one leg over the horse, in true Indian style, keeping up a constant fire upon the teamsters and at the same time driving the stock farther from the train, and in spite of a brisk firing by the teamsters they captured nearly half of the animals. Three of the Indians appeared to be badly wounded, but they clung to their horses until out of rifle range. The train men suffered only in the loss of their stock. We soon after passed the despondent train crew, but could give them no assistance as we had not a horse or mule we could possibly spare, and so a part of their wagons loaded with merchandise had to be left to the Indians or destroyed.

As not a tree or a shrub grew on the plains, our cooking was done over fires made of buffalo chips, so-called, and the aroma accompanying some of our open dishes can better be imagined than described.

We were unsuccessful in getting game, antelope and deer were often seen in the distance, but it was not thought prudent to divide our little force and so they were unmolested.

The silence of the plains is oppressive. No one can realize how profound is the silence.

until he has traveled days and weeks without hearing a sound except the bray of the mules and then the sound seems unearthly in the extreme. The snow-covered Spanish Peaks were in plain view some five days before we reached the foot hills and we were continually traveling toward them.

Trinidad, the first village we reached after leaving Sheridan, is in southern Colorado, near the line of New Mexico. It was a Mexican town built of adobe houses. Horse-racing, gambling and whiskey drinking seemed to be the main occupation of the people, but all is changed for the better now.

We crossed the line into New Mexico in the Raton pass and soon after had a game of snow-balling on the summit of the pass, July 2d. We traveled on without incident until we reached the old Maxwell land grant, at this time a trading post called Cimeron Crossing. Here a most terrific thunder storm overtook us such as I never saw equaled in the States. Near our camp ran Cimeron Creek. A Mexican girl about sixteen years of age and a little boy were crossing it on a foot-bridge. Lightning struck the girl, killing her instantly and leaving the boy uninjured.

The next morning not twelve hours after we saw the girl killed we attended her burial service. She was buried in her clothes without a coffin or box of any kind. It was the first Mexican funeral I ever attended and the chanting, shouting and gun-firing were hideous. During this uproar stones and gravel were shoveled in upon the hapless victim. The whole performance was revolting in the extreme.

Having a carriage I concluded to take a Mexican boy and go on not waiting the slow progress of the train. At Albuquerque I bought an extra mule making a spike team, thereby making better time. At a Pueblo Indian village we were ferried over the Rio Grande river by ten or a dozen naked Indians who waded up to their armpits pushing the boat.

The "Jornada del Murto" signifying the journey of death was crossed by night. This dangerous Indian region was ninety miles wide and was without water until an enterprising Yankee put down a well 150 feet deep in the center of the plain and sold water at twenty-five cents a bucket, thereby making himself *well* off. Many men had been killed on this Jornada del Murto by Indians and we were on the sharp lookout when we heard the tramp of many horses bearing down upon us. It is needless to say we thought our time had surely come and hastily prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible for retreat was out of the question. We could not see them in the midnight darkness and they ran solid against us, when the cry of "halt," in good English rang down the line. I have admired the English language ever since. It proved to be a Negro regiment on the way to Fort Craig. We were two nights crossing this journey of death, coming out at Fort Seldon and they were the longest nights I ever experienced. We were not then at the end of our journey but accomplished it a few days later.

This whole route can now be traversed in a palace car in safety and comfort.



'CEPH'S FARM

By WARD MORSE

THE sun beat down fervently upon the hillside where 'Ceph stood. The prospect was not nearly so alluring as he had imagined it back in Tennessee,—short, dumpy hills, for the most part covered with discouraged looking "black-jacks," with but little other vegetation upon their sandy flanks. Here and there a jutting shoulder of sand-rock gave a wierd simulation of ruined masonry, over the scorching sand many little lizards flashed, and the grotesque horned toad stalked his game.

"Hi, Betty! dis doan' pear t' be no livin' country!" ruminated 'Ceph, "But nigh's I kin jedge, dis quartah's good's airy 'un."

He gazed reflectively at the corner-stake, squinted at the sun to get his bearings and started to explore the remaining side of his possible claim. Just over the hill he struck a long slope, and as he decended the timber became better, post-oak beginning to appear among the scrubby "black-jacks" and an occasional red-oak or hickory spread grateful shade. The soil was firmer, and grass covered the surface.

But through the trees a glimmer caught his eye, and brought to it a replying sparkle. Quickening his pace, in a few moments he stood beside a shallow pool, obviously fed by a spring under the shelf of sand-rock which backed the ravine. Over it leaned elms and willows. Plum bushes, laden with green fruit and covered with grape-vines formed a tropical tangle along the tiny stream as it wandered for a hundred yards or so down the valley before disappearing into the thirsty red soil; and around the ledge in the cool, moist shade, moss and ferns clustered thickly.

That settled it with 'Ceph. Here was "bottom land"—maybe twenty acres—good water, timber, what else could a reasonable black boy ask, except, of course, a snug cabin to the left of the spring on that little plateau, and Emma's plump form passing the open door, busy with her house-wifely duties? For a moment 'Ceph let his fancy play, adding

details to the alluring picture, even supplying a chubby picaninny toddling down to him,— "Th' ve'hy image of his fathah!"

But a "Bob-white!" from the thicket recalled him, and he set to work to clinch his claim upon this paradise, hidden for his coming amid Oklahoma's sand-hills. He was soon busily clearing the brush from the little flat he had selected for his shack, then the selection of logs for its walls occupied his time, until the sinking sun reminded him that supper-time was at hand, and that he had eaten nothing since morning.

His scanty ration was soon ready for the fire, and he was fumbling for a match, when a pungent tang assailed his nostrils, bringing his heart into his throat with a sickening thump. Smoke!—some one else must be located near,—someone, perhaps, who had "come in" a day or a week before! Were they on his quarter?

At a miserable little town where he had spent a night the week before, he heard tales galore of contests and "sooners,"—bitter fights and cunning tricks—all the current small-talk of a new land where might made right and a Colt's cartridge outweighed a trunkful of calf-bound law books.

All his senses alert, he noted the direction of the wind, and cautiously set out to locate the source of the terrifying smoke. He had not far to seek, for around a turn he caught the gleam of a camp-fire through the falling dusk! A white man was preparing his supper, a depression filled with seep-water deciding his location. 'Ceph thought, with a feeling of relief that the man must have arrived late in the afternoon, as a little search would have revealed the spring, with better water than the brackish pool, but with sinking heart he realized that they were on the same claim, and he stole back to a supper of crackers and raw bacon, dropping into a troubled sleep upon his pack.

It was a serious matter—this contest business, even when the parties were of a color, but doubly serious to the black boy, innocent

of frontier customs and terrified with their mystery.

"Hullo here!—who—a nigger! shore's I'm a hoss-stealin' outcast!"

The men faced each other. The white man had come upon 'Ceph as he lay on the ground, trying for the twentieth time to decide what to do. At home 'Ceph would have been cowed, but here with so much at stake, the primitive man asserted itself, and he stood glaring at the object of his troubled dreams. The white man essayed diplomacy.

"How long ye been hyar, Rastus?" he said carelessly.

"No mattah 'bout mh name,—I kim onto mh claim dis week." said 'Ceph, with a dignity that frightened himself.

"Your claim!" grinned the other, "Got yer papers with ye?"

"No suh, I—" The remembrance that he did not have even the small sum necessary to file on the claim checked his reply.

"Guess ye'd better move on," said the stranger, after a pause. "I've selected this yer' spot fer my future vine and fig-bush, an' ye'd cast a shade over th' scene if ye stayed. Now move up lively, boy!" he said, with sudden fierceness, "Or somethin' mought happen to ye!" and he stalked on, leaving 'Ceph's air-castle sadly shaken.

The land-office was at Guthrie, thirty miles over the hills, as the crow flies, but 'Ceph was there in time to see the office locked for the day. After a painfully frugal supper he crept under the office, which was raised slightly above the street, and was soon sleeping as only one can who has just done thirty odd miles over pathless, timbered hills.

Perhaps it was a kindly sprite that bade him take "forty winks more" when daylight awakened him, for it grew into a nap that was terminated only by the sound of feet overhead. He started to crawl out, when one of the voices stopped him with a familiar intonation. With a start, he realized that the white man had beaten and he sank down dejectedly. No use to go up there now,—who would believe a "nigger" anyway? Likely as not he would get shot for his pains, and anyway, the other was there first.

But things did not seem to be going just right overhead, and listening intently he could hear parts of the conversation.

"Can't help it," the recorder was saying,

"I didn't make the laws; better go cuss the men who did."—

"No, I don't know where you can get the money—do I look like a bank vault?"—

"Sure, if the nigger gets his money here first with the papers, he's the man. His money's good as anybody's here!"

"'Ceph had just presence of mind enough not to yell. The white man was "broke" too! No use to see the recorder now, he had heard all that worthy could tell him. 'Ceph watched his opponent disappear into a nearby saloon, then cut for the timber and started homeward, happy as an old maid at a husking-bee.

Now if Emma could get that money to him in time! They had planned long and carefully, but the money he started with had dwindled to almost nothing, despite his economy. She was to send the money due him for his winter's work as soon as she heard from him.

The allurements of the saloon were strong for Hank Beasley, and it was difficult to tear himself away from it and its easily made friends. Sympathy for a man "down on his luck" is easily found in such maudlin surroundings, and Hank's story of his "peach of a claim," the "nigger" and his financial shortage brought him a plethora of that cheap commodity.

"Tell ye, boys," said a tall, shifty-eyed member of the crowd as Hank finished, "Thet nigger'll shore come hyar t' file on Hank's claim. Let's persuade him t' drap hit,—jest put it' at him sensible like, an' give him his chice o' goin' pack east er t' hell, with thirty seconds t' make up his mind!"

Of course the "boys" welcomed a chance to "have some fun with a nigger," and one of the crowd went to see if he had been in yet. Hank sat where he could watch the land-office, and the rest scattered around town, ready to assemble when wanted.

Such a crowd is never patient, and speculations on the offending black's non-appearance began to be passed.

"Ye must a 'shooed' him off, Hank!" volunteered a restless one, as he entered the saloon for the twentieth time to see if the "coon had showed up yet."

"Shoo nothin'!" snorted Hank. "He wa'nt no more skeered than I was! He'll be hyar, all right."

But even Hank's assurance waned as hours

passed and no negro appeared. The gibes of the crowd irritated him, too, for as the chance for fun disappeared they waxed sarcastic.

"What ye been drinkin', Hank?" queried one, "Must been somthin' purty hefty t' make ye see niggers 'stead o' snakes!"

"Must a run himself t' death tryin' t' catch ye," chipped in another.

"Now lookey hyar, fellers," protested the exasperated Hank, "Didn't you-alls promise t' stand by me this mornin'?"

"Shore we did, Hank,—we won't let th' nigger hurt ye!" A titter greeted this sally and Hank jumped up.

"All right! I won't take any more o' yer val'able time. If I had a man or two t' go with me we'd skeer th' coon three states east in ten seconds, but I recokn I'll have t' go back an' shoot him, seein' I ha'n't got no friends."

That was a dare to return with him, but thirty miles of hill and brush are a sufficient deterrent for such friendships, and Hank stalked moodily away.

'Ceph had lost no time in getting back to the claim, and once there fell feverishly to work to get up a temporary shack before Beasley returned. With no help he had to use small logs and the great elms and oaks were left undisturbed. That night 'Ceph viewed with pride the walls of his cabin, almost shoulder high. He worked like a one-armed man eating peanuts, and the sides soon grew to the proper height. Rough shingles "froved" out of a log with his axe were tied on the roof in the peculiar manner of the negroes,—possibly an art brought from Africa by their forefathers,—the spaces between the logs were chinked with sticks, and the red clay supplied the necessary mortar. But the crowning glory of the house was the "stick-and-mud" chimney, cunningly built, and bound together with slough-grass, the wood and grass being deeply covered with the improvised mortar.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he fitted the roughly hewn door on its wooden hinges. He had built a bunk into one side of the room, weaving the bottom of elm bark and covering it with soft, dry grass, over which was spread his precious blankets. Along the opposite side was a table made of split and flattened poles, and in a corner a cupboard had been similarly constructed. In front of the fire-

place he fitted a large rock and filled up the floor to its level with mud, carefully leveling it with a straight stick. A small porch graced one side of the cabin, and several thrifty grape-vines had been transplanted so as to cover it with their foliage.

To 'Ceph's delighted eyes the poor little cabin appeared more dear and perfect than a marble palace. To tell why would be to delve into one of life's most sacred secrets, for the poor black had unconsciously touched hands and souls with the great of earth, in building with his own hands the best he knew.

'Ceph worked hard to finish the cabin. He knew it would be a point in his favor to have "first permanent improvements;" besides he must have some place to keep his belongings, and fear of Beasley's return prevented him leaving, even to mail that letter to Emma, until he scored some kind of a victory.

He felt like a conqueror that first night the cabin was ready for occupancy. Rain was falling in cold, windy showers, but with dry wood piled high in the proper corner and the roaring fire cheerfully lighting up the walls, 'Ceph stretched himself on the cot and sighed contentedly.

Morning dawned dreary and wet, but he was up and ready for a quick trip to the post-office, lately established there miles away across the hills. He caught the twice-a-week mail and had the satisfaction of knowing the mud-splashed buckboard-stage contained his precious missive, as it splashed away through the rain. It had been hard work to keep from sending for Emma, but he held back on his eager pencil like a jockey.

The "opening" is yet too near us for a fair perspective,—a just appreciation of its romance. Its epic is still slumbering in some future poet's brain. Lined up on the bank of the Canadian, a shot sent the tense, waiting line of men headlong into the swift current. Up out of the foaming water; through dense, tangled river thicket; across the prairie; into the upland timber, swept the mob of frenzied men. The little wild folk of the woods watched these queer, new animals surge up the valleys, pour over the hills, cross and re-cross each other's paths,—shouting, cursing,—mad with lust for land, ready to slay for a pitiful square of soil!

Then the turmoil of those first few months,—rival claimants fighting out their differences

with fists, craft, knives or guns as best suited them and the heat of their quarrel.

A flood of men is much like a flood of water. The first torrent quickly surges through the valleys, to be later forced up the hills by the pressure behind. The first strong tide found its level up and down the valleys and creeks of the Kickapoo, and slowly, doubtfully, fearfully the after-surge felt its way up into the timbered hills. The Kickapoo reservation had been open for settlement some months when 'Ceph came in, and if the little spring's existence had been suspected, the claim would have been taken long before his coming.

Matters had settled themselves into some rough semblance of order by the time he arrived, but the heaviest fist and quickest trigger were still the court of final resort, so his elation was mixed with misgivings, and he carefully surveyed his claim for interlopers as he returned from the post office. Near the spot where he first saw the white man, something bulked dingy-white through the rain. He made out a battered tent, and at the open flap sat Beasley, drying his soaked clothes by the fire.

"Howdy, Rastus! threatenin' rain!"

"Well suh," said 'Ceph, deciding on a bold front, "What ah you-alls doin' on mh claim agin?"

"Yass, hit's yourn,—pervided ye git hit," drawled Beasley. After a careful scrutiny of 'Ceph, he assumed a friendly attitude. "Now lookey hyar neighbor, thar's no use bluffin'. We air both all in. Let's joest be friends an' th' fust 'un thet makes a raise git's th' claim. What 'ye say?"

'Ceph agreed—indeed that was about all he could do, and it was understood that each was to go ahead with any improvements he cared to make, whoever raised the fee first to have the claim without contest.

The next few weeks were anxious ones for 'Ceph. His slender store of silver dwindled to nickles and coppers, and he cast about anxiously for some way to keep soul and body in hearing distance of each other, but as about every settler was engaged in the same laudable undertaking, poor 'Ceph searched in vain.

Besides, he, knowing the uncertainty of the mails, went to the post office every day. The postmaster called him his most regular customer, but 'Ceph's custom did not extend to the grocery department, although his

eyes often wandered hungrily over the shelves.

Miles to the south a railroad was breaking into the wilderness, and ties were wanted for it, rumor said. Just as he was almost starved, loose from the claim 'Ceph found a brother of color, who was possessed of a team of lean and ancient mules. With him he commenced hewing ties, receiving one-fourth of the proceeds. The ties were purchased in lots of one hundred and no money advanced until the end of the month, the payment for any amount under an even hundred being airily held over until the next month, although the ties were used at fast as delivered. They were caught short some dozen ties or so when the month ended, and thus an expected source of revenue was postponed. There was nothing to do but keep "pegging away," and try to break even the next month. 'Ceph spent his last money for corn, and aside from an occasional incautious quail or rabbit snared in the plum-bushes, his fare was decidedly sparse.

But one morning his inquiry for mail brought him a registered letter. He barely stopped to sign for it, dropping his bucket and axe and starting on a run for home. As he neared his claim, he noted a tower of smoke springing skyward, and he shortly came in sight of the ruins of his shack! How it happened he could not guess, as there had been no wind and he had carefully covered his fire. The print of moccasined feet in the soft earth around the spring indicated wandering Indians, a theory further strengthened by his finding a horn match-box of Indian workmanship, which had been dropped as its owner knelt to drink. There was no time to loose, so he started for Guthrie, his precious letter in his blouse.

Early the next morning 'Ceph stood in the door of the land-office, staring blankly at Hank Beasley's back! He stepped back unobserved, but Hank's business relations with the United States land-office seemed to be filled with snags, and once more 'Ceph was an unseen listener to a controversy. The agent was saying sarcastically:

"Seems that we're not able to run things to suit you, Beasley. Suppose you'll be having me removed next, but I insist that you get the bill changed. It isn't my business to act as a cash register, so if you want to do business here you'll have to step over to the bank and get the William smashed."

'Ceph obligingly stepped around the corner as Hank turned, but was at the desk with as little delay as possible.

"Well, you got a bill to change, too?" queried the agent.

"No suh, I has d' change, an' wants t' file on th' no'th half d' eas' half of section twenty."

"Excuse me, you're a trifle late," interrupted the agent. "I've just made out the papers for that tract, and the filer stepped out to get a bill changed."

Things turned black before 'Ceph's eyes. The hope that buoyed him up so long was snatched away, and with a groan he sank into a chair and covered his face.

Over at the bank Hank was peering into the cavernous depths of a full-grown revolver. "Real kind in you to bring this in, I'm sure!" pleasantly remarked the square-jawed man behind the grating. "You see, this is the last one of the three one hundred dollar bills taken from the stage that was held up last week. We've got the rest of them and the tall, shifty-eyed cuss who had 'em. Here we have the balance,—Thank you!"

Hank and the sheriff, with as little ostentation as possible, started for the court-house, where the trial of the tall man was in progress. A man dropped in and commenced telling the recorder how the last highwayman had been trapped. The mention of the hundred dollar bill brought 'Ceph to his feet, and in a few moments he was pushing his way into the crowded court-room. Yes, it was Hank, sure enough, and he was saying earnestly to the big fellow at the desk.

"Ye see, yer honer, I kin explain all 'bout this hyar bill. Jim Huchins an' me set in a little game with two strangers last night, an'—"

But just then 'Ceph, who had worked up to the railing, glanced at the prisoner's feet. In an instant he was over the railing, leaping for the startled Hank and yelling like a mad-

man. It took half-a-dozen men to hold him down after the sheriff had tipped him over with the butt-end of a six-shooter. When he was able to speak coherently he shouted:

"Dat's d' man, yer honah—dat's him! He dun lef' his moccasin tracks 'round too plenty t' fool me. He dun burned mh house so's he could file on mh claim,—an hyah!"—shoving it towards the judge,—“is his matchbox—ax him if it ain't hisn!”

"Excuse me," broke in a man with a bandage around his head, "I believe—yes, by Thunder—it is my matchbox!"

A stillness fell over the room.

"Where and how did you come by this?" asked the judge, and 'Ceph told his story. The stage-driver recognised the matchbox taken from him at the hold-up, and Hank was held, pending a fuller hearing.

As 'Ceph left for home—home now in fact—he lovingly patted a bulky packet in his pocket and remarked to himself.

"Doan' reckon you-all 'll buhn down mh nex' house, Mistah Beasley!"

The valley is all in cultivation now, and corn, wheat and alfalfa hold sway where sumach and wild plums possessed the land. The spring has been cleaned out and a spring-house, cool and inviting, built over it. The forbidding sand-hills, now innocent of "black-jacks," are covered with peach and apple trees just coming into bearing, while "Father Cotton" lifts his white poll between the orderly rows and stretches out beyond into the open hill-fields. Across the valley are goodly barns, and on the site of the first cabin stands a comfortable, white-walled farmhouse.

'Ceph sits in the shade of a big elm, watching a plump, bustling figure pass and repass the open door, and tousing an awkward puppy and being tousled in turn, a chubby picaninny, "th' ve'hy image of his fathah!"—rolls around the door.



THE DREAM WORSHIPPER

By ADA MIXON

THERE it is, Monsieur, the painting that made famous the artist, Laroche. You offer fifty thousand? he would not sell it for a hundred. No, it is not for sale, Monsieur. It is, you see, a shrine, a something too sacred. Yes, it has a history. Monsieur is so kind that I will favor him with the story. This is the best seat and there are some cigars from Havana.

"I had been away from Paris a year and on my return I found everyone talking about the picture in the Salon which Laroche had named 'Dreams,' but which was known far and wide as 'The Beautiful Lady of Dreams.' As you can see, Monsieur, its original conception, delicate treatment and singularity of detail attracts, fascinates, astonishes, delights, and yes, repels.

"Its effect is rather uncomfortable" said one friend to me, "It reminds me of something I have almost forgotten, a once familiar face, and a voice which I hear in dreams. I can't describe the sensation. You must see it for yourself."

"I felt as if all the pleasant dreams of my life had been condensed into one happy thought and that thought smiled out at me through a beautiful face. It was a delightful sensation," remarked a young girl, "but you must see it for yourself."

"Next day I went early to the Salon. Catalogue in hand I searched for the picture and came upon it unawares. A painting arrested my attention and I paused before what I took for a portrait of Millicent Claver."

"Why it is, the girl herself!" I cried, much to the surprise of the throng. I looked at the number in the book. Ciel! It was 'Les Reves' by Louis Laroche!

"I recognized the face of a fellow artist, the expression, the luminous eyes, the mobile mouth, and yet the features were idealized. The strength of the real face was refined to meet the requirements of the ideal. Its impression was that of something on the point of vanishing away, yet soul stirring enough to transfix its image permanently; something

fleeting, too bright to last, too sweet to forget, too beautiful for earth. You can understand all this, Monsieur, when I inform you that it was the face of the only being I had ever loved. If its image imprisoned on canvas could stir strange hearts, small wonder that it held me spellbound. For hours I hovered near, my eyes filled with tears which came to veil my pain.

"At first the sudden sensation of seeing her thus thrilled me with so many emotions that I could only stand and drink my fill, but gradually it began to dawn upon me that this was the picture that had made Laroche famous, that he had dared to paint her, my Millicent; had secured access to her for the purpose, a privilege which, alas! was denied me, that he had seen her many times. I was consumed with fierce rage. I could almost have killed him.

"If he has seen her, so can I," I murmured. "I will go at once."

"A year before she had been too ill to see me, but now I had little trouble and was admitted. The sunlight streamed through a casement and lit up a mass of red gold hair that framed a face whose counterpart you may see there. She sat as she does in the picture, dream haunted.

"She sits thus for hours" said the maid, "It is best not to disturb her. She will see us presently."

"Millicent! Millicent!" I whispered sadly. She started up wildly.

"Now he has gone!" she cried. "You drove him away! Where is my dream?" She was gazing at me with a strange look. Monsieur will understand that something was aching with her in the mind. Suddenly she recognized me, and spoke in a different tone.

"Why, if this isn't LeRoy! Where have you been all this time? I'm glad to see you."

"I took her hand and for a few moments she conversed rationally concerning our old life in the Quartier. It was hard to believe

she was not the same Millicent. I could not resist a question.

"Millicent, you said your dream would come back. What did you mean?"

"She laughed lightly, then suddenly became grave. Then, sometimes in a rapid whisper, sometimes faltering as if on the threshold of her dream world, she spoke, and her words were anguish to my soul. For the first time I stood face to face with a woman's other self, I trod within the sacred sanctuary of her soul, read the words written upon the tablets of her heart.

"You never knew why it was I never despaired even when disasters came upon me in battalions, when poor father died, when my home was unhappy. We were very rich then, but ah, riches do not bring joy. I was happier when we were very poor, dear father and I, long ago, back in America. It was then I learned to cheer myself with dreams. They dispelled all ills like magic.

"Sleeping or waking I ever dreamed. My attic chamber stretched into palatial halls at my fancy's will and my crust of bread was a feast. I lived in a world of my own creation where the people who were unkind to me became my slaves. You used to wonder why I never resented unkindness; you did not know that I kept my pain hid away and healed my wounded heart with dreams. I had only to say a thing was false or real and it became what I wished.

"Why did I never look cast down?" you ask; because the dreams alone gave expression to my face, I suppose. I have never really lived, I have only dreamed, you know. It began so long ago, when I was a little child. I often walked and talked with the fairies.

"Later on, I dreamed constantly of a hero who was always handsome, brave, and noble. By this time we were very rich but I found that wealth only curtails liberty and happiness. It is a trial to me who had long roamed at will, to be restrained by conventionalities, to feel that I had no friend.

"But was I not a friend?" I could not help asking, "don't you remember how much I loved you, Millicent?"

"Yes, you told me so more than once. It was while we were studying together in Paris. But my dreams were filled with one image, one hero, whom I loved. When he left me, then I really awoke. My dreams were scattered by the giant Despair. It was

not you, LeRoy, you were always kind, but I did not love you as I did the—

"But then my dreams came back and I wrought them into plastic marble. So perfect had my empire become in fancy's realm that I could summon the angels, the gods, the fairies, the very imps of hell before me until I had formed their lineaments in stone. You have seen them all? my Genius of Unrest, my Lucifer, my Galahad. Your favorite was the Dream Worshipper; I called it the Lotus Eater at first. Too cold, too lifeless, the critics said. I know why. It was a revelation of my own soul, and I was afraid to reveal myself too fully.

"You remember how they used to laugh at me for dreaming over my work? I would sit for hours chisel in hand, idle they thought. They did not know I was marshalling my dream subjects to and fro, studying them, before I imprisoned them in stone. They envy me now, I suppose. I have everything I want, you see. I have attained all the success for which I used to long. I wish for nothing. I am happy. Why? When I pine for music I have only to listen to be regaled with some heavenly symphony, the divine strains of an ethereal chorus. Do I wish to see pictures or scenery? I have only to close my eyes to revel in them all. Happy? I alone live. It is you who dream.

"Are you ever lonely?" I asked in despair.

"Ah, well may you think of that. I am never alone. He is ever at my side cheering me with words of love. Who? my hero, the one who has always been with me, my dream, you know,—I told you— He was here when you came. You drove him away. His name? His name was—the Rock. Where has he gone? I can't find him. But he will come back. He was a dream but he will come.

"Her tones grew louder and the maid entered.

"Happy?" she cried, "I alone live. It is you who dream."

Sinking upon a chair she resumed the same attitude in which I had found her.

"Listen!" she whispered with the gleam of dethroned reason in her eyes, "he is singing to me. It is Miserere. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Monsieur, I could bear no more. I fled, my soul consumed with one thought, one name, one desire. The name was Laroche which means the Rock, and he should die! I

would kill him. At that moment had I met him—Monsieur will understand my rage no doubt.

"He whom I had called my friend had trifled with this sweet confiding creature, had caused her ruin. Why had I not seen all along that she loved him? I recalled the time he used to sing for us. He sang Italian songs.

"With the bitterest pang of all I remembered the circumstances connected with the commencement of her illness. It was on the same day that Laroche had announced his approaching marriage. Some of us were gathered in the studio which Millicent shared with two other girls, when Laroche entered and told us of the intended step. After some minutes during which we tendered the usual congratulations, some one raised a curtain to enter the adjoining room and discovered Millicent on the floor insensible. We had seen her chisel in hand, at her work, a half hour before. From that hour began the long illness which had left her reason shattered.

"That she had ever loved him, Monsieur, was painful enough, that she had always loved him was torture, but the fact that she still loved him in all her innocent madness, Laroche who had deceived her, who had made capital of his deception by painting her portrait, who had visited her in seclusion, gloating over the ruin he had wrought,—these things maddened me with rage and despair.

"Laroche was out of town, but I kept watch on his rooms. As soon as he returned I would see him and as surely as I saw him so surely should one of us die. My only relaxation was practicing with foils for I knew what his choice of weapons would be.

"At last my hour came; he had returned. I entered his rooms with the assurance of an old friend. I gave his servant a piece of gold and sent him away without announcing me. Well I knew he would spend the next few hours at the nearest cabaret. I locked the door and put the key in my pocket. Soon after Laroche entered the studio from an inner room.

"Voici my friend! This is a pleasant surprise. I didn't know you had returned. What, you refuse my hand?"

"I have not come to take your hand. I have come to kill you," I said with clinched teeth.

"Decidedly pleasant news. Won't you sit down."

"I declined.

"Have a cigar?"

"I declined.

"Excuse me if I smoke. You won't sit down, you won't smoke; maybe you'll take a drink. Michael! Michael!"

"Michael is gone. I sent him away."

"I fancied he turned pale at that.

"Ah, you wished to see me alone. But this isn't the way old friends should meet. What's the trouble, my friend?"

"I've found you out, that is all. I thought you a noble, courteous gentleman; I was once glad to call you my friend. I have come back only to learn that you are a blackguard of the deepest dye, a scoundrel, a liar, a deceiver of women,—"

"Enough! No man can say that and live."

"What do you choose?"

"Swords. When?"

"Now!" I thundered. "The door is locked. We are alone and only one of us goes out of here alive!"

"I grasped the sword which I had brought with me and waited. He coolly laid aside his cigar and picking up a weapon, tested its keen edge. He even paused and calmly tossed off a glass. All the time I could see he was thinking, thinking. Was he afraid or was he simply gaining time?"

"But he did not hesitate when he finally took position. Cautiously he parried my fierce thrusts. It seemed as though he feared to hurt me, and that idea infuriated me. I knew him to be a skillful swordsman but I also knew that mine was the superior strength. We were well matched. It would have been better had I not been so fierce in my attack, had I tried to tire him out, but that process was too slow; I was impatient.

"Once my sword was caught upward with such force that it fell from my hand. Had he been as bloodthirsty as I the duel might have ended there. But he stepped back haughtily and waited. Another moment and I rushed upon him with fresh fury. I was younger then, Monsieur, and I was maddened by his coolness and forbearance. I knew if no one disturbed us, it would end as I wished.

"At last by a swift thrust I wounded him in the right arm, thus forcing him to use his left. I had also been wounded in the shoulder. Finally I struck him in the temple, and, blinded with blood, he sank at my feet.

"Quits!" I cried, as I stood waiting for him to rise, but he did not stir.

"Leroy" I heard him murmur, "before I die, tell me why you have killed me."

"Your picture of Millicent, the one in the Salon, how dared you go to her and gloat over the ruin you had wrought?"

"I have not seen Millicent since I was married. I painted her from memory alone. It was not so hard, for her image is engraved forever upon my heart. How much I envied you, Leroy!"

"You envied me when my love was not returned? I of all men the most miserable."

"I loved her too. I know now that I always shall. You heard that my wife had left me. Yes, she was jealous of the painting 'Les Reves'."

"Did you love Millicent all the time?"

"Yes, but I knew you loved her too, and I thought your love was returned."

"And that was why you never told her?"

My friend, my brother!" I cried, "Noblest of men!"

"Laroche had fainted from the loss of blood."

"All this was years ago, Monsieur. No doubt you have heard of LeRoy Gaspard, the friend of Laroche. That is my name, Monsieur. We are inseparable. Once a year we go together to see Millicent Cleaver who never recognizes us but says:

"Don't drive my dream away. He is singing to me. Happy? I alone live, it is you who dream."

"You see the painting, Monsieur, and now you know the story, you will understand why it is not for sale. There are many things in the life of man that come to snatch away his ideals and will do so unless he carries some pure dream in his heart. This is our shrine, Monsieur; both Laroche and I can love the portrait without jealousy. We, too, are dream worshippers."

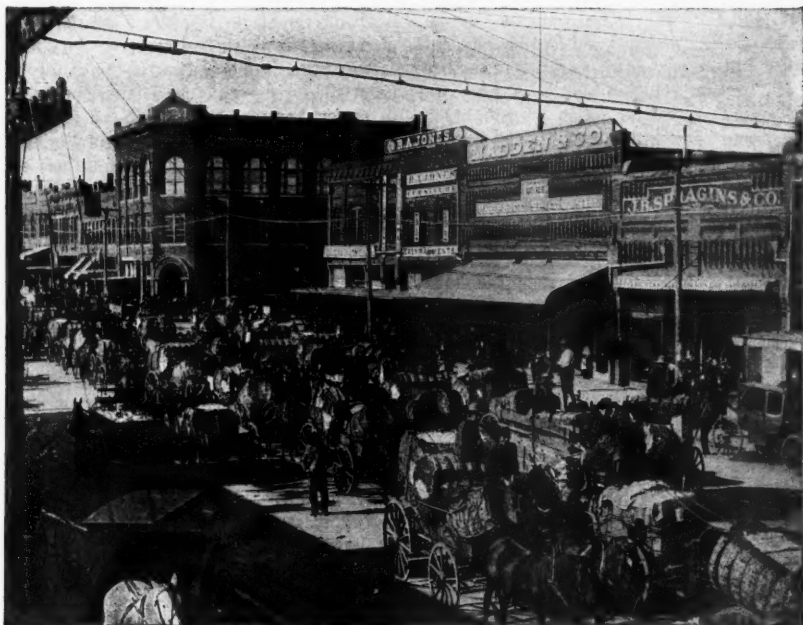
IN RETROSPECT

By WILLARD PACKARD HATCH

"The love of one's kind is the only true love."

FROM all my life this thing I know,
True love, like an ancient pyramid will grow;
Shaped by a million toiling hands—
Monument to a single thought, it stands.
Still perpetuating through the ages;
Tomb of Fools, and Kings, and Sages,
Cenotaph of souls that love decried—
Proof that love has never died.

And we will end our life-span too,
Having builded the little we could do—
And Hates, and Worries, and things we said.
Like King and Fool, will lie there dead.
While up above—piercing the skies—
The point of Love's Pyramid will rise;
Shaped by a million toiling hands—
Monument to a single thought, it stands.



LOWER MAIN STREET, ARDMORE, DURING THE COTTON SEASON OF 1907

AT THE TURN OF THE FURROW

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

THE new state of Oklahoma naturally falls into three distinct divisions, and Caesar would have made the same record concerning this territory that he did of Gaul. The oil fields are one of the "three parts." Coal beds might be said to constitute another, but the most picturesque feature of the new state is seen in "the turn of the furrow," the pastoral strength and the agricultural resources of Oklahoma, which will always remain the great glory of its inhabitants. With a rainfall that exceeds that of Illinois and Iowa during the growing season, the varied crops of the new state, from King Cotton to Queen Corn, might well be considered a bountiful blending of the riches of the famous farms of the North and South. Here the products and energies of North and South meet and combine. The deep, black soil of the oil fields is in vivid contrast to

the red loam of the cotton and corn belts, or of the rolling prairies of Kay County, where wheat flourishes as far as the Southern boundary, where cotton bolls dot the fields.

* * *

Nowhere is the spirit of progress more apparent than in the City of Oklahoma the metropolis of the new state. To hear old pioneers tell of the early days, their discouragements, the difficulties of building the railroads, the watching of every turn of the wheel of progress—all that has made Oklahoma City the prize city of the West—is indeed veritable history, but it is impossible to realize that eighteen years ago railroads were still to be laid and houses erected on the virgin sod.

There was a personal reason for my eagerness to reach Oklahoma City. Eighteen

years ago, a friend talked with me on the shores of Lake Superior and told how he had invested his money in five carloads of lumber which he was going to ship to a place on the southwest prairies which he had never visited and knew little about, though he was convinced that it would some day become the site of a great city. That lumber reached its destination over a railroad hastily laid on the virgin sod, where now stands Oklahoma City. As we drove down one of the principal streets, he pointed out a row of buildings painted red.



HENRY OVERHOLSER

A pioneer citizen of Oklahoma City, and one who is closely identified with the city's remarkable growth

"There is the lumber that I shipped eighteen years ago."

The history of Oklahoma City must always include in it the name of Mr. Henry Overholser, whose enterprises are so well-known in Oklahoma. Some years ago he built a handsome opera house, the marvel of the West, the finest between Kansas City and the coast. As we passed it the afternoon that I was there, there was a row of automobiles that looked like a Fifth Avenue afternoon parade; the machines were waiting for their owners who were inside witnessing the production of Ibsen's "Doll's House." Yes real Ibsen in Oklahoma.

Farther on we reached an eminence that

overlooks the magic city; here I saw the home of my friend, which had cost over \$100,000. It was fitted inside and out as luxuriously as heart could wish with every detail well chosen, in perfect harmony and artistic taste. From the windows we could see rows of business houses, the owners of which live out here on the hill, in the residential section, and ride in every morning to the busy marts of trade. These homes are surrounded by beautiful lawns and trees, and are reached by street-cars that ply in every direction.

Here Henry Overholser, Charles G. Jones, commonly called "Grist Mill Jones," B. F. Yoakum, now president of the "Frisco" line, and other men who have won distinction, seize every opportunity to aid in pushing Oklahoma forward to the very front rank among the great states. Every stranger is welcomed, and investment is conducted systematically. The Chamber of Commerce is an amalgamation of all the different public interests, and when any one branch of trade is filled, new comers are not encouraged to locate in the city, but when there is an opening for a new business, the members of the Chamber of Commerce hustle around and make known that fact and candidates soon appear. I had not been an hour in Oklahoma before that irrepressible representative of public interests, Mr. A. W. McKeand, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, put in an appearance. He had a button, on which was inscribed, "Oklahoma City, 150,000" in blue and gold, and the visitor who looks on that button is likely to feel mighty sociable and as though he had been adopted into some new and strange mystic order.

Anything that concerns the interest of the city at large is promptly taken up in the most public-spirited manner at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. There had been three meetings held—to deal with railroad rates, conventions and new industries—on the day that I was there. Oklahoma City is truly a centre of lively trade in a land of great promise.

One man has done much toward securing statehood for the territories, and was one of the very first who concluded that it was better to merge the Indian Territory in the one state of Oklahoma. It was Mr. C. G. Jones who worked so earnestly for this purpose, and did more than any other one

person to bring the people of the two territories into unison. When the republican candidates for the United States Senate were under consideration, a graceful tribute was paid to Mr. Jones in mentioning him for this office in the new state, being a recognition of his services rendered in securing statehood for the new commonwealth.

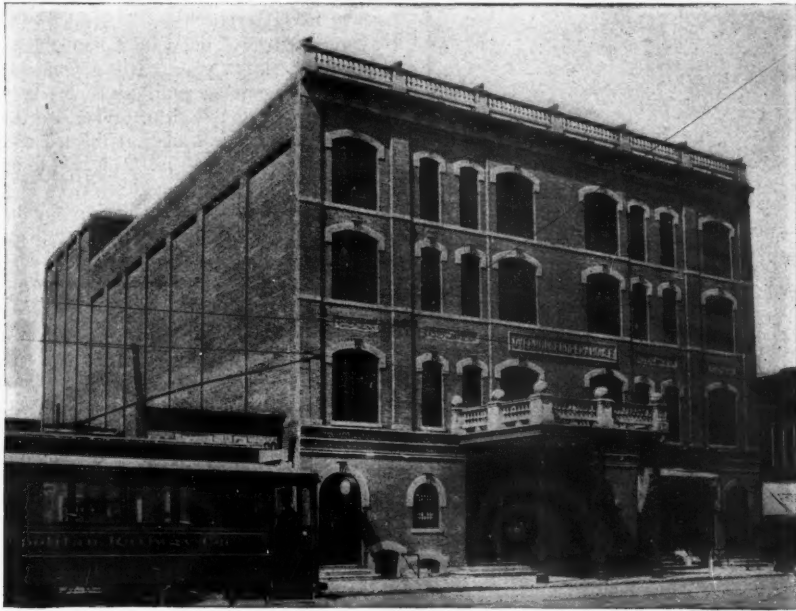
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There is a seven story hotel, all ready for the transients of a city of 150,000 people,

companies doing business in the Southwest. Flour mills grind out over a million barrels of flour a year; the only packing house in the state is located here; there is a market for 100,000 bales of cotton every season.

* * *

Oklahoma jobbers' and manufacturers' business for 1907 aggregated over \$28,500,000, and they hope to bring the total sales for this year up to \$40,000,000. The convention hall seats 5,000 people, and the muni-



OVERHOLSER OPERA HOUSE, OKLAHOMA CITY

which it is confidently expected will have settled here within the next five years. The spacious quarters of the Chamber of Commerce are always open, so that meetings of citizens may be held at any time in somewhat the same spirit that has characterized Faneuil Hall in Boston.

In March, 1889, the site of this city was occupied by a watering station for trains; in May of the same year there stood a city of 5,000 people; in July, 1907, a federal census showed a population of over 40,000, with over \$3,000,000 invested in buildings for that year.

Oklahoma is the headquarters for Eastern

capital water works will be valued at over a half-million when completed. Over 4,000 busy telephones connect houses, offices and retail stores, and the city promises to rival Kansas City and St. Louis as a wholesale mart.

There are over one hundred and forty miles of cement walks and thirty-six miles of paving and the same number of miles of street railway, and the schools of the city and state are certainly entitled to the distinction claimed for them. The churches are valued at \$1,000,000; the Epworth University and numerous schools at \$1,000,000. Students are adequately accommodated at the uni-

versity at Norman and the Normal Schools at Edmond, Weatherford and Alva. The sprightly School Herald is under the management of S. M. Barrett, and is a flourishing indication of Oklahoma pedagogy. Edward Cameron, State Superintendent of Instruction, resides at Sulphur, Oklahoma, and is busy devising plans to make Oklahoma the prize school state of the Union.

Four miles from Oklahoma lies Belisle Lake and a beautiful natural park which is the admiration of visitors and citizens alike; but the citizens seem to take more pride in



C. G. JONES

President State Fair Association. Pioneer citizen, statesman and financier. Member of the first State Legislature

their fire department than in their park. One gentleman remarked that he supposed some obliging person turned in the alarm the day I was there because he knew I wanted to see what a real "prairie town fire rush" was like.

One of the first things that Congress will have to meet in the present session will be an appropriation for a public building in the City of Oklahoma. The Oklahoma post office now does the largest business of any city in the country, for its population, and it is doubtful if Uncle Sam fully realizes the extent of his own interests here.

The Oklahoman, which has Mr. R. E.

Stafford and Mr. E. K. Gaylord in charge, and the Daily Times Journal under the generalship of Messrs. Brown, are certainly newspapers looking well after the interests of the people, who have reason to be proud of the aggressive spirit of these publications.

The agricultural papers of the new state reflect the modern methods of farming, and advocate the development of live stock interests and new crops in cereals and fruits of all sorts, encouraging also the interchange of ideas among the farmers. One of the new crops developed in Oklahoma with splendid success has been the Bermuda grass which grows freely everywhere, increasing the pastoral acreage of the state a hundredfold within the past few years. It is a profitable grass for the new state and there is never any uncertainty as to the yield. When started from the roots it is readily acclimated and does not need to be resown. It is said to be better for horses than for dairy stock.

One significant fact was pointed out by the editor of an agricultural paper—that thousands of checks for subscriptions were constantly being sent direct from the farmers, and that there had never in one instance been a notice that the account was overdrawn. The fact that the farmers are doing business so extensively by checks, without any of the disreputable practices too often found among those who follow other callings, is indeed a strong tribute to the integrity of the agriculturalists of Oklahoma.

* * *

Passing through on the train en route from Oklahoma City to Guthrie, the state capital, I thought of a pledge made to a subscriber at the Jamestown Exposition, that I would visit his town, which I knew to be in the vicinity of Guthrie, but the name eluded me until the brakeman called, "Edmond." Off I got, and felt well repaid for stopping off, for if there are any brighter towns than Edmond in Oklahoma, I did not see them. There is an educational spirit there that has made the normal school at Edmond a notable institution, entitled to all the enthusiastic praise showered on it by visitors.

* * *

The foliage seemed to cling longer to the trees in Oklahoma than elsewhere. Many sturdy oaks, veterans of the forests that never

release their leaves until they are sure of a new spring dress, rustled in the cool wind as if proclaiming the virtue of hoarding what you have until something better is assured.

A notable feature of Oklahoma farming is that everything possible is done to lessen the cost of production. Instead of shoveling corn in cribs, at a back-breaking pace, loaders are used, and many other labor-saving devices may be seen in the agricultural districts.

Steam plows are used to break the land, turning over many furrows at a time, instead

"Geiser" plow are in such relative position that it can be started without the application of any external force upon the rim of the fly wheel. The driving wheels are six feet in diameter, and, like the front wheels, are made entirely of iron and steel, being strengthened by double rows of spokes made of extra strong steel pipe. The boiler is jacketed with asbestos and covered with Russia iron. It looks like a railroad locomotive, and has rocking grates which make it easy to keep a good fire.



RESIDENCE OF HENRY OVERHOLSER AT OKLAHOMA CITY

of merely one as in the old method, whereby the poet Bobbie Burns discovered the mouse, and an inspiration for immortal lines. Nothing could be more attractive than the modern machinery used in the fields here. I met a farmer who was the proud possessor of a steam plow, made by the Geiser Manufacturing Company of Waynesboro, Pa., who are certainly to be commended for successfully meeting this urgent agricultural necessity. To the farmer his new plow was evidently the apple of his eye, and he insisted that "the city man" who had never seen such an implement at work, must be shown just what it could do.

He showed me that the cranks of his

The engine has two water tanks, with a capacity of 540 gallons, and a coal box holding 1,000 pounds of coal. The frame is equipped with twelve plows, each cutting a strip fourteen inches wide, and adjustments are provided for controlling the depth of the furrow and throwing the plow in or out of the soil. The plows are raised and lowered by steam; there is a safety arrangement by which one or more of these plows may be automatically disconnected, in case of meeting with obstruction. The owner assured me that this device prevented breakage and saved many dollars on repairs.

This seemed to me the "top notch" in

plowing, but my admiration was increased when the young farmer explained that the "Geiser" frame can be detached from the engine, which can then be used to drive other machinery, a thresher, shredder, sheller or saw mill, or for heavy hauling or any other purpose for which steam power is desired. We all quite agreed with the farmer's small son, who said:

"It's as much fun to see our steam plow at work, as it is to watch a circus parade."

* * *

With every improvement in machinery that modern ingenuity can devise, and good

ample to rivet the attention and excite the admiration of those interested in agricultural development.

The governor is an *ex officio* member of the county farmers' institutes throughout the state, and there are seventy-six counties all of which send delegates to an annual meeting. This is considered the most extensive and remarkable organization of farmers known in the world.

The proposed parcel post measure seems to have a very meager support among the farmers. It is agreed that a general parcel post service as urged by Postmaster-General von L. Meyer, carrying goods at twelve



A GEISER PLOW IN OPERATION ON AN OKLAHOMA FARM

farm land at a cost of from \$25 to \$50 an acre, the success of the Oklahoma farmer is assured, and agriculturists are eagerly seeking the new state. In Southern Oklahoma there is a larger tract of unimproved land, which may be purchased at from \$15 to \$35 an acre.

* * *

Oklahoma City entertained the Farmers' National Congress during the past year; it was a great regret to the Oklahoma farmers that there was not a bumper yield to show to visitors, but even as it was there was

cents a pound instead of sixteen, and providing for a still lower rate on routes originating at rural free delivery points, will make the Rural Free Deliveries a paying proposition for Uncle Sam, as well as aid farmers and stock raisers to secure supplies without loss of time, which is a matter of vital consequence in the conduct of work in Oklahoma.

The state constitution provides for teaching agriculture and domestic science in the common schools, and there will not be much time wasted in the Oklahoma rural school houses, for the course of instruction laid out is voluminous. The farmers in the

new state are determined to make the pursuit of agriculture attractive to the boys, and it is probable that they will succeed in keeping them on the farms. The state board of agriculture has jurisdiction over all matters affecting animal industries and animal quarantine regulations. In fact, the organic law of the territory is essentially agrarian and the ambition of Oklahoma today is to excel in the development of these interests.

* * *

SHAWNEE is located in Central Oklahoma, on the eastern border of what was known as Oklahoma Territory, and only eight miles from the western line of the great fertile but yet undeveloped country known before Statehood as the Indian Territory.

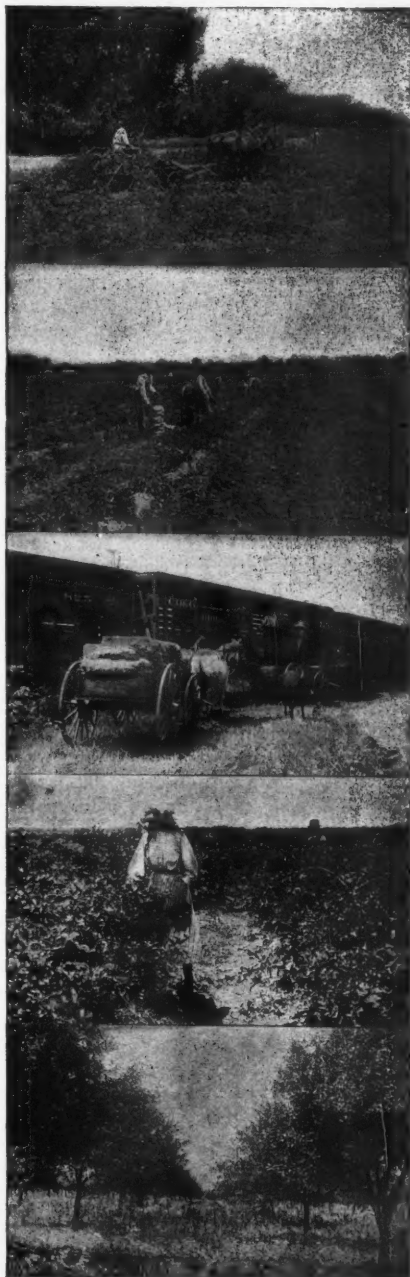
Being located within a few miles of the center of the State, Shawnee is known as the "Central City" of the new State. No city in the southwest is making greater substantial gains.

Shawnee according to the Federal census, is the third city in population in the State. With a population of 15,000 within her incorporated limits, but with an actual population of 20,000 including the thickly populated section immediately surrounding the city and reached by a splendid street railway system.

Shawnee's population like the population of the southwest, is cosmopolitan to a high degree, having been gathered from all parts of the United States. The small number of negroes in Shawnee is quite noticeable and a subject of comment, their disposition to "pass Shawnee by" having been persisted in since the early days of the city's history.

The story of the growth of Shawnee is quite remarkable, the growth in population and commerce, and its solidity as a financial center, has been coincident with the settlement and development of the agricultural, commercial and general business interests in the vast territory tributary thereto.

In January, 1894, there were 277 people living within the borders of the village of Shawnee, and in June, 1895, the city of Shawnee was platted; in June, 1900, there were 3,660 people living within the city. There has been no boom since 1900, but there has been a growth in commerce and population most astonishing. And we find



Digging Potatoes near Shawnee.

A Potato Farm near Shawnee.

Shipping Early Potatoes from Shawnee, Okla.

Picking Blackberries, Durant, Okla.

Apple Orchard of A. J. McKillop, Muskogee, Okla.

in 1908, a city of 20,000 people, and no indications are in evidence that the remarkable growth is at an end.

The growth and development of Shawnee, is the direct and positive product of the wonderfully fertile soil of Central Oklahoma. *The city is the child of necessity; the resources of the country needed a city at this point, nature produced it, and it is worthy of its creator.*

* * *

Shawnee has never been favored with the expenditures of public funds, either from the Federal Government or the State of Oklahoma; growth here has been wholly in response to natural conditions, which are permanent.

Taken as a whole, the territory 100 miles in circumference around Shawnee is the most densely populated portion of the southwest, and as density of population in an agricultural country always corresponds to the fertility of the soil, it follows that here in Central Oklahoma is the soil best adapted to general farming. It is evident even to the traveler who looks hurriedly over the country that the reason for the substantial progress in the territory about Shawnee is fertility of soil and diversified farming. It is on that rich soil that the farmers from the north and the farmers from the south have prospered beyond their expectations, raising corn, alfalfa (five crops annually) and hogs. Cotton, potatoes (two crops annually), and fruit. Well, the fruit and truck farming industry are expanding so fast that the farmers themselves are astonished at the results. Elberta peaches from Shawnee are of rare flavor. A large cold storage plant for fruit and vegetables has just been established by a Louisville firm in anticipation of the crop of 1908.

* * *

Shawnee is the mule market of the southwest. It is in this region that mules are raised equal to the "Missouri mule." The superior railway facilities enables the buyer to concentrate at this point the animals as purchased, and when a market is favorable, to ship to the point offering the best profits.

The wholesale and jobbing business of Shawnee is quite extensive and has been expanding with the same record breaking rapidity which has characterized other lines of commercial development.

The city has direct railway connections with all points of Oklahoma, and the great commercial centers north, south and west. The Rock Island Railway, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway are all here, and have been dominating factors in the wonderful growth of Shawnee. The tonnage handled last year by these roads as a direct contribution to their business from Shawnee was 17,427 carloads; an increase of forty-two per cent over the previous year.

There are twenty-seven factories in Shawnee with 1,502 employees, and they are paid in wages annually the substantial sum of \$1,223,000. The Rock Island shops at Shawnee are the largest maintained by any railway system in the southwest, having over nine hundred employees. The Santa Fe system has extensive yards and shops in Shawnee, making the tin bucket brigade very large and the pay roll very attractive. It is from the substantial pay roll—the products of the farmers in the vicinity, and the jobbing and wholesale trade that Shawnee draws the never ending supply of ready cash that drives her on to greater achievements each year.

The growth in manufacturing has been most rapid, yet the growth has been of a substantial and permanent character, and the immediate future promises even greater gains. First-class steam coal and natural gas are factors in the growth.

The commercial resources of Shawnee and the productive soil of Central Oklahoma combining, form a solid rock foundation of Shawnee's financial strength. Capitalists of the older and larger cities marvel at the rapidity of the growth in the Oklahoma financial centers, and it is hard to realize that all the growth in Shawnee has been within twelve short years. The resources of the Shawnee banks are \$3,043,192.09. Deposits \$2,746,298.33.

The city is well governed. It operates its own water plant, an enviable fire department equal to any emergency that may arise, with a complete inspection; eight miles of its streets are paved with brick and asphalt, they are all lighted and well cleaned; the sanitation of the city is unexcelled, and the sewer system costing \$200,000 now being put in, touches every section of the city, and the natural drainage is excellent.

A movement for further street paving was

inaugurated a short time ago and a contract providing for the paving of 110 blocks of residential streets with asphalt has just been entered into and the work will be completed this spring.

The city was built in a forest, and thousands of the native trees have been preserved and others are being cultivated, so that from a birds eye view Shawnee seems to be set in a park.

The street car service in Shawnee is the wonder of all who visit the city. There are twelve miles and a half of track, which radiates in all directions. The Shawnee-Tecumseh Traction Company's interurban road connects Tecumseh, a town of 2,500 population, six miles to the south of Shawnee, and a twenty minute service is maintained. This short piece of interurban road was the first built in Oklahoma and is perhaps the most prosperous.

Benson Park, which is two and one-half miles south of the city, on the Interurban road, is one of the most beautiful Interurban Parks in the West. There are in the park twenty-six varieties of forest trees, which is most positive evidence that the city is not on a barren prairie.

The advantages of residence in Shawnee include many things which attract the attention and compel the admiration of every visitor, and which serves as a powerful magnet to hold the loyalty of all who reside there.

There are splendid four and five story hotels and office buildings, with elevators. All religious denominations are housed in commodious church buildings. The public buildings are above the average, and the general architectural outline of the city is at once pleasing and attractive. The public school buildings are eight in number and 2800 children are enrolled.

Shawnee is regarded as the retail metropolis of a large section of the State. It has the largest retail store in Oklahoma. People come to Shawnee from all directions to trade, and uniting there crowd the stores, shops and places of amusement, giving to the city the prestige, trade and standing of a city of twice it's size.

The people of Shawnee are inspired with a spirit which balks at no enterprise, and welcomes every man, rich or poor, who comes to add his efforts to the energetic life of this rapidly growing city of homes, churches, schools and commerce.

Shawnee is an active candidate for the permanent capitol of the new state of Oklahoma, it being provided by the act admitting the state into the Union that the temporary capitol should remain where it is now, until 1913, and since it is generally understood the question of the permanent location will be submitted by the legislature now in session, to the people for their decision, at the regular election in November, 1908, Shawnee is leaving nothing to chance in the contest. With it's central location in a densely populated part of the State, with transportation facilities equal to any possible competitor's, it's chances of ultimate success are worthy of serious consideration.

* * *

Every visitor to Oklahoma is impressed at once with the idea that nothing but the best methods prevail in farming. There was many a farmer who brought his old style machinery from the far and middle West and East only to throw them away after being convinced that he would save time and money by using labor and time saving machinery.

Much interest was manifested in the Naylor Harrow which has made good on its claim of enabling one man to do two men's work. The shrewd Oklahoma farmer figures it out that this means \$3.00 a day and in a short time his harrow is paid for. The Naylor Harrow is a combination spring and spike tooth harrow and furnishes an effective seed bed for the crops.

* * *

The trip from Shawnee, over the Rock Island, formerly the Choctaw & Gulf Railroad, which runs west from Memphis, Tennessee, and passes through the Indian reservations, reveals what can be done in the way of fruit growing. The Rock Island is the "Mason and Dixon line" in Oklahoma—northerners above and southerners below—with customs from the "old home" states predominating. The land in eastern Oklahoma along this road is similar to that in Arkansas, rather swampy, but is rapidly being developed into small fruit farms.

On the train I heard some farmers discussing how to treat the different trees, and obtained an insight into the best mode of fighting parasites, spraying and grafting in order to get first-class fruit crops.

On the same train I heard an animated argument, worthy of a first-class debating society, as to whether the railroads or the wonderful new agricultural machinery had been the more effective in developing the new state. One farmer recalled how numbers of reapers, mowers and agricultural machinery of all kinds were hauled by wagon from Wichita, Kansas, and Dallas, Texas, and from other points on the Santa Fe and "Katy," and how at all these points all the well known harvesting machine companies had established agencies several years before any portion of Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement. He pointed out that it was not until just prior to the first opening in 1889 that the Rock Island Railroad completed work on its line into the Territory, in order to carry the great numbers of people who were eager to find homes in this fertile region. The Santa Fe road then ran through later. The Red River at the south was the dividing line between the new state and Texas, according to the old Mexican grant at the time Texas was brought into the Union. The speaker on behalf of the railroads claimed that lines thus diverging to almost all points must of necessity have a great effect on commerce and agriculture, but he was promptly reminded by the opposition that, prior to the time this portion of the southwest was organized into a territory, and for some years thereafter, the whole region was overrun with great cattle ranches, when the first white settlement was made at Fort Sill, near where Lawton now stands.

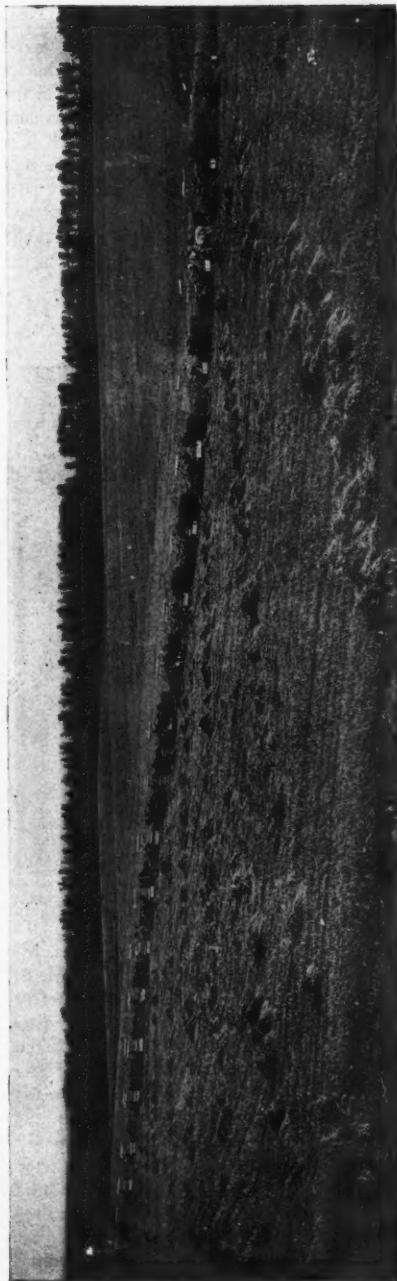
He declared that as early as the beginning of the seventies grain was grown and several harvesting machine companies established agencies at Ardmore and Durant, Indian Territory, prior to the opening of land for settlement in Oklahoma, and even then agents were scattered through the small villages and were selling harvesting machines in a limited way to ranchmen. He insisted that after the railroads were built through this rich section of country many settlers flocked to what is now the great state of Oklahoma, and that these pioneers of the seventies and eighties supplied themselves with mowers and reapers and began in earnest to cultivate farms and open new lands; as emigrants came in at a lively rate, many reaping and mowing machine companies established agencies among the new settlers.

In the new state of Oklahoma there are approximately 100,000 farms, aggregating some 23,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. In 1906, 220,000,000 bushels of grain—wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, etc.—were produced and 900,000 bales of cotton, while the value of the livestock was estimated to exceed \$100,000,000, and all this from land that a quarter of a century ago was a howling wilderness, populated almost exclusively by Indians. The enthusiastic young farmer insisted that this success is due not only to the indefatigable pluck and infinite skill of the sturdy sons of Oklahoma, who have carved out an empire, but to the improved agricultural machines, which have made possible the successful in-gathering of these rich harvests. As the train rushed past great farms where the furrow was plowed for miles and where the line of binders had swept across wheat fields embracing thousands of acres, he had an apt illustration of his point, and reminded his companions how in this immense new territory the hay fields were so large that means had to be taken to handle the crop faster and to better advantage; and how the several companies that now comprise the International Harvester Company of America were quick to recognize the needs of agriculturists in this new country, and opened up the trail across the vast stretches of prairie lands, which was afterwards followed by the railroads.

It is not difficult to understand that the development of Oklahoma was due in no small measure to the harvesting machine. The representatives of the harvester companies closely studied the requirements of the farmers and furnished them grain and grass cutting machines suited to handle their large crops. I felt inclined to agree with the argument that Oklahoma could never have raised and harvested such enormous crops, and this great state would never have become so famous in history had it not been for the various harvesting machine companies that supplied the binders and mowers to garner the produce of the vast farms. During the pioneer days the reaper moved civilization westward at the rate of thirty miles a year, and it was the reaper that enabled the early settlers of Oklahoma to achieve their industrial independence. Later, as the trade grew and the demand for machines became greater, several of the companies

established agencies in Oklahoma City, in order to place their stock of extras and machines near the new settlements. From 1889 to 1900 Oklahoma Territory was enriched by an influx of farm immigrants who made the raising of wheat a specialty.

As the somewhat heated argument cooled off, concerning the relative developing power of railroads and harvesting machinery, the talk drifted into comment on the evolution of farming machinery, and the speakers told how, after the passing of the self-rake reaper and similar devices, such of the harvesting machine companies as manufactured wire binders and harvesters sold that class of machines and enjoyed a large trade. Later the twine binder replaced both the reaper and the wire binder, as well as the old hand harvester, and afforded the Oklahoma farmer marvelous facilities for harvesting his grain crops—in short, the Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee, Osborne and Plano harvesting machines have been powerful agents in the development of the great southwest country; and inversely Oklahoma has repaid the advantages given her, because this great agricultural state has been the birthplace of many of the most important improvements that have been made in agricultural machines during the last two decades. New machines were sent here for field trials, for manufacturers knew well that if a machine would work successfully under the varying conditions to be found in Oklahoma, it would succeed anywhere. One improvement followed another and not infrequently unusual conditions were encountered that necessitated a specialty—thus Oklahoma has been instrumental in developing and perfecting a vast line of modern agricultural machines and implements. In addition to the binders and mowers—with which I now felt well acquainted—I learned that the Oklahoma farmer cannot carry on his business without headers, header-binders, hay tedders, self-dump hay rakes, sweep rakes, hay loaders, hay stackers, hay balers, feed grinders, cream separators, gasoline engines, manure spreaders, wagons, threshing machines, tillage implements, and binder twine, all of which my debating farmer friends assured me, could be secured through the retailers who are supplied by the International Harvester Company of America.



"WHERE THE LINE OF BINDERS SWEEPS ACROSS THE FIELD"

The great warehouse constructed in Oklahoma City not only meets the demand for quick shipment to the local agencies throughout this district, but is a credit to the International Company and an ornament to the new state and the city in which it is located. In these handsome buildings are kept on hand at all times, duplicates of every part of the machines, which insures a very great saving of time in making repairs when a breakage occurs in the field.

* * *

A nice poultry farm has always had a special charm for me, and when, in Okla-



M. M. SHELLABERGER
Inventor of Fifty Valuable Devices

homa, I was shown a picture of Mr. M. M. Shellabarger, inventor of the M. M. S. poultry fence, who is yet hale and hearty and still, at the age of ninety, inventing useful devices, I began to think that the fencing was as interesting as the fowl. Those zig-zag rows of wire were an ideal fence for the handsome birds that I liked to watch. It is not surprising when poultry keepers say that Mr. Shellabarger would be a benefactor to the race if he had invented nothing but this remarkably strong, cheaply-constructed fence, which requires no top or bottom rail, can be erected for half the cost of an ordinary poultry fence, and is never known to sag as the ordinary wire netting does.

While standing with one of the ladies of the farm, inspecting the poultry and their well-kept enclosure, I happened to remark that poultry has an especial attraction for me. She said:

"That's all right, but let me show you something that, if not quite so attractive as fowl, has lots of money in it."

She led the way to an enclosure surrounded by a fence differing from any I had seen, being made of wires, put together in a peculiarly strong manner.

"That's the De Kalb field and hog fence," she said—"we have it all over the farm. Father bought fences from the company fifteen years ago, and he says with their quarter century of experience, they know all there is to know about fence-making."

Then we looked at the hogs inside the enclosure; they were all under six months old; the farmer was working out a proposition that looked to me more complicated than Euclid or Algebra—producing a certain weight of pork for a certain amount of corn, on the basis that a bushel of corn adds more pounds of weight when fed to a pig under three months old than at any other time in its life. In leaving I admired the De Kalb fence around the lawn, and had mental visions of just such a farm and just such fences some years hence, so I carefully noted the address and could almost see myself sending a large order to De Kalb Fence Company, 748 Shukert Building, Kansas City, Missouri, and receiving a fine consignment of their fences to enclose the poultry, hogs, lawn and yards on my dream farm.

* * *

One of the most promising towns in Oklahoma is Chickasha, which was especially called to my attention by an enthusiastic resident I met. This was by no means the first time I had heard of the thriving little city. The fact is that the National has subscribers there, and when one of them, Mrs. John W. Brown, paid a visit to Boston last summer, she took pains to come and see the National in its own home. I carefully placed her card in my book, and in my usual fashion, had made the tour and was sitting again in my office chair before I could remember where I had put that card; then I discovered it in the pocket of my office coat;—but, anyhow, I saw Chickasha.

Chickasha, the gateway to the new Southwest, is a city of 12,500 people, and has an altitude of 1,100 feet above the sea level. Like many of the new Western cities, it has miles of uniform concrete walks and asphalt-paved streets. The city also has seven railroad lines diverging from it, and has an abundant supply of water power plants, furnishing manufacturers with cheap power.

The specialty of Chickasha is its cotton

destined to be one of the most productive in the world. Corn, wheat and cotton are each grown here with success equalling that attained in any one-crop country. Garden trucking promises to be a great industry in the future, for fruit of all kinds and of excellent quality grows luxuriantly; in fact, Grady County, of which Chickasha is the county seat, is pronounced the garden spot of the earth, by those who live here. Linking



HARVESTING AN OKLAHOMA CORNFIELD

trade, for it is the cotton market of Southwest Oklahoma, and has cotton compresses, cotton seed oil mills, cotton seed oil refineries, flouring mills, railroad shops and many other industries, constantly keeping employed an army of laborers. The beautifully-built business district in the valley, and the residence portion on the hills make a veritable dream-land; the handsome churches and schools are a monument to the character of the citizens who erected them, and who never fail to see that they do good service in the work for which they were planned.

The country surrounding Chickasha is

with these important features the fact that the climate is perfect the year around, there is but one explanation for the city's not being overrun with people seeking a desirable country in which to locate—those who read descriptions of Chickasha doubt the plain truth—however modestly it may be stated—for it is difficult to believe until it is seen that any one place can offer so many advantages as are to be found in this rising city in the new state.

* * *

Going around the triangle of the "Katy" road, I arrived at Guthrie, the capital of the

state. At the Hotel Royal, in room 47, I found Governor Charles N. Haskell; in these first days of statehood he was meeting the incessant demands for offices, consequent on the launching of the new ship of state. Determined to serve the people well, he held with firm grip all the popular interests, and had proclamations ready and guns prepared to go off the moment President Theodore Roosevelt's pen dropped from his hand after he had signed the paper giving statehood to Oklahoma. At sixteen minutes past nine, Washington time, Oklahoma passed into the bonds of statehood, and the proclamations began to pop—one of them stopping the work on a pipe laid to the Gulf.

Guthrie, the capital, is a city of which its residents may well be proud; with a population of 20,000, paved streets, numerous cotton mills and other factories, nine lines of railroad and forty-two passenger trains leaving and entering the city daily, the most magnificent Masonic Temple in the Southwest, fine city hall, federal building and Carnegie library, and close to extensive coal, oil and gas producing districts, there seems no reason why the citizens of Guthrie should not realize their brightest hopes for their city, the beautiful capital of the commonwealth which is already proclaimed one of the brightest stars in the sisterhood of states.

The new county court house has been leased for state offices, and is occupied by the state legislature. The sessions of this governing body never abate in interest to Oklahomans at morning, noon or night. There is no lack of ideas and suggestions, for everybody thinks what is best to be done for the common weal, exemplifying the sturdy spirit of those pioneers who implanted a state capital in tents; with that intense energy and push characteristic of "Sooners" who builded better than they knew.

With a spirit of prophecy, the first day of opening, in 1889, the settlers of Guthrie laid out a hill in the center of the city, four blocks, for a future building and named it "Capitol Square." Having been a territorial capital, Congress in providing for statehood, retained the seat of government at Guthrie, and there is already a state fund, resulting from the rental of school lands, for a capitol building.

The Daily Capital has, under the management of Mr. Frank H. Greer, developed into

one of the best and largest newspaper plants in the new state. In Guthrie is also published *The Leader*, under the aggressive management of Mr. L. G. Niblack; the *State Register* managed by John Golobie, the *Oklahoma Guide*, *Oklahoma Odd Fellow*, *Oklahoma Workman* and several other thriving publications speak eloquently of the high intelligence of the people of the new state.

The new hotel, *The Ione*, is also ready to present its claims as being one of the best in Oklahoma, and furnishes a favorite rendezvous for those who gather at the seat of government.

The hills and valleys, the wide-spreading, fertile fields, the bustling air of industry in the city, the many advantages educational and social, all combine to make Guthrie a very delightful residence city and an attractive location for home builders.

Arriving just after the law enforcing prohibition, adopted by a majority of 18,103, had gone into effect, there was something mirth-provoking in the dejected air of the deserted liquor saloons. In many places the brewery plants have already been turned into mammoth cold storage houses. I saw, standing in a deserted saloon window, a lonesome whiskey barrel which some wag had appropriately draped in mourning, with the sign "Nothing Doing." The ornate furnishings of the saloons and bars that had been gay with foaming glasses and resplendent mirrors that Carrie Nation fain would shatter, were covered with dust. Oklahoma prohibition appears to be backed by public sentiment.

* * *

Clustering about many of the farm houses I visited were the Studebaker wagons—sturdy reminders of the pre-eminent part they have played in the pioneer days of the great West, Southwest and Northwest. The prow and stern of the old prairie schooners and the spanking new wagons glistening in green and red contain that unfailing reminder of sturdy Studebaker construction. Studebaker has become a familiar household word with the beginnings as well as the triumphs of the farmers of the country. What fortunes those revolving wheels of a Studebaker might tell of the unflinching spirit of the new settlers, from the days of the "sooner" rush in '88 to the splendid christening of the new com-

monwealth of Oklahoma in 1908. The seal of the new state of Oklahoma bears the Latin quotation "Labor Omnia Vincit," and the same apt words have decorated the Studebaker trade mark for over a half century.

The farm wagons which I observed coming into the many new thriving towns laden with the bountiful crops of the new state, with its million and a half sturdy citizenship, was indeed a caravan conveying more riches

As I was about to board the train at Guthrie a friend introduced me to the state superintendent of instruction. A pleasant-faced gentleman, evidently overhearing the names spoken, said to me:

"Well, I felt sure that Joe Chapple would come our way some time," and I turned to greet an old subscriber, Mr Jasper Sipes of Oklahoma City, whom I had never before met. Mr. Sipes indeed is entitled to the distinction of being a pioneer, for he has



WHEN IT COMES TO WAGONS OKLAHOMA WANTS THE BEST

across the rich, fertile prairies of the West than the fabled wealth of India and far-off Cathay, creeping along over the burning sands of Sahara.

This is not poetic fancy, but stern facts furnished in the crop statistics garnered under the official seal of Uncle Sam. Unlike the gaily caparisoned camels conveying jewels, silks and precious metals across the desert, the caravan of Studebaker wagons was laden with the foodstuffs that feed the world and bring prosperity and happiness to the Oklahoma homes and radiate peace and plenty in the market.

done business in the same offices for fourteen years past, and is still a young and aggressive man. Everybody seemed to know him, though fourteen years in these swift-passing times is a short period in a new state.

* * *

To the west of Guthrie is Kingfisher, and farther to the west the Wichita Mountains and the Wichita national forest. An effort is being made by the Bureau of Forestry and the Forest Association in Washington to foster these woodland tracts, and also to encourage the planting of new trees throughout

the state. A project is now under way to provide for growing forests, exempt from taxation, so that the owners may be able to hold land for full tree maturity. This plan, it is believed, would do justice to the owners of land and be a benefit to the country at large.

* * *

Ardmore is the largest city in a radius of seventy-five miles in Oklahoma, and as such is not only the principal trading point, but is also the jobbing center. The wholesale grocery business at this point alone exceeds \$1,000,000 each year. Ardmore has a first-class school system, with four public schools and an attendance of 2,250 pupils, a sectarian college, conservatory of music and a business college. The city owns its water works system, has extensive sewer system, natural gas for domestic and manufacturing purposes, and a street and suburban railway system was almost completed when I was there. The four national banks of the city have a splendid record. Ardmore has no foreign population and few negroes, but every state in the Union has contributed its quota to her population.

As the county seat of Carter County, this city is the headquarters of the federal land office and circuit court. It is also the home of Honorable Charles D. Carter, congressman from the fourth district, a seven-sixteenth Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian, who has been prominent in the affairs of the Chickasaw nation and also in those of his district and city. He is a man of striking appearance and strength, and while he has the facial characteristics of the Indian, there is no severity in his temperament. His merry laugh is contagious; in politics he is conservative. Mr. Carter is a valuable member of the Committee on Indian affairs in Congress, having an intimate knowledge of the red man and the conditions which surround him. He is in favor of the removal of the restrictions on the sale of all Indian lands except the homesteads of full bloods, and believes that there is no reason why an Indian should not work and take care of himself. He maintains that the present paternal system, by which most of the Indians hold their lands and are not subject to taxation, has a tendency toward degeneration and is a policy that has outlived its usefulness.

In the development of Eastern Oklahoma the Missouri Pacific Railroad has been one of the pre-eminent active forces. The story of prosperity is told in a few words. Land is now sold for \$15, \$20 and \$30 an acre. Within a few hours of the great markets of the Middle West are opportunities for homes that Mr. T. C. Kimber, immigration agent of the Missouri Pacific at St. Louis, Missouri, is kept busy telling the people about. Mr. D. E. King who has charge of the industrial interests of the Missouri Pacific is located at St. Louis, armed with stunning and attractive information as to factory and numeral opportunities.

The Indians in Oklahoma are now selling their land for \$15 to \$35 an acre and the advance in value of these lands can be easily determined by the present value in the adjacent states to the North. The land ordinarily belonged to the Indian tribes and has been kept in their possession by the watchful eye of the Government for many years past. Only one-third of the land is now excluded from sale which means a large increase in population and development of Eastern Oklahoma.

In the towns of Wagoner, Claremore and Fort Gibson, an idea is furnished of the most phenomenal growth and development of Eastern Oklahoma which has been aptly described as the "newest center of industrial and agricultural activity."

In Claremore is located the famous Radium Springs, a sanitarium, and several good hotels for the especial accommodation of guests. With a soil and climate adapted for the raising of almost every crop known in the United States and with resources of more minerals of the kind than known in any other similar area; with a great supply of natural gas, oil and coal, the future industrial and agricultural wealth of Eastern Oklahoma is as certain as any thing can be on this mundane sphere. The restless and progressive spirit of the average American will not permit such a rich country long to lie dormant and undeveloped. The Missouri Pacific Railroad has done much to bring this to the attention of the people and to attract the capital that has converted the wild and undeveloped lands and resources of Eastern Oklahoma to a state of development surpassing many older sections of the country.

THE TOUCHSTONE

By FLORENCE MIRIAM CHAPIN

NIGHT was coming on. Winfield Cameron drew rein and looked about him. Far below, the lake lay sparkling in the last rays of the sun; and the north and south stretched a long white line that marked the dusty road. It was a wooded, hilly country, sentinelled by blue-ridged mountains whose distant peaks rose in sharp outline against the sky.

Cameron caught the high treble of a racoon's call and the liquid notes of a whip-poor-will, but no human voice broke the stillness and his brows came together in a frown. His errand was urgent, and he had no wish to be trapped by the darkness in a strange wood.

All at once his eyes were caught and held by a tricolored flag that waved above the trees half way up the hill, and through the pines, he made out the roof of a house.

Riding on a little way, he came upon a bridle path leading abruptly from the road; and, rightly guessing that this led to the house he had seen, he urged his horse forward.

He had not ridden far before the path merged into a wood-road whose cool loveliness forced admiration even from his hasty glance.

The house, long and low, was built of unstained shingles and surrounded by wide, covered verandas overhung with rose-vines. The latticed casement-windows, swinging outward, gave a glimpse of comfortable rooms within; and Cameron's quick eyes, as they noted these details, widened in surprise. In place of the farm house he had expected to see, this artistic dwelling hidden among the hills was like a mirage.

He dismounted and crossing the piazza, lifted the great brass knocker. As the dull, heavy sound broke the stillness, he found himself speculating as to what sort of person would answer his summons.

It was full a minute before he heard any sign of life, then someone laughed and the door was quickly opened.

A girl in a gypsy dress stood on the threshold, scarlet berries in her long, loose hair.

At sight of Cameron she drew back and glanced in confusion at her fantastic dress,

but there was laughter in her low voice when she spoke.

"Won't you come in,—father is at home."

The man smiled. "I came only to enquire the way—I think I must have missed the right road somehow. Can you direct me to James Morton's camp?"

The girl considered. "Why, I know of no such party—unless—can you mean the artist?"

Cameron nodded. "None other."

"In that case, you have indeed missed the road. His place is miles from here, on the other lake."

The man wheeled impatiently. "Is there no way but the road I have come?"

She came out to him on the veranda. "Could you find your way back—as you have come—if the moon does not hold?"

Cameron smiled, remembering the tortuous ride. "I am afraid not."

"The other road, though shorter, is more difficult—really hardly more than a trail at times—and would be impossible to a stranger. I think you will be forced to accept the hospitality of The Hermitage to-night."

"That is impossible, though I thank you." He bent to tighten his saddle girth and she watched him silently.

When he straightened, she threw him an amused glance.

"For the sake of your horse it seems to me a little rest is unavoidable."

"I'm afraid you are right, though I have been hoping against hope that he would hold out." He looked at the jaded animal in dismay.

"He isn't good for very many miles just now," laughed the girl. She held the door and inclined her head. "Won't you come?"

Cameron hesitated. "If you don't mind, I'd rather—"

"Well?" tentatively from the veranda.

"Don't you think that perhaps the horse—" he pointed lamely.

"Oh!" She came back, a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "I wasn't quite sure whether you—"

He nodded. "I see,—my desire to push on with such a weary animal makes you doubt whether—"

She interrupted him, and led the way to the barn. "How was I to know?" she asked stoutly.

She had forgotten her strange dress, but when she caught his glance of unmistakable admiration her eyes fell in dismay. A deep flush burned through her tan, and she toyed nervously with the beaded chains she wore. Cameron, fearing to offend still more, was silent.

On the way back to the house the girl called to her father and he met them at the door—a strange little figure, white-haired and hunchbacked, with a face of unusual strength and beauty.

"My father, John Calvert," said the girl proudly as she placed herself beside him.

The man came quickly forward. "I am Winfield Cameron, late of New York, and at present very much astray in these woods of yours."

As the hunchback's face lighted, Cameron saw that the girl's rare smile was her father's gift. "Haven't you some slight skill as a surgeon?" he asked, extending his hand to the stranger.

Cameron nodded. "I must plead guilty," he returned; "that is my profession."

"Then I have heard of you before. You are welcome." Turning, he led the way into the house, and Cameron, following, watched him curiously. There was nothing unpleasant in his brusqueness, it seemed a part of the man's nervous, intense nature.

An old colored woman was laying the table in one corner of the room, and the girl went forward to make the few necessary changes that Cameron's presence demanded.

Again she had forgotten her costume, and as she moved about the now-darkening room in her gay scarfs and sashes, her brown face gleaming beneath the bright berries in her hair, Cameron thought regretfully of the absent painter and his lost opportunity.

"How far is it from the village to Morton's camp?" he asked a little later, looking up from his plate.

"A good fifteen miles," replied John Calvert. "And a rough road too."

"And from here?"

"A generous thirty."

"Our man will be back tomorrow and he

can take you over the trail, if you like," put in the girl.

"I should like a ride over that trail you speak of, Miss Calvert, but I must go to-night."

"Tut!" said Calvert quickly. "I would be fool-hardy."

The girl's eyes lifted in surprise. "You mean that you are going to try—in the face of almost certain failure?"

"There is one chance and I must take it."

Calvert got up and crossed to the door. He glanced quickly down at the lake and then up at the western sky where a bank of shifting clouds were gathered about the mountain-top. When he came back he shook his head.

"I am sorry, Doctor, since your business seems urgent, but the moon will not hold tonight and in the blackness you could never reach town."

"Sentenced, plainly against your will, to a night at The Hermitage;" laughed the girl, then something in Cameron's set face checked her merriment and she sobered. "Is it a matter of life or death?" she asked, bending forward.

"Yes, of death, Miss Calvert."

She caught her breath. "Is it someone you—care for?"

"A girl hardly older than yourself—my sister," he returned slowly.

"And you—forgive my questioning—you are going to her?"

"No, she is in New York. I came South for my brother-in-law."

"He does not know—of this?"

Cameron shook his head, and there was silence in the room for a time. Then the physician pushed back his chair and rose.

"There is no time to be lost and I think the horse must be somewhat rested by now."

The girl laid down her glass. "Wait," she said suddenly. "I will go with you—over the trail."

Cameron stood motionless, staring in amazement into the glowing face, and Calvert studied her silently. Finally he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Can you do it, Beatrice,—remember it will be dark by mid-night?"

She nodded. "Perhaps we can make the worst of it by that time, and I can trust the horses to take us through. You won't forbid my going, Dadda?" She turned to him im-

pulsively. "It is only what you would want some woman to do for me, you know."

He brushed the hot face with his hand. "I believe you can do it, little girl."

Turning to Cameron, his searching eyes intent upon the latter's face, he challenged him. "She goes in my stead tonight—for the sake of the dying woman—and perhaps because of your own unconscious appeal to her,—will you answer to me for her?"

Cameron's hand grasped that of the hunchback, and the girl slipped from the room to make ready for their long ride.

The physician was silent as he went with Calvert to the stable;—the strange ride before him, this quiet, masterful cripple, and the slender girl with her great, calm eyes and her man's courage, all stirred in him a sense of the unusual.

She was back shortly, the fantastic garb replaced by a short kilted skirt and a white jersey, and where the berries had been she wore a wide, gray sombrero.

As he lifted her to her saddle, Cameron could not repress a smile. "In spite of the change you have not disguised the gipsy, Lady Babbie."

Her eyes laughed. "You knew me, then?"

"As though you had stepped from the book, Miss Calvert."

"I wonder," she mused, still smiling, "if I am true to the character,—would Lady Babbie have ridden the trail?"

"I am inclined to doubt the Scottish girl on that point, Miss Calvert."

"Then perhaps—there is yet time to turn back, Doctor Cameron."

Beneath his quiet scrutiny the girl's eyes fell. "Pardon me, Miss Calvert, but would that be possible?"

She looked up at him from under arched brows. "You mean—?"

"I should hardly have said that withdrawal would come easily to you, Miss Calvert."

She was silent for a moment, then her head lifted and she flicked her riding crop. "You are right, Doctor—we cannot turn back."

They turned into the wood road and up the mountain, the horses breaking into a brisk canter as their way opened out before them. It was almost dark now but a dull, white glow ahead foretold the rising of the moon.

"In a few minutes we can see clearly and then we must push on swiftly," said the girl.

Cameron was riding one of the Calvert

horses at the insistence of his guide, who had declared herself unwilling to go over the trail with a strange horse.

"I'm ready," he returned. "It's like child's play now—on such a mount."

"We'll have more than child's play before the night is over," laughed his companion.

Suddenly the horses sprang forward at a low whistle from the girl, and they gained a clearing in the woods just as the moon broke over the hills.

"Look!" with a quick intake of her breath, and pointing with her riding crop.

"Heavens! what a night!" breathed the man.

For a little they gazed in silence, the soft wind blowing upon their lifted faces; then the girl turned, her eyes burning with the spirit of the heights.

"Now!"

The silence of the hills was broken, and down through the valley and across the lake rang the echo of galloping hoofs as the horses leaped forward into the woods again.

There were no words spoken as the riders bent low over their saddles. Once Cameron turned to the girl, and the memory of that glowing face beneath the wide sombrero went with him through all his life, down to his grave and—who knows—perhaps beyond.

Finally, as they climbed slowly up the steep road that led around the mountain summit, Beatrice spoke: "Ah! it is life to ride like that!" Then, with the swift transition that seemed natural to her, her mood changed and her face grew grave. "Is there nothing anyone can do to save the girl?" she questioned.

Cameron bridged the long silence that lay between their last reference to his sister with an ease equal to the girl's own, and shook his head.

"If there were, I should hardly be here."

"I don't understand even now how you,—"

she broke off in confusion.

"How I am here, you mean?" he finished for her.

"Yes," agreed the girl slowly.

"Why, you see—she would have no other messenger."

"Was her illness sudden, that her husband knew nothing of it?"

"No—o, not exactly that, but there was no thought of danger until within a few days."

"Could you not have sent then, at the very

first?" Her quick, impulsive questions held all a child's earnestness.

Cameron smiled. "Again—we followed the invalid's request. Not until yesterday was I given permission to come for Jim."

"And—can you do it?" She was leaning forward eagerly, her lips parted.

"Only by a miracle, it seems to me—and yet—sometimes I think that the girl's will-power will hold her."

Beatrice's eyes filled. Cameron's words had stirred her very nature. "Is there not something of the infinite in a love that can thus hold a life no longer earth-bound?" she asked reverently.

"There is something of the infinite in every love," the man answered gravely. "But where its power has been denied, as in this case, in the hour of renunciation comes its one supreme moment of triumph."

The girl rode near; she touched his bridle-rein. "And is there not a chance—may it not prove great enough—"

She did not finish, but he understood what she would say and almost envied her her daring faith. The man had struck the key of romanticism in the girl's high-strung nature, and every fibre of her being vibrated to the wild, sweet note.

"Perhaps not all that," he answered gently. "But great enough to span the wilderness of their doubt, misunderstanding, separation, and to make it all as though it had not been—it will be great enough for that."

They did not speak again for awhile, and only the soft thud of the horses' hoofs broke the stillness as they rode slowly around the mountain. On the other side the road was rough and in places overgrown with grass and low tree-shoots, showing little sign of travel.

"The carriage road ends here at the summit and this is the beginning of the trail," Beatrice explained, as he raised himself in his stirrups and looked down at the steep road-bed. "And you and I are probably the first riders to go through this season."

As they commenced the slow, tortuous descent, Cameron realized for the first time the full strength of the girl's courage—a courage almost foolhardy in the light of the risks she ran;—and yet there was nothing reckless about that slender figure riding her mount so easily, her steady eyes intent upon the rough road, the bridle-reins held firmly in the little gray gauntlets; she seemed as

much at home as she had back at the camp in her father's presence.

They were soon in the woods again, the moon-light filtering through the interlaced branches in great white patches on the ground before them.

Now and then the girl looked up anxiously at the sky and urged the horses forward. "We must get through the valley before the light fails us—I am afraid we are going to get caught." She pointed to the west where stray flashes of lightning revealed a bank of dark thunder-heads.

At the foot of the hill they came upon the trail—a narrow, rocky way bordering a ledge. Here Cameron took the lead, and as they wound carefully over the treacherous pass, he recognized the girl's wisdom in not daring to ride a strange horse on such an unsteady path.

She sighed with relief when the road widened and they again rode abreast. "We're over the worst of it now, but the storm is coming." She struck her horse and both animals sprang forward. "There is a cave about three miles farther on and we will try for that."

They rode swiftly, but the sky was nearly overcast, and the mutterings of thunder grew momentarily louder and more insistent. The wind had risen, and as the great trees swayed wildly to and fro, a mighty roar rang through the forest, hushing even the sharp ring of steel as the hoofs struck the stony path.

"That was a run!" panted the girl, reining in and slipping from her saddle. "Here we are, just in time."

A great boulder with a cave in the center loomed before them out of the darkness.

As Cameron swung from his horse, the animal reared his head suddenly with a snort of fear. "Hello!" he exclaimed with more ease than he could lay claim to; "wait, Miss Calvert," and he held the girl back. "We may be forestalled."

The darkness was now intense, they could barely distinguish their outlines. Stooping, he gathered a handful of dry leaves and struck a match to them. Holding his improvised torch above his head, the man peered into the gloom of the cave and made out a pair of angry eyes moving slowly toward him. He jumped back with a warning cry to the girl as the feeble glow of the dry brush flickered into darkness.

There was an angry growl, two pistol

shots, and something sprang by Cameron through the air, howling with rage and pain. They heard, above the onrush of the storm, the heavy thud of the great body as it fell into the bushes, then a loud peal of thunder shook the forest, the horses plunged madly, and the rain came in a heavy cloud-burst.

The man groped blindly about. "Miss Calvert—where are you?"

Something soft and warm brushed his face, and he caught the perfume of her hair as the girl tumbled into his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he caught her and tried vainly to make out her face in the darkness.

She steadied herself and stood up. "I—am you sure I did not hit you, Doctor?"

He laughed reassuringly and struck a handful of matches. In the wavering light he saw the girl standing just inside the cave, the bridle slipped over her left arm and in her hand a little, silver-mounted revolver.

She threw her head back and tried to smile as he peered closely at her, but her face twitched and she let the pistol slip from her fingers.

"You are hurt, Miss Calvert!" he cried, crossing to her. "What—"

"It—it's only my wrist," she answered faintly. "I wrenched it when the horses reared."

"Oh, hang this blackness!" He fumbled for the bridle and drew it over her hand, then he led the horse into the cave.

The girl gave a plucky laugh, "What luck, if your horse doesn't come back. I tried to hold them both but my wrist—" She leaned back against the rock and Cameron, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed her white face, feared that she would fall.

"Here," he touched her gently; "which wrist is it?"

"The left one, luckily for us—the one I held the horses with."

"Well, at least it isn't broken," he said, after he had examined it as best he could in the darkness. "Now for a bandage!" and he made a handkerchief serve. "That will do for a makeshift until day-light."

"What was it that we disturbed?" asked the girl, after a silence.

"A wild-cat, I think. That was a clever shot, Miss Calvert—do you always go armed?"

A quick flash of lightning revealed her laughing eyes. "I was after strange game tonight, Doctor Cameron."

Her quiet words pleased him, as did also her slightly imperious manner. At no time had there been any unwarranted intrusion of self, yet always he knew that she was mistress of the situation.

"Quite true," he returned; "yet the careful soldier would have re-armed before this, Miss Calvert."

"Even though the danger—supposing there had been any—were passed?"

"In times of peace, you know—"

Beatrice kicked the little weapon with her foot. "You are right, there may be other wild-cats, of course," she retorted: "but I will turn the arms and ammunition over to you as the spoils of this night's adventure."

The storm continued for nearly an hour while the two riders sat leaning against the wall of the cave watching the lightning as it crackled in zig-zag outlines across the sky. The rain fell in torrents, and finally drove the physician and his companion into the farthest corner of the rock where they found their hands full in quieting the now thoroughly-frightened horse.

Beatrice shivered and Cameron wrapped her in his coat in spite of her protest. "I can't afford to disable my guide, you know."

"We could ill afford this long wait—is there any chance now that—"

"This darkness can't last forever. Perhaps we can make up what we have lost."

She knew he was speaking with more confidence than he felt but she made no attempt to contradict him. It was some time before either spoke again, then the girl said, dreamily:

"Only think—she is waiting all this while, watching and praying,—and we sit idly here, shut in by the darkness and the storm."

The man made no reply, and she knew that in thought he was back beside his sister's couch of suffering. In imagination she too, saw that frail life throbbing its heart out in longing and despair, and with a little half-smothered cry she pressed her wet cheek against her horse's neck.

When Cameron rose, his foot struck something hard that rang like the click of steel on the rock floor of the cave.

Beatrice gave a little, catchy laugh. "After all, you chose to abandon the spoils?"

He groped for the revolver and held it up. "I have already captured something of greater value, though I am far from being ungrateful for this."

"What else—"

"Never mind now—I believe the storm is lifting."

The rain ceased as quickly as it had begun and when the clouds shifted, they saw the sky in its first gray mantle.

"Now then, for the horse!" exclaimed Cameron, emerging from the cave.

"He must be just outside—I heard him a minute ago;" and Beatrice followed her companion into the open.

They peered through the gloom, but the girl felt the animal's warm breath on her cheek before she could distinguish him.

There was a touch of color in the sky when they mounted and rode on, and from the woods about them came the first shrill piping of awakening birds.

The physician drew out his watch, and his lips tightened.

"We're too late?" She voiced his fear but her tone demanded reassurance.

"Perhaps not—if Jim is about the camp."

"There will be time if we meet him," she put in suddenly.

"Jim!"

"Yes. Suppose she has called him?"

"Called him—you believe in that?"

In her eager, flushed face he read her answer.

"Don't you?" in a low voice.

"I never did before," he returned slowly.

They galloped on in silence through the rain-drenched fragrance, their faces splashed by the wet branches that brushed across them. As they mounted a bit of rising ground at the opening of the woods, Cameron caught the gleam of water in the lake ahead.

Beatrice nodded. "We are nearly at our journey's end."

"Journey's end—can you complete the quotation?" he asked riding near her.

For a moment her eyes answered his, then she turned her head. "Ours ends at the cross-roads—I shall go back through the town."

They cantered down the hill in silence, and at the foot the girl reined in.

"Look!" she cried, pointing ahead. "There is someone coming."

Following the direction of her whip, Cameron made out a horseman riding toward them. "It looks—it is Jim!" he exclaimed, as the rider drew nearer.

He turned to the girl in amazement.

She was watching him through swimming eyes. "Oh! he did hear her, Dr. Cameron!"

"I almost believe you are a witch, Miss

Calvert, or was the dress of the Egyptian no disguise, after all?"

"Trust a woman's intuition, be she gypsy or no!" She was laughing at him now, but her eyes shone.

When Morton recognized the physician he rode up quickly. "Winfield! Then something is wrong with Helen?"

"She is ill, Jim—and I have come for you."

"I knew—I knew," the man repeated slowly. "I was going to her—is she—"

"We've got to get that train, old man," answered Cameron gently.

Morton glanced at his watch. "We can't do it Winfield—we're too late," then at sight of Cameron's grave face his own whitened, "You're not going to tell me—"

The girl broke in. "Can you paddle swiftly—both of you?"

Cameron looked up in surprise, but Morton answered, divining some new expedient; "Yes, yes!"

"Then go in your canoe to the head of the lake—the engine coals there and you may just make it.

Morton's face lightened. "We must!" he cried, turning his horse about. "Come, Winfield!"

They watched him race back over the road to his camp, then Beatrice spoke: "He is going to get back to her—and you didn't need to come."

"Oh! yes, I needed to come."

The girl's eyes fell. "You will make him late,—see, he is getting the canoe out," and she pointed to Morton's figure in the distance. "And here," nodding to where a road forked their bridle path, "is my home stretch."

"Do you think I am going to say goodbye, Lady Babbie?" He drew from his pocket a little, gray gauntlet and held it up. "I am coming back for its mate."

Her wistful face flamed and her great eyes met his. "Perhaps then," she smiled, a little hesitatingly; "shall we say, Auf Wiedersehn?"

He rode near and their hands clasped. "Auf Wiedersehn—Beatrice!"

A moment they stood thus, then the man spurred his horse forward, and the girl turned and rode slowly on.

As she climbed the hill the sun broke over the mountain-top, and below, on the lake, a man with lifted paddle stood motionless in a canoe watching that slender figure beneath the wide sombrero as the girl rode slowly over the mountain into the sunrise.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN A GIRL, AND FOOLISH

By BEL ELLIS

IT was ten years later, and the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish, was older and wiser.

The allurements of print and picture characteristically displayed between the covers of the "Illustrated Paragon" were a failure as far as her interest and appreciation were concerned. She allowed the magazine to slip from her grasp and began to wonder how much longer the optical nerves of the youngster just ahead would stand the strain their owner was inflicting upon them. A fuller realization of the numerous attractions a gray suit and jaunty hat must possess for the eyes of childhood gradually percolating the density of her comprehension, a smile of amusement crossed her features, and she stared back with all her might.

After a while, though, she forgot her admirer, and the ennui of her surroundings threatening to reach an unbearable climax, turned to the window.

Outside the shadows of dusk were stealing across the flying silhouettes of hill and meadow, and beyond in the eastern sky the golden-eyed goddess of the night showed a red disk above the horizon.

However, the scenery of the world, as viewed from car windows in general and this one in particular, had lost its attractions for the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish. Even the moon and its witchery which no swiftness of steam and locomotive could outrace, were an old story; a very old story.

The train rumbled across a bridge, and the muddy waters of a river came into view. She rested her chin in her palm and looked down, and because she had been a Girl, and Foolish, a comparison between the ever-receding view and her youth came into her mind.

She sighed and moved restlessly, a frown of displeasure marring the soft lines of an extremely beautiful face, and then, despite the fact that the landscape without and her

environments within corresponded precisely with a hundred similar landscapes and similar environments, felt that a ghost from the past had suddenly risen between her and the outside world.

It was not a new ghost, nor were the sensations it evoked new or rare. Often within the last ten years it had clanked its bones and paraded its wretchedness for her delectation, but always with reason; always in response to some accident of time or presence. But why its presence tonight? She was alone, and, as far as her knowledge extended, a stranger among strangers. The fast express thundering northward had never before claimed the especial privilege of her presence upon its green and gold upholstery. Of her fellow travelers, individually and collectively, she knew nothing and cared much less. Then why the bitter waters of memory that suddenly and without warning were engulfing her.

She pulled down the blind, hoping by this means to exclude the intangible force disturbing her peace, and determined to seek distraction in the observation of the other occupants of the coach, although previous experience in that not very hilarious occupation warned her of its inanity.

A school girl occupied the seat across the aisle, a heaped-up miscellany of text-books beside her bearing testimony to the length and breadth, also height and depth of the curriculum of her alma mater. Her face looked fresh and happy, and she appeared to enjoy the proximity of the military-garbed youth hanging over the back of her seat. Scraps of their gay chatter floated across to the older woman, recalling reminiscences of her own school days, reminiscences she particularly desired to avoid, and her eyes strayed from them to a young widow with long veil and alert eyes, just ahead, but whose general appearance of smartness and interest in her surroundings precluded the idea of recent bereavement.

After watching a small boy in Buster suit deposit himself upon the floor of the aisle with unvarying and monotonous regularity, in his efforts to assume and maintain an upright method of locomotion, the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish, stifled a yawn and was preparing to again lose herself in the already familiar fascinations of the "Illustrated Paragon," when the square shoulders of a man several seats in front caught her notice. They and the poise of the head above them seemed familiar.

There was a woman beside him with a baby in her arms, and the child in the Buster uniform evidently completed a family group, for at this juncture, despairing of ever being able to accomplish the perpendicular long enough to attain the goal of his desires, wherever or whatever that might be, he hurled himself upon his father with a howl of disgust.

That person, in accordance with an established precedent, recognized by all male parents of the genus homo, immediately handed him over to his mother, and, after a brief colloquy with her, rose and walked down the aisle.

She knew him the moment he turned, and when his eyes met hers in mutual recognition felt that the blood she resolutely kept from her face had deserted her heart also.

When he reached her seat he stopped and extended his hand with a smile.

"This is a pleasant surprise. I did not know you were on the train."

"No?" she said, a note of interrogation in her voice. "Mine has been the advantage, you see. I have been studying your profile for several minutes, and was wondering when you would respond to telepathic influence and rise and recognize me." Her tones were cordial, and her features unembarrassed.

He scrutinized them keenly, and with a half-surreptitious glance at the group he had left, slipped down in the vacant half of the seat.

"Was that the reason I concluded to get away with a cigar in the smoker behind?" he questioned lightly. "How little we understand the real reasons underlying our movements! You should have sent out your telepathic messages earlier," bending toward her and smiling the smile he had used with such satisfying effect in the past.

A sudden revulsion of anger and disgust flamed up in her breast. Disgust of the conceited self-complacency with which he had greeted the first words at her command, bitter anger for the smile that showed perfect recollection of a past that had been so much to her, so little to him.

"That is your wife, I presume," she said coldly, indicating the woman ahead, and ignoring his words and manner.

"My wife and children," was the ready response, but his voice had lost some of its easy assurance, and she understood the reason for its change.

He had never loved her, The Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish. In that long dead and miserable past his had been the character of a gay Lothario; and he had ridden out of her life years ago, while with the wisdom of maturer years she knew that the love her girlish ignorance thought perfect was but an intermittent emotion.

Neither did he love the woman who sat across the aisle and bore his name, and who had borne his children. She was thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of their marriage *des convenance*. Moreover, she now knew that men of his stamp never love anything on God's earth save themselves and their own evil passions.

Yet, added to her knowledge of all these facts was the deeper self-acknowledgment that, until this night, her heart had clung to the fragments of that old delusion. Moreover he knew it, she saw it in his eyes, read it in his smile.

The crown of disillusion that the bitter travail of years had at last fashioned for her wearing was scorched by the flames of this final and keenest humiliation.

The child who had been contentedly munching cake squirmed around in his seat and discovered his father's proximity.

"Papa and pitty lady," he announced, with startling distinctness, pointing a sticky finger in their direction. Clambering down, he began again his alternate efforts to stand on his head and feet. His mother looked over her shoulder, and her husband rose with an uneasy laugh.

"I am delighted to have seen you once more, and sorry our conversation must be so abbreviated. The next station is ours, so I will say good-bye," and he held out his hand.

She had slipped her own between the pages of her magazine, and did not remove it.

"The little boy has fallen," was all she said. He picked up his offspring and succeeded in getting him back to his mother.

The next station was not theirs, nor the next. When they left the coach, she pushed up the blind and saw them standing outside in the uncertain radiance of the station lamp. The boy was clinging to his father's hand and staring at the confusion around him with the open-eyed curiosity of babyhood.

She looked down at the man, and instead of the ghost that had been, a wave of contempt surged up in her breast. Remembering how he had beguiled her girlish heart, and broken it as carelessly as he would have crushed a toy within his grasp, she thanked God he was not her husband and the father of her children.

The night wind blew cool against her

cheek; the moon had dropped behind the horizon, and the skies were brilliant with many stars. For the first time in years, she felt the peace and protection of the guiding Power behind them.

The group below still lingered. The woman had a shawl of antiquated design drawn around her shoulders. She was thin and awkward, and when she spoke to the child the nasal twang of the country woman of the hills was perceptible in her voice, although its accents were modulated. Her beauty did not exist, never had existed, but as she looked up at her husband the light of blind adoration shone in her eyes, and then the baby put up its soft little hand and caressed the mother's cheek.

The Woman who had been a Girl and Foolish pulled down her blind sharply and opened her magazine, but its print and illustration were dimmed by a mist of tears.

THE SAP

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

HOW like a stream that threads a desert land
The rising sap moves through the waking tree!
How like the loosened waters bursting free
When Nilus rising gladdens Egypt's sand!
How all its currents widen and expand
The while it sweeps through darkness and through gloom!
And lost at length in ocean arms of bloom.
How white it foams along the orchard's strand!
So, too, within our narrow human soul,
Like river fair, like bright aspiring stream,
Love with its wave of hope sometime shall swing:
And ever and forever in its roll,
Its tide shall clothe our common days with dream,
And to our lives of emptiness bring Spring!

THE POTION SCENE

By F. BOYD VAN ALLEN

I WAS facing a revolver.

Calmly, with no trepidation, no feeling of poignancy, as sweetly serene as if I were in my own boudoir, I looked straight ahead.

The light from a dying fire gleamed upon its barrel. How polished it was, how cold it looked! And yet I was not afraid.

What lent me power to face this instrument of death? From whence did I gain this sense of mastery—aye, mastery though my vis-a-vis had the advantage of arms?

My vis-a-vis?

As I stood near the fire place, the rays of light fell upon my figure, placing me in bold relief. Opposite within a few feet of me as though delineated by the spotlight of my profession, shone the nickel. Beyond it I could not see.

A hand heavily gloved gripped the butt firmly, but other than this, the covered hand, the flashing barrel, was lost in shadow.

I wondered at my calm. Surely here were all the properties for a scene of melodrama. The stage was charmingly set, the principals were ready and the climax at hand. Who would give the cue?

Laughter irrepressible assailed me and I burst forth merrily, hysterically if you will, I know not which, but it seemed to come from my inmost self.

Silence. Unbroken, awesome silence, the silence of a presence known but unrecognized. In contrast to my piercing laugh it became gruesome.

Fear rushed in, seized me and I wavered. My hand grasped a chair but my eyes never moved from the shining arbiter of my fate.

A faint click! The revolver was cocked. The angle was changed to keep the range but there was no advance from my visitor. The shadows still possessed him—or her.

Was I facing a man or a woman? Then, not until then arose the question in my mind. Was I to be played with by a man or cowed by one of my own sex?

The hand! It was of medium size and the heavy glove hid every indication of its possible character. Whether the hand of a

large woman or that of a small delicate man, I could not tell. I would wait.

A flash of light! I shrunk back and held my ears. The cold lead! I could feel it in my breast, cold no longer but burning—burning—ah—

What a fool I was. The fire burning low had given one final spurt and died down to glowing embers, glowing brightly—faintly and then—darkness. Darkness, alone with a wraith and its instrument of death.

In that final burst of flame, shrinking as I was with my ears held against the report that came not, I saw for one fleeting instant the full figure of my aggressor.

What had the light told me? I asked myself. And still trembling with ever-growing fear, I answered perforce—nothing. Cloaked completely in darkest black and wearing a full mask of the same color, I had seen in this one view no more than a shrouded form. The striking detail, the one that dominated all my impressions, gained thus as by a searchlight, was the headgear.

My nocturnal visitor wore a hood!

Why did I feel that in that article there lay the solution of this scene? What intuitions forced me to this as the crux of the situation?

A hood. Women wear them. Did men? Aye. Not the man we meet on the street, not the man of business intent on earthly gain, not the man of war fighting for a cause or a nation, but the man of peace, the man of solitude, of renunciation—the Monk.

My difficulty was in part lessened. The colors of my enemy were known. The erstwhile man of peace had assumed the mask, had seized the weapon of his war-brother to interview a weak woman. The irony of it. Peace with the instruments of war to intimidate a woman.

A woman, but let him beware. I was a woman in the fullest, largest sense—an actress.

Now that I had gained assurance from this knowledge, the scene wearied me. I decided to put an end to it at once. Since he steadily refused the line, it was for me to give the cue.

I fell back in my chair, fearing to move, as I knew that the swish of my skirts would betray me. Reaching to the full extent I found what I sought. Immediately the room was filled with light.

Curtesying extravagantly I began, "Monsieur le Capuchin, at last we have the lights. Let's ring up the curtain and begin the scene."

He stood in the same position, the revolver at his side partly concealed by his wide sleeve.

"Actress," he hissed. "Fiend! Destroyer of mens' souls! Your judgment awaits."

"Oh it is melodrama then." I laughed gaily. Was it forced? You see I have always essayed comedy. I raised an imaginary glass. "To my debut in melodrama."

"Enough!" he fairly shouted. His form seemed to tower above me like a shadow of ill omen. "Sit there and listen." His hands went to the back of his head as he lay the revolver on the table between us.

"What," I asked pleasantly, "are you going to occupy the centre of the stage alone? It's not fair. I'm not—" But I stopped. The mask had dropped from his face, the cowl slipped back and I beheld—whom?

No one that I had ever seen before—and yet? That full orb'd brown eye? The turn of the chin? The almost classic conventionalization of the nose? Where had I seen them?

He caught my look of scrutiny. He smiled. For the only time during our interview, he smiled. "You appear to recognize me. Yet we have never met."

"Yes," I whispered and was surprised at the hoarseness of my voice. Why did his face haunt me?

"But you knew my brother."

I started. What a change in his voice. From biting coldness it had gone to vindictive hatred. The poison of it! I felt engulfed in a torrent of hate. Those five words burned into my heart and to this day they come to me as the echo of a Past.

His brother. Pietro Donatelli. Within an instant it came to me and I knew why the face haunted my soul.

Again I answered hoarsely, "Yes."

He leaned toward me supporting his hands on the table. His face was within a few inches of mine. His eyes held my gaze. The hissing of his voice sent thrills up and down my spine.

"You are the murderer of my brother." My shriek was muffled as he clapped his hand across my mouth and again took up the weapon.

He continued after a moment standing before me in the attitude of an accusing judge. I sank into the chair.

"He died in Chicago last night in a gamblers brawl. The news reached me this afternoon. Tonight I am here to demand reparation."

"Demand?" I arose quickly. "By what right do you dare connect me with this?"

"A brother's right. He was my twin, yet younger than I in heart and soul." Spartan-like he strove to master his voice. "A trusting nature, easily enticed, the evils of the world have quickly led to his damnation. Damnation, I say for that it is. He died, at the hands of an assassin, his sins unforgiven."

"Demand then your reparation of him, not of me—a woman." I tried to steel my heart against the blow for blow it was, that Pietro Donatelli had died a violent death. Pietro, whom I—

"Woman," he broke my thought with the scorn of his voice, "Your weakness will not save you. It is you who shall answer to me, the priest. That man killed his body, but you," his breath fairly scorched my cheek, "you, woman—damned his Soul."

The awfulness of those words. I hid my face to blot that figure of retribution. My cheeks burned, while a bar of ice seemed to press against my back.

"Aye, damned his soul, sent that happy boyish life," a sob, a great manly sob caught his voice, "to eternal oblivion—to Hell." And he repeated the last word, such emotion stirring his voice that I raised my head and fascinated, looked at him.

As I gazed, mixed feelings of fear and scorn swept over me. What attitude should I take? To me there were a number of parts. The weak woman. The scoffing adventuress. The careless soubrette. Which?

His next words decided me. His voice had cleared, the emotion had passed and firmly, inflexibly, even monotonously, he continued.

"It was you who first led him from the path that he chose—the priesthood. It was your face that ever came between the prayer-book and his eyes. Your bewitching artful

smile led him on, on and away from his true destiny. Actress, vilest of your sex, you who parade the sacred emotions of mankind before the public eye, it is you and you alone who have robbed the priesthood, and have lost a soul to Heaven. It is you, it is you." His hand raised in gesture fell upon my shoulder and lingered. His hand, the glove had been removed, felt hot upon my bare arm. I drew back but he followed.

"Hold! Not so easily do you escape the brand of Cain. What have you to say before—" he paused and I knew that I was to play my most difficult role. I chose the weak woman. I bowed my head and sobbed as he finished, "before you die." His hand left my arm. How the skin chafed! I raised my face to his, mustered the smile which had made good in "The Spectre Bride," and began my defense.

In order that you may realize my situation, I will take time to describe the *mise en scene*. I was twenty miles from New York in a lonely house, all the occupants of which had departed before my arrival. The estate belonged to my brother, a widower who lived there with a number of servants, but who was at this time in Europe.

The house fronted the Hudson and was separated from it by a large park. To the west were the lodge gates. Between them and the dwelling were several acres laid out as Italian gardens.

This was my home when in town during rehearsal. I had been going there for about a week at the time of this adventure, leaving the city every evening at eight and departing mornings around ten. My maid and the lodgekeeper's wife who came up to cook my breakfast and returned to the lodge to sleep, were my only companions.

This was my position. Absolutely alone, for I had given Marie permission to visit relatives just arrived from Paris. I had nevertheless determined to remain at Ashwood, as the place was called. Fear had never been one of my attributes and I scorned to ask Hopper, the lodgekeeper, or anyone else to stay with me.

Shortly after eleven I entered the drawing-room and although the September evening was not cold, I lighted the fire already laid, and prepared to enjoy a meditative seance in the firelight. For an hour or more I sat thinking of the plans which were before me.

I was rehearsing a little comedy preparatory to presenting it early in November, but an offer had just come to try Juliet.

Imagine it! Juliet! Shakespeare had ever been my goal, my passion. I had studied the character, (what actress has not?) but had never contemplated appearing in it. A well-known manager thought me capable and gave me twenty-four hours to consider. Do you wonder then that I sat pondering?

Success was assured me in comedy, for that had always been my line, but tragedy, could I do it? Thus ruminating I sat before the dying fire, head bowed, when suddenly I felt the presence of another and rising to my full height, discovered myself in the light and directly opposite, the cold nickel of Death in the gloved hand.

"Your brother." I gauged my voice so that its emotional powers were dominant. "How well you have characterized him. Sweet, loving, pure. What a heart, what a sweet firm innocence. It touched my heart." I cried a little. "You say that I enticed him from his path, that I led him on. Did you ever think, priest that you are, that perhaps I—a woman of the world, a woman about whom admirers throng, for whom flatterers spread their most tempting feasts—did you ever think that perhaps I found one man, different, oh, so different from the rest—whom I might have loved? Yes, he and he alone, of all that throng appealed to me." I stopped overcome with emotion. His passive face showed no sign but I felt that I was reaching him.

"Pietro," the name caused him to frown, "was indifferent to me at first, and though my heart beat faster when he was near, I tried to reflect his indifference, but love, love such as ours could not be hidden. We are created for love." He scoffed. "Aye, you take refuge in the cloister, but does it not sometimes follow you there?" Did I imagine that he winced?

"There are many kinds of love?" I continued. "Mother love is one, and you knew that for Pietro has often spoken to me of her. The flower of Olatro, she was called, was she not?" His head was turned from me. Was I succeeding? Hardly had I dared hope when he faced about suddenly.

"An end to this," he cried. "You are not before an audience. Your art cannot entice me. I have forsworn women."

"You have forsworn your mother!"

He hesitated. "Yes." His voice broke. I am sure. "My mother, my sisters,—all. I am a Son of the Church. The brand of its holiness is upon me. I am marked."

"But your brother bore a truer, a nobler mark, the mark of Love. He—"

"Stop! Blasphemer! My brother's life was marked, yea but marked with ruin, his soul with eternal suffering and you marked it. You must pay the penalty." The way in which he emphasized the "you" struck me like a blow.

"Why should you demand the penalty? You whose creed teaches that 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.'" I dropped my role of weak woman. Scorn him I did, for I hated his repeated denunciations.

"Vengeance? I ask for justice. This is a case that earthly courts cannot judge. Woman, I can force you to atone and I will here and now." He opened his cassock.

The absurdity of his seriousness struck me. In the twentieth century, would one expect this? Yet I knew the hot Sicilian blood that flowed in his veins, the passionate revengeful spirit of his race.

The hand came forth from the cassock. The fingers, tightly clasped, held a vial.

I laughed.

"What if it be a poison, which the friar subtly ministereth." The lines from "Romeo and Juliet," with a slight paraphrase to suit the occasion, came to me immediately.

He took no notice. Feel serious, I could not. I had, at first I will admit, some fear of the man, but the feeling ebbed and flowed upon my spirit like a surging tide. Now I felt its ebb. Would the ensuing flow engulf me?

He searched the room with his eyes for a moment and finally they rested upon the table. Following his gaze, I saw him step forward and examine a small cup which stood on a tray with several biscuits and a pot of sugar, probably brought there to offer refreshment to some visitor and through the carelessness of Mrs. Hopper, not removed.

Then I remembered. The previous afternoon I had had a call. But there should be two cups. Trivial thought. Even thus in the midst of great dangers travelers are said to notice little things.

The friar quickly raised the cup and poured the contents of his vial into it. I seemed to realize his plan, he would force

me to drink that drug. I must outwit him. Immediately I began to look for the other cup. A plan was half forming in my mind. To carry it out I must have the other cup.

He was again searching the folds of his robe. I was straining my eyes everywhere. The tragedy of the moment was upon me. All thought of humor or play-acting fled. It was a struggle for life. I knew that this determined man would be relentless. The revengeful Italian look was in his eyes.

The time had come for action. I continued my ocular search and was at last rewarded. Under the table on a shelf which connected the four legs, lying tilted among a few magazines lay the second cup. I walked nearer the table and pulling a chair very near, sat down so close that my hand could easily reach under it. My friar stood at the end, tugging at a flask which he had succeeded in drawing from his cassock, in such a position that he could not see my left hand as it sought and grasped the dainty demi-tasse.

My plan was formed. I took a lump of sugar and nibbled it peacefully. Surreptitiously I crushed a second piece in my palm. He had no eyes for me. Instead he was busy at the flask.

The flask! Then it dawned upon me that my plans were for naught. What did that pretty bottle contain?

He said no word but at last his turning ceased and the metal top lay in one palm while with the other hand he held forth the flask as if to pour.

The thing had saved me once. Would it yet, would its contents undo me? His close attention to the resisting screw top, his half turns as he endeavored to loosen it, gave me my opportunity. The sugar I had crumbled in my hand as finely as I could and placed in the cup under the table. Quickly I changed the cups and dumped the drug into my handkerchief, tucking the fragile cup up into my full loose bodice.

I arose. I heard the gurgle of the liquid as it poured from the flask. What could it be?

A poisonous liquid? My only chance was that it might be wine for I had often read of poisons being so dissolved and their potency strengthened.

I walked to the fireplace, threw my mouchoir among the ashes and was about to turn when—

What was that? I almost cried out.

That pale face, those drawn features, that heaving breast—they were mine. The mirror over the mantel spoke the truth. The reaction of the last half hour had told upon me. I looked like a ghost.

"Now we are ready." He spoke and I felt glad that it was to end. Not that I was safe; for the flask—what did it contain?

"You will sign this sheet. There is no need for you to read it." He handed me several typewritten pieces of paper. "They explain that you have taken your own wicked life followed by remorse for your mode of living."

"Suicide! What a diabolical plan. I refuse to sign."

He seized the weapon. "Sign," he said.

"Coward! You dare not kill me. A man would do it but you, priest hypocrite,—

I felt the cold metal at my forehead. He might shoot and then my chance was gone. I must take this lease of life and so I signed.

He handed me a fountain pen. Even the last words of the writing which were visible to me, I did not read. I hungered for the end. Whatever it might be, it would mean his departure.

He slipped the paper into his cassock, adjusted his cowl and held the mask in readiness.

"Drink." I took the cup. Sugar, I smiled to myself and—what? My anxiety was visible. The revolver was again leveled and as I knew the climax, my old self came back.

I was an actress once more. "Romeo and Juliet" was not beyond me now. The potion scene seemed very real and summoning all my powers, I answered him.

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life."

"Come vial." (I took up the cup.)

"What if this mixture does not work at all."

I saw that he was following me. He evidently knew the play. But that last line had a meaning to me which he could not know. I finished.

"Pietro, I come. This I drink to thee."

I drained the cup and flung it at him. It struck the trigger of the pistol. A report sharp, hissing broke the silence. Far, far away I heard a voice—

"My brother, justice has been done."

And all was still and dark.

It was daylight when I awoke. Mrs. Hopper was bustling about in the hall. I had fallen across a sofa and was very comfortably placed among its pillows. I turned the lights off quickly before she entered.

"Well, Miss, did you sleep here?" She stood in the doorway, her hands upheld in amazement.

"Why I must have," I laughed heartily. "I sat there dreaming last evening before the fire. I awake this morning greatly refreshed. Ergo I must have slept here."

Had I had the nightmare? It seemed so to me.

Mrs. H. busied at the table. Suddenly she stooped and picked something from the floor.

"Is this your whiskey flask, Miss?" It had not been a dream then.

"No-o." I hesitated. "Let me see. Is there anything in it?"

She sniffed at it. "Something, but it ain't whiskey. Don't smell like it." She tipped it up as if to drink. "Huh," she grunted, "Its nothing but water."

And I laughed, laughed long and uproariously. My judge and executioner had thought of everything in his midnight case. What a consummate criminal he would have made. And wasted in the priesthood!

"Bring me a few telegram blanks with my breakfast," I ordered her. "Serve it here."

Why did I say "here," I wonder. Fascination chained me to the spot.

"I will write a moment first," I said as she entered and spread the cloth. As I moved against the table, my dress touched its marble top and there was a little snapping and cracking. The forgotten cup within my bodice had broken.

The first telegram I wrote with a feeling of gratitude.

FATHER DONATELLI,
Capuchin Monastery,
Hazelton, New York.

Dress rehearsal a success. Am sure of my triumph as a tragedienne. VERA D'ARMONDE.

The second, with more hesitation but withal great assurance.

KAW & ARLENGER,
Broadway Theatre, New York City.
Accept offer to play Juliet. Have had one rehearsal on my own account. Hope for success. VERA D'ARMONDE.

Need I add that I achieved the histrionic coup of that season?

THE MANAGEMENT OF MOTHER

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

MOTHER had decided that something must be done. Father, being a man, could not be relied on in the more delicate phases of the situation, though he might play his part even while resenting the fact that his wages had been lowered and declaring that he would throw up his situation at Grier's. Of course, he should not do that, he would never be satisfied in any other factory; though she must say nothing to dissuade him in his determination, he was too much like Gladys to take advice in the raw.

She had lain awake the better part of three nights thinking it out. No matter what cause Gladys had to be angry with Harry Mackintosh the quarrel must be made up, though it would not do to even hint such a thing to her.

The week previous mother had been to the house of her husband's employer. The Griers were moving their goods and chattels to a suburban habitation and there was a possibility of some of their unwanted effects being of use to others. Looking through the store-room at the top of the house mother, because of troubled thought, discovered nothing that she cared for, not even the cumbrous disabled piano which she wondered how on earth they had toted there—and for years she had harped on the joy of owning a piano. This morning after the trio of wakeful nights that piano obtruded itself on her consciousness. Father was more determined than ever to throw up his situation, —Gladys was perfectly wretched, and Harry Mackintosh—She knew she might have the piano for the asking, and Harry Mackintosh was in the piano department of the store where Gladys had a position. Of course, father would notice the piano when he went today to dismantle the Grier house, and if he was the man she took him to be he would remember her desire for such an instrument.

There was confusion in her mind, but she struggled with it. As a preliminary to the

putting into execution of her plan she kept back breakfast as long as she could, knowing that father was in a hurry to get away. When at last she seated herself at the table she was taciturn, not to say sarcastic, till father would have said she was in a bad humor. Johnny, a man in embryo and thus susceptible to atmospheres evoked by femininity, was uncomfortable and guessed he must hurry to the store where he also found an avenue for his abilities through the recommendation of Harry Mackintosh.

Mother's eyes were as bright as diamonds as she slowly poured the coffee.

Said father, "Time's passing. You know I promised to be at Mr. Grier's early."

To have seen mother!

"Certainly," said she with scathing suavity, "go and break your back lifting heavy furniture for a man who cuts you down to ten dollars a week."

Father frowned.

Mother smiled out of the corner of her mouth.

"How that man winds you around his finger," she went on. "I only wish I was a man, I'd show you independence."

"Oh, gee!" guffawed Johnny. "Wouldn't mother make a dandy man!"

"Johnny," complained Gladys, "your laugh makes my head worse. Father, will you have some potatoes?"

But father did not care for breakfast. He rose from the table remarking that it was time he was off, and left the house. Out in the street he argued that mother was right, he was a poor sort of man to go and do as he expected to do today; he had had his wages cut down to ten dollars a week, and never before last week had he drawn less than fourteen. Very likely the old city neighborhood was no longer good enough for the Griers and they were going to the country along with many other fashionables, there to set up an elegant establishment, and wages at the shop were reduced in order that the extra expenses be met.

"Though," Mr. Grier had said when the reduction was broached, "if you can better yourself, Cleaver, do so."

Better himself! He had made up his mind to quit the coming Saturday—he said he would dig on the streets rather than work for ten dollars a week in order that another man might live in a finer house than he had lived in.

It was a rather bad time to leave, too, for not only were situations scarce, but Gladys had been laid off three weeks on account of her headaches. Naturally, Gladys was sick, for she had given up Harry Mackintosh because of a neglect of her in which theatre tickets figured—she said if a gentleman engaged to a lady could not afford to take the lady to see a play "all the other girls" had witnessed he could not afford to marry, and they might as well come to an understanding before it was too late.

Father could imagine her saying that, her head in the air, every letter of her speech accurately sounded.

Harry had taken her at her word, and no longer came to the house of evenings, and she had sent back the engagement ring. Naturally, mother upheld Gladys; she said that a girl had a right to insist on what was her due in refusing to marry a miser who put all the money he could rake and scrape together in a building association and made his intended ashamed to face her friends who had seen the play. For all that, Gladys was wretched and staid at home and complained of brain symptoms, though father was positive this sequestration was desired in order to fit herself for the time when business should throw her in the company of Harry. Thus absenting herself from commercial pursuits Gladys brought in no money, and ten dollars a week would go only so far and no farther. True, Johnny's wages were three dollars, but then Gladys wished him to leave the store where he had been promoted to Harry's department—she said Harry would "just gloat" over the boy's remaining and think the family could not get along without Johnny's pay.

But remain with Grier? Not much, Saturday would be the last of it. He frowned; he had not seen his way to refuse when Grier asked him to assist in clearing out the house, for the request had been put so pleasantly, as though to an old friend.

He sighed. He wished mother had not been quite so sharp this morning. Acknowledge it or not, it was a wrench to quit the place where he had worked twelve years, though mother said he was right in standing up for himself and not be put on. Her agreeing with him made him think all the more of old times, though he was not cognizant of it.

He rounded a corner and faced the Grier house. A pretty fine house it was, and yet not good enough for its present occupant and his wife. He wished he had one-half as good, four stories high and two servants, while his own was in a blind street, and he did not know how long he could keep even that up. He never had felt poorer than at that moment.

Some one came out on the house-steps. It was Grier.

"Morning, Cleaver!" he said. "You're the first to arrive. 'We,' and the 'we' was quite in the way of comradeship, 'we might as well go in and see what we will take and what leave. The wife, she has gone to the new house with the maids and wants me to clear out the store-room, sell what we do not want to a cheap-John. The lower rooms are all right, the movers attend to them tomorrow. But upstairs there is an ancient accumulation of trash. Have a smoke?"

Could Cleaver refuse the cigar? He did not light it, though, but slipped it in his pocket. He looked around at the furniture all ready for transportation, handsome sofas and chairs, pictures and bric-a-brac. He was much impressed by a gold cabinet, he thought it would be fine in his own parlor filled with the plaster images mother bought from the Dago who peddled them in the street and asked a dollar and was satisfied with fifteen cents. Then the top of the cabinet might support that magnificent red plush album that did not cost mother a cent, merely trading-stamps. Let mother alone to get bargains. Though there was little time for more than a passing glance, for Grier led the way up stairs. Flight after flight to a long apartment filled with a heterogeneous collection of discarded things.

"If there is anything you want here," said Grier, "speak out. Though your wife did not appear to care for anything when she came. Maybe she was modest. You may have *anything*."

Cleaver would have bitten off his tongue rather than ask for anything, he hated the man for the suggestion—any one owning the elegance of this house to cut down wages to ten dollars! He helped pull the things apart.

All at once Grier called a halt.

"After all," he said, "the second-hand man might as well take the whole lot, there's nothing I care to save. We'll just move everything down into the lower hall and get the junk man in." He laughed. "There's an instrument of torture. By the way, Cleaver, you don't happen to know anybody who is hungering for a piano do you?"

A piano! The thing mother had wanted for years! A piano! Johnny was musical, could whistle any tune he heard and asserted that he had learned to play at the store. Besides, Gladys had a voice—

"It's an old soldier," Grier went on reminiscently, "belonged to an old aunt of mine. She used to play 'The Maiden's Prayer' on it when I was a boy. There it is."

And there it was, square, bulky, a piano! Mother to have a piano!

But dared Cleaver say he would like it when he had determined to leave the shop on Saturday?

Grier seated himself on the window sill, as people will do when they are moving, no matter how many other seats there may be.

"I wish Johnson and Brown would hurry along," he said. "They are going to help too. That's what I like about you, Cleaver, you're always on time."

Cleaver gnawed his mustache, praise from its present source was just then distasteful.

And there was that piano, his for the asking!

Grier was barking the surbase with his swinging heels.

"What's the matter, Cleaver?" he asked.

"You're so quiet. Sick?"

Cleaver cleared his throat.

"I'm all right," he said.

"All well at home?" inquired Grier.

Cleaver wished he would let the family's health alone.

"They're all right," he said.

He carried chairs and tables down to the first floor hall, each time he returned to the store room his eyes seeking the piano. Mother to own a piano!

"Cleaver," all at once Grier said on one of these re-entrances, "I think I know what

ails you. You don't like the little money you are getting. You're worth more. But I want to tell you something. Matters haven't been at all bright with me of late, I've had losses, and you know business is slack. I'm moving out of town to a cheaper place than this. I might have let you fellows go, only I knew how hard it was to get positions these days, so I held on to you."

This was a rather new aspect of the situation—losses, a cheaper house out of town.

"I hope," pursued Grier, "in a month or so to see my way clearer. I am dickering for some contracts, pretty sure of getting them, and then your wages will go up. Though, as I told you last week, if you can find anything to do that will pay you more than I am giving you don't hesitate to take it—don't let old associations stand in the way, for while you were the first hand I engaged when I inherited the business from my father I don't want to keep you from bettering yourself if you can do so. I thought I owed you this explanation, and so I make it. There they are," for the electric bell below whizzed. He left the room and rattled down the bare stairs.

Cleaver stood there, his ears warm, a prey to contrary emotions. The boss was in difficulties and yet held on to him because he knew how hard it was to get a job anywhere! And mother thought him a poor sort for helping to move a man who had cut him down! And there was that piano!

He heard Johnson and Brown coming up the stairs. Grier was not with them.

"He said you'd tell us what to do, Cleav," said young Brown, who always had so much to say for himself. "He seems to think you're the whole shooting match."

Cleaver informed them that the store-room was to be cleared out, and they set to work.

"Hi!" all at once young Brown sang out. "A piano. It's a beaut. Look at the strings, rusty as they make 'em. What are we to do with it?"

A psychical moment had been reached, on the instant there came a clarification.

"That," said Cleaver, "is to go to my house. It's mine."

"Cut it out," incredulously cried young Brown. "Going to learn?"

"That's all right," returned Cleaver. "I've got a boy that can play the lid off a

tin kettle," jolly all of a sudden, seeing a way he hoped would square things. There was evidence of Grier ascending. Cleaver went to the door to meet him, fearful that the piano might be offered to one of the other men. "I'll take it," he said. "My boy's a born musician."

"So you get it out today," the gift-maker replied.

After that Cleaver worked like two men, hauling heavy loads from the top to the bottom floor and bargaining with second-hand men. At noon he left for dinner.

He entered his house rather dubiously. Mother, jerkily putting the edibles on the table, took no notice of him though there was a strange alertness about her. Gladys's head appeared to be at its worst. In came Johnny. He was whistling.

"Stop that noise," complained his sister.

His music tabooed, Johnny attacked his dinner as though that should respect his rights at all events. There was silence.

Suddenly mother spoke: "If anybody likes the quiet of the grave let them come to this house," she said bitterly.

Here the husband and father opened his lips as though adjured to do so.

"By the way," he observed generally, "I'm to have a raise in a month or so. Work's slack, but it'll be brisker after awhile. And Mr. Grier's moving to a cheaper house to lessen expenses. I was the first hand he took on when he went into the business, and—and—say, Johnny, how would you like to have a piano?"

Mother's head went up.

"Who, me?" cried Johnny. "Oh, gee!"

"I would not," commented Gladys, "have him make a dunce of himself, father, letting him think such things."

"It's true," said her father. "Mr. Grier gave me one. It's got splendid legs, all carved. It belonged to his aunt."

"We've got no room for a piano," objected mother tremulously.

Gladys pushed aside her plate.

"We can make room for it," she said, more alive than she had been for weeks. "Harry Mackintosh needn't think nobody can have things but misers."

"Oh, gee!" laughed Johnny. "I'm the boy can play on it too!"

"When can you get it home, father?" asked Gladys boldly.

"Today," answered father. "Today," and looked from one member of the family to another, hopefully, doubtfully.

Mother took the center of the stage.

"A piano!" she said witheringly. "What will we do with a piano?"

"It's the very thing," cried Gladys.

"Well, have it your own way, you three," said mother. "It's plain to be seen I'm of no account in this house."

Father looked crestfallen.

"Oh, let her have it, Joe," said mother, "if she's crazy about it. All I could do or say wouldn't alter her when she wants a thing. Get it, I insist on it. That's the last word I've got to say about it."

"It's the very thing," insisted Gladys.

Father felt less poor than had been the case in the early morning, he knew if Gladys were made happy mother would also be happy.

"It's rather big, though," he demurred, siding with mother. "It'll take up a good deal of room."

"The bigger the better," said mother, "I hope it'll take up all the parlor—I never have time to sit in the parlor. But I will say one thing, Joe. Mr. Grier's a gentleman. I take back what I said about him."

Father put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Oh, gee!" delightedly cried Johnny. "I can play it tonight. You ought to hear me play 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair!' Harry Mackintosh showed me how."

"If," Gladys began severely, "you have anything to do with 'Angles Ever Bright and Fair' I'll—I'll—" and burst into tears and left the room.

Father took his thumbs from his waistcoat armholes.

"Johnny Cleaver," asked mother, "couldn't you think of any other tune than the one Harry Mackintosh taught you? It's too bad. It's time for you to go back to the store, any way. And, Johnny," she spoke insinuatingly, "if you should get the chance tell Harry Mackintosh we've got the piano. The idea of him not making it up with a girl like that!"

"Would she let him make up if he wanted to?" asked father.

Mother shook her head compassionately.

"Joe," she said, "I'm afraid you'll never know women. But we must clean the parlor

ready for the piano if it *must* come. I understand Gladys, and she'll help sweep, poor child." She was clearing the table. She came around and put her hand on father's shoulder. "Joe," she said, "I haven't been in a good humor lately, and I may have said things—"

"No, you haven't," he interrupted. "I know how it is myself."

"Well, have it your own way," she retorted. "And goodness! Look at the time!"

Cleaver got up in haste. He went back to the Grier house. He was surcharged as with a new atmosphere, and his employer remarked on the change in him.

"It's the piano," lamely explained Cleaver.

Of course, Cleaver got it home early, riding in the car that brought it. Gladys was waiting for it, a wry smile on her face, for mother had told how Johnny would take Harry Mackintosh down a peg in speaking about the instrument.

The piano took up a good deal of room in the parlor and you could not open the front door the full width in consequence of it, though as mother remarked, if the rest of the family did not mind squeezing themselves flat when they went out or came in it was all the same to her, especially as she was so busy over the range she seldom had time to leave the kitchen.

They sat down and contemplated it, Cleaver solemnly satisfied, mother non-committal, Gladys bitter.

"The wires might have less rust on them," criticized mother, "and no harm done."

"But mind the legs," said father, "all carved. Now you've got something to sing to, Gladys."

"Sing!" repeated she. "I'll never sing again in this world. But it is a sort of retaliation and—" she left the room abruptly her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"I'm sorry," father said blankly. "I only meant to cheer her up a little."

Mother laughed easily. "She'll come around," she returned. "It's rather dark, let's light the lamp and see how it looks that way."

The piano took the lamp-light very well.

"I'm glad my wages go up in a month or so," said father.

"Somehow or other everything comes right," replied mother, with an air of conviction. "There's no use fretting, I say."

Cleaver pulled from his pocket the cigar Grier had given him in the morning.

"One of the kind he smokes himself," he said.

Here Gladys came in, putting her handkerchief up her sleeve as she did so.

"Mother," she said, "I've been silly staying away from the store so long. I'm going back tomorrow. I will let no man see that he can hurt my self-respect."

Mother nodded dryly.

"Suit yourself," she returned. "Don't go if you don't feel like it."

"Indeed I will then," retorted Gladys. "Nothing could prevent me."

And here was Johnny.

"And no supper ready!" mother cried in consternation. "It all comes of father being home since five o'clock—it upset the time of day. Well, Johnny, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, gee!" commented Johnny, seating himself at it and touching the keys whose emitted sound might have been sweeter and louder.

"Play," commanded Gladys with the air of a martyr who refused to consider her own feelings, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." I see you're just crazy to do it."

"No," objected mother, "that's the tune Harry Mackintosh taught him."

"Play it!" reiterated Gladys. "Play it!"

"Oh, say," cried Johnny, wheeling around and facing his audience, "I told Harry. I didn't dare to say so before, Glad, but he's asked after you every day. He wears that ring you sent back on his watch-chain. And he's buying a house through the building association, and—"

"Go on with your music," interposed mother. "Can't you see Gladys don't care?"

And Johnny made melody.

Though he had not gone very far in the Handel selection, and father was looking at his wife in astonishment at his son's proficiency, when there came a rap on the door.

"Oh, I forgot," said the performer, muting his fingers, "Harry said maybe the piano needed a little overhauling, and he'd stop on his way home and see. That's his knock—it's the way he always used to knock."

Gladys rose to her feet.

"He will not see me," she said, "I don't need overhauling."

"Gladys," and again mother took the

center of the stage, "I never oppose you, and you know it. But I've tried to bring you up like a lady. The idea! Are you afraid of him?"

"Afraid!" and Gladys resumed her seat. "Afraid!"

"As for me," mother went on hurriedly, "I don't look fit to see a living soul in this frock. Father, we'll go and see about supper. Gladys, you can ask him to stay if you want to. Johnny, you go and wash your hands before you touch those keys again, go at once." Then over her shoulder, "Gladys, there's nobody to open the door but you."

In the kitchen mother turned to father. "Joe," she said dreamily, "I once had a copy-book that said music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and after all a house you own yourself is better than theatre tickets. There's not a sound in the parlor. They're making it up. He won't have that ring on his watch-chain when he leaves this house. And the piano has done everything! Kiss me, Joe!"

Then father struck a match and lighted his cigar which he proceeded to consume with the air of a millionaire. He was only a man and could not comprehend the far-reaching of the feminine mind.

FEDERAL MINING BUREAU

By CARL SCHOLZ

THE President's message delivered to the Sixtieth Congress at the opening of the session contains several paragraphs which are of special importance to the mining and coal industries, and it is the object of this article to invite the attention of those who are not directly interested in mining or mineral lands to the importance of the President's recommendations.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the first part of the message, referring to corporation control, railroad legislation and the currency question, will prove the most popular, because these subjects have recently filled the daily press and have been the topics of general conversation. It is, therefore, possible that members of Congress will devote a majority of their time and attention to these matters. The various trade papers will undoubtedly comment more or less on that part of the message referring to the industry which they represent, but since trade papers are not read by the general public, it is desired to place before the readers of the National Magazine the President's recommendations on the subject of mining, because the mining industry and the question

of fuel enter into the economy of every household to a greater or lesser extent, and it is a subject which merits much more general attention than it has been given. For the purpose of emphasizing this statement, it is well to say that the spot value of the mineral resources in the year 1907 will exceed the sum of \$2,000,000,000. This is an increase of fifty per cent over the year 1902, and for comparative purposes it may be said that the value of agricultural products in 1907 was \$7,000,000,000. Very few appreciate the relative value of these two products, mainly because there is so little said about the mining industry, the work being performed out of sight and by a comparatively small number. The coal mining industry alone has grown from a production of twenty-two tons in 1814 to 420,000,000 tons in 1907. To convey this information more clearly the graphic table on the opposite page illustrates the ratio of increase in population and production of coal in tons.

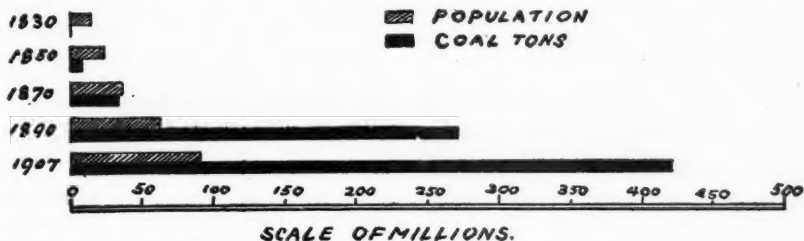
In 1907 five tons of coal were produced for each inhabitant of the United States; in 1870 the production was less than one ton per capita. Whether this rate of increase

will continue at the same pace is, of course, problematical; it is hoped, however, that it will not diminish, because the consumption of coal characterizes the civilization and industrial status of the producing country.

President Roosevelt's recommendations to conserve the fuel supply are, therefore, most timely. According to the data collected by the United States Geological Survey the supply of coal still in the ground is sufficient to furnish our fuel requirements for many years to come. It cannot be denied, however, that the best and most accessible coal areas are now being worked and depleted at a very rapid rate and future generations will be obliged to go to deeper lying veins or mine thinner seams at a material increase in expense. Mining in the true sense of the word is a process of depletion, and in this respect

are obliged to depend upon immediate profits for an existence. Small mines are but short lived and frequently are so located as to render large coal areas inaccessible or at least make the operation of adjacent territory hazardous on account of the accumulation of water and gas in abandoned workings.

Aside from the protection of the remaining coal area by complete extraction of the territory under development and the protection of adjacent areas, there are many other methods which properly come under this head. In coal mining degradation of the product is of much importance. An essential feature in mining coal is to obtain the largest possible percentage of lump coal. Coal of this size is more in demand and has more intrinsic value than the smaller sizes. The method of pick mining has changed



differs from manufacturing and agricultural industries. We may fertilize the soil to bear increased crops or supply raw material for manufacturing purposes from afar or even foreign countries; we may maintain a reasonable timber supply by replanting our forests, but we cannot replenish the coal supply or create new iron or gold mines after the deposit is once exhausted. A careful study of the principal coal fields of the United States, which have been furnishing the major portion of cheap fuel, will readily convince the investigator that before many years the cost of producing coal will increase considerably. It is obvious that the operators of mines will endeavor to obtain every possible ton of coal from their holdings, not alone for the purpose of being reimbursed for the original cost of the land, but also for the cost of improvement and development. It is believed that by development on a larger scale this can be more readily accomplished than by small mines, and especially such as are developed without sufficient capital and

materially in the last ten years. Heretofore, where coal was mined by hand, an undercut or kerf was made in the face of the coal vein, either in the bottom or on the side and the blasting holes were so located as to readily bring down a large quantity of coal with a small amount of explosive. The miners were paid for lump coal only, which was weighed, after it had passed over a screen, to eliminate the slack. The mine laborers, however, insisted upon the adoption of a mine run basis, whereby they receive pay for all the coal mined irrespective of size. The undercutting of coal was discontinued, the entire output of mines not using undercutting machines being produced by blasting "off the solid." It is obvious that this system eliminates the premium which had been paid for producing coarse coal. The mine run system has increased the production of slack at least ten percent, with a corresponding reduction in the production of lump coal. Careful experiments in a three and one-half foot vein of coal show that by shoot-

ing "off the solid" one keg of powder, containing twenty-five pounds, is required to blast down twenty tons of coal; where the coal was undercut by hand or with a mining machine, 110 tons of coal were shot down with the same amount of powder.

The determination of conditions as to ownership, waste in mining, and safety of the miners engaged in this work, are questions to which it is hoped Congress will devote considerable attention. There is at this time no special department of the Federal Government interested in the operation of mines. The purpose of the Geological Survey is more especially to map the mineral resources of the country and furnish descriptions of the deposits. The establishment of mining laws and enforcement thereof is left to the state legislatures. In connection with the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1904, a technologic branch was established by the United States Geological Survey to test fuels as to their relative value and adaptability for coking, gas, briquetting and other purposes. It is believed that the appropriations allotted for this work have been well worth the money expended. It is only regretted that they have not been extended. The permanent testing plant established by the German government near Berlin has demonstrated the value of such an institution.

Another and perhaps the most important function which should be looked after by the Federal Government through a Bureau of Mines, as suggested by the President, is the safety of the miners. Within the last few months several horrible accidents have occurred and over 1,000 men have lost their lives, leaving many widows and orphans. Apart from the humane side, these accidents impair seriously the value of the property and create expenses which must be borne by the coal consumer. Foreign countries, where mining has not reached such large proportions, have experienced the advantage of governmental institutions to examine into these important matters. England has its Royal Mining Commission, France its Department de Mines, Germany and Austria their Bergwerk's Commission. The press accounts of these explosions usually conclude with a paragraph that the Governor of the State has ordered the Mine Inspectors and other experts to the scene to report on the disaster. This may be all that the Governor can do

under the circumstances, but no reports will restore the lives lost and bring back the wage earner to his dependents. The proper course is to ascertain in advance what leads to these explosions and adopt precautionary measures. The Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey had expected to conduct some experiments during the fall of 1907 at Pittsburg to determine certain data on explosive mine gases, coal dust, etc., but the appropriations were not sufficient and the work was incomplete. These very observations perhaps would have prevented the loss of life which occurred in that field during December. It is very evident that no one confined to a restricted territory is able to grasp the diversity of conditions and needs existing in such a large area as the coal fields of the United States cover. The data from various fields, including the status of atmospheric conditions, must be correlated and deductions can then be readily made as to the causes. The Weather Bureau collects data from all parts of the country to compile their weather forecasts for the benefit of business and agricultural interests. The United States Agricultural Department expends about \$10,000,000 annually in its work, which is purely of a commercial character. Why should the Government not be willing to spend a considerable sum if lives can be saved thereby? It is sure to follow that without concerted action and assistance by the Government the coal operators alone will be unable to overcome these conditions, which will certainly become worse as mining operations extend to greater depths. Experience has demonstrated that state legislatures are not always capable of deciding the best methods, and frequently in their anxiety to adopt measures of safety, they impose unfair burdens on the operators, the expense of which must finally be borne by the public. Reference may be made to the shot firer's bill which was passed in Illinois two years ago, it being a well known fact that this measure is costing several million dollars a year in degradation of the coal and additional timbering required, which is paid for by the coal companies and the wages of shot firers borne by the miners. There may be certain mines in the state which require shot firers; the great majority do not, yet the law has to be enforced on all irrespective of conditions. The Governor was undoubtedly

influenced by the miners who are of greater number than the operators; solely perhaps for the reason that he did not wish to bear the responsibility for loss of life. Had a Federal Bureau been in existence to advise him, he could have safely acted upon its recommendations because of impartiality to the interests involved. The study of explosives and the establishment of a charge limit, such as exist in most European mining countries, is absolutely essential.

The most important part in the mining of coal is the subject of labor. The largest portion of the bituminous coal is produced by members of the United Mine Workers of America, and the strength exerted by this organization has been keenly felt by all coal operators, including the fields where this organization is not recognized. In 1906 a close down of all mines resulted on account of the inability of the operators to effect a wage agreement with the representatives of the Mine Workers' organization. In anticipation of this close down many thousand tons of coal were stored by consumers and speculators, involving large expenditures. Strikes and lockouts in any industry are damaging and expensive. There is no reason why the coal industry should be harassed with them.

While it may not come within the jurisdiction of this mining bureau to adjust questions involving labor, familiarity with the subject will enable it to furnish impartial advice to the proper authority, irrespective as to how it may affect either side. At this writing there is in session a conference committee representing the bituminous miners of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to form a new wage scale, the present contract expiring April 1st, 1908. The states above mentioned form the so-called central competitive field, and it is the claim of the mine worker's officials that these wage agreements stimulate the markets and assure uniform conditions for all operators within the four states.

Without going into the merits of this agreement, the underlying principle is to arrange the mining price so that the coal from the more distant parts of the field can compete in the western and northern states successfully with the coal produced in the fields which are geographically much nearer the larger markets. Nature provided different qualities of coal and varying mining conditions, which in the end may equalize competition more fairly than can be done by adjusting wages.

COLOMBIA

FOR ages past, o'er wide Pacific's breast,
The waves, in vain, assailed Colombia's shore.
The storms of wild Atlantic's stern unrest
Have lashed in vain her Eastern rock ribbed door.
Two mighty oceans, severed by a span,
Have surged in vain: They rest where they began

The coming age shall view a different scene;
The fight by nature lost, by pluck once won,
Pacific's blue will mingle with the green
Of dark Atlantic, toward the setting sun.
One giant's arms around the earth be hurled;
One mighty current circle all the world.

Ellen Sergeant Rude.



A TALE OF SPOONS

By Emily Hewitt Leland

THE late Sunday dinner was often an ordeal for us after our long suppression through Sunday school and church service. We abounded in what is mildly termed animal spirits, which often contrived to burst forth during this repast which was made by our father a deliberate and rather solemn feast.

One summer Sunday a visiting minister came to dine with us. He was an extremely odd looking man with a very round smooth face, long "almond" eyes, and a genial mouth which extended, even in repose, well into his cheeks.

Just after we were seated and the minister had given thanks, father was called away by an urgent neighbor to see a very sick horse, and we were left alone with our guest and our poor little mother.

We were all helped and behaving beautifully eating not too fast and responding with solemn "yes sirs" and "no sirs" to the minister's beaming questions, when the unfortunate Edward—one of the twins—picked up his dessert spoon and contemplated his features therein. These spoons were very new and bright and brought out in honor of our dis-

tinguished guest. Edward gave one intent look—widening his mouth slightly—and then sent a "wireless" to his twin brother across the table who proceeded to examine his spoon. It was too much. There was a choking cough which napkins tried to smother, and then a desperate effort to resume—for we were half famished, and it was mean to make trouble for mother—but eleven year old Ellen was also moved to examine the new silver, and being a very spontaneous child and quick to see any possible point, there was an immediate explosion—outward on her part but inward with the poor twins who grew purple and swelled until their buttons were ready to fly.

"Children!" said mother in her gentle admonishing way.

Being the eldest I glared at the reprobates, kicked Ellen's foot and casually looked in my spoon. I caught the infection. I beheld the striking image of our visitor, most comically aggravated, the smiling mouth a little wider and the almond eyes more almond! How I suffered! I felt my mouth twitch and a cold sweat steal over me. I knew the eyes of Ellen and the twins were fixed upon me

goadingly, defying me to "hold in." I ventured half a glance at mother. She looked pale and scared and was trying to reply to our guest on some grave question concerning the church. Then one of the twins choked violently and withdrew with staggering steps to the kitchen.

The look of his vacant chair and the mouthful of meat poised on his fork only added to the idiotic mirth swelling within us. The other twin soon followed his brother as a matter of course—they were always "two souls with but a single thought"—and Ellen and I were left to our own struggles. Poor Ellen, how bravely she tried to be calm! She was almost succeeding when the minister, kindly essaying to help matters, said something about happy childhood and its all too fleeting years. Then Ellen gave one of those hard dry sobs we read of.

"Ellen please see if I closed the pantry door," said mother with heavenly tact. She was a good deal like us—when there was no father or minister around.

Ellen fled with alacrity—and did not return. I was left alone. I still felt twitchy, and when our visitor asked me some commonplace question about my school I answered in a trembling excited voice entirely out of keeping with the theme. Still I was calming down. The sense of my elderly superiority to childish weakness was doing a good deal for me, and I was almost ready for the dessert a delicious "floating island" with whipped cream—when I saw mother cautiously looking into her spoon behind the shelter of the coffee pot. I saw her mouth suddenly shut tight and knew that she would instantly steal a look at me—her sympathetic eldest.

"Please excuse me, also!" I gasped. "I think I hear—" and I speedily took my way into the far recesses of the orchard, where I found Ellen and the twins, and lectured them severely on their silly lack of control, their horrid disrespect to a visitor and the pain they had given poor mother.

We waited there a long, long time until we heard the minister's buggy rolling over the meadow bridge. Then we stole back to the house—very careful not to disturb father who was settled for his nap on the east veranda—and had our floating island in the kitchen, with lots of whipped cream.

Dear mother's kind-cure always worked better with us than the other thing.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

COAL ASHES FOR CLEANSING

By Mrs. John Humphrey, New London, Conn.

Some of the uses I have found for coal ashes are these:—For china dishes that have been discolored, rub well with a damp cloth dipped in powdered ashes and they will look like new. For cleansing brass faucets, etc., it will give a more lasting and better polish than the preparations which one buys, and is also excellent for cleaning and polishing steel knives.

TO KEEP PICKLES UNFERMENTED

By L. C., Long Island, Kan.

Buy at the drug store ten cents' worth of sodium benzoate (powdered). Then when you make pickles use one teaspoonful of the powder to one quart of vinegar. This will prevent all fermentation, is perfectly tasteless, and my druggist tells me it is perfectly harmless.

RELIEVE THE COW

By Mrs. Henry Salisbury, Murrietta, Cal.

Put nine drops of liquid extract of ergot in half a glass of warm water, and with this bathe the cow's udder thoroughly five or six times a day. The swelling will soon go down. It works like magic when the udder is badly caked.

LINIMENT FOR CROUP

By Mrs. M. B. Jenkins, Willow Hill, Ill.

To make a liniment for croup, fill a half-pint bottle one-third full of sweet oil, one-third of ammonia, one-third of turpentine; shake well. Bathe the throat, breast and bottoms of the feet. I have often cured my little ones with this alone.

BLANKET COVERS

By Mrs. J. Ginther, Louisville, Ky.

Worn all-wool blankets make splendid covers if darned carefully and patched where necessary. Then cover with light or medium weight outing cloth and tie with wool.

NEW WAY TO SCALE FISH

By Mrs. M. M. Dudley, Eureka, Cal.

Use a curry-comb when scaling a fish. It is easier to handle than a knife, and prevents the hands from smelling fishy and the scales from working under the nails.

TO PREVENT LOCKJAW

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, New Jersey

As soon as a wound is inflicted get a light stick (a foot-rule or knife handle will do; I have used a flat celluloid paper cutter) and commence to tap gently on the wound. If it is a punctured wound (such as running a nail in the foot) do not stop for the hurt, but continue tapping until it bleeds freely, and becomes quite numb. When this point is reached, you are safe. *Do not on any account close the wound with a plaster.* Protect from dirt by covering with a clean cloth,—that is all that is necessary. I have tried this remedy for rusty nail in foot, puncture from hay-fork tine in leg, and for many other wounds of like nature, and never knew a single instance where the wound became sore or inflamed. For a hard bump on the head, where the above method could not be administered, I have prevented all soreness by vigorously rubbing with the hand for a few minutes.

TO CUT HOT BROWN BREAD

By Mrs. Geo. A. Dow, Lacomia, N. H.

Take a piece of common wrapping cord and put around the loaf where you want to cut it. Cross and draw through. You will never use a knife again.

SALTPETER PAPER

Five cents' worth of saltpetre and one pint of water; put in a flat tin and heat until dissolved. A package of best toilet paper must then be soaked, about six sheets together. Take up and twist, but *do not ring out*, and lay to dry. When dry it is stiff and coated. If anyone suffering with cold in the head or asthma will burn one of these candles in an old tin with a little earth in the bottom, upon retiring at night, with bedroom door and windows closed, they will be greatly relieved.

AN HYGENIC KITCHEN TABLE

By Mrs. Chester A. Gay, Tenaft, N. J.

Cover an ordinary kitchen table with a piece of zinc, lapping carefully over the edges and tacking neatly on the under side. Easily kept clean, absorbs no grease, always ready to set hot things on. If once tried, the only wonder is how you ever kept house without it.

FOR A COLD

By Mrs. A. N. Lee, Canton, Ohio

Procure a five cent bottle of vaseline and have druggist mix five cents' worth of "oil of mustard" with same. Place between cloths and apply to afflicted parts. This will not blister and has been well-tested and found to be invaluable in drawing out cold.

TO WHIP CREAM

By Mrs. C. F. Mohr, Mahoning, O.

When cream is rather thin to whip, add the white of an egg to each pint of cream; the whipping can be accomplished much more easily, and the flavor of the cream will not be changed in the least.

QUASSIA CHIPS FOR INSECTS

By Pearl R. Jones, Riverside, Cal.

Buy quassia chips from any drug store; boil them for twenty minutes. This tea will keep the lady-bug and other insect life from destroying young cucumber plants.

ROOTING SLIPS

ROOTING SLIPS

In rooting geraniums and other soft wooded plants, it is best to take a box that can be easily lifted around. Have one side three inches higher than the other, after putting in good sharp sand, fill it with slips and tack a piece of white muslin over the top, leaving it so that the cover can be laid back while wetting the slips, for they must never be allowed to get very dry. Set where the sun will shine on the box at least half of the day, and if you are as successful as you should be, ninety per cent. will grow. The muslin allows the air to reach the slips, and is far better for the amateur than glass.

TREATMENT OF PIMPLES

By Elsie Holcombe, Los Angeles, Cal.

After bathing the face with soap and water nightly, a five-minute application of hot towels followed with cold the same length of time will prove excellent for the pustule condition, keeping it from spreading over the face. Either rubbed over the complexion at night and washed off with green soap in warm water in the morning, is very beneficial. The following lotion used by a specialist, is excellent. Shake and rub over affected parts.

LOTION:—Sulphur precip., one dram; acid salicylic, one-half dram; alcohol, two drams. Add enough rose-water to make three ounces.

TO WASH FEATHER PILLOWS

By Mrs. W. P. Wilkinson, California

Choose a bright, windy day; fill the washtub with hot suds, and plunge the pillows (with feathers) in them. Put them through several waters, shaking them about briskly, then hang on the line in the open air. When perfectly dry, shake well. They will be light, fresh and sweet. After they have been washed in this way, they should be hung out in the warm fresh air every day for a week, but they must never be put directly in the hot sun.

KIDNEY SUET FOR LARD

By Mae E. Swetman, Phoenix, Arizona

Instead of buying so much lard, get kidney suet; fry out slowly, and add a pinch of salt and one of sugar to each five cents' worth of the suet. The result is much superior to lard, and you are sure it is clean and pure.

CURE FOR CORNS

By Mrs. Geo. H. Wilson, Lemoore, Cal.

Take equal parts of wheat flour and pure lard; mix thoroughly, and bind on corn at night. Three or four applications may be necessary, but one night's treatment will draw the soreness out.

SAVE YOUR APPLE PARINGS

By F. B. Nelson, Wheelock, Vt.

If the parings of your apples cannot be used at once, dry them; they will be found good for making jellies, sauces and syrups.

TO REMOVE IODINE STAIN

By Mrs. A. B. G., Washington, D. C.

To remove iodine stain quickly from white goods, rub with liquid ammonia as long as any spot remains, then rinse in clear water.

A GUEST BOOK

By Cora June Sheppard, Shiloh, N. J.

A guest book is an easily-acquired addition to any home, no matter how humble.

I have a pretty leather-covered book (a cheaper one would do) and in this have recorded the names of all guests who have stayed over night. To have the names in their own chirography adds to the interest. We have been married but three years, and it does not seem as if we had had very many guests, but when the names are all together they make a very entertaining list. You will find more states and cities represented than you imagined you had entertained representatives from. Some say anticipation is better than realization—but in this case you will find the pleasant memories which linger of the guests are the best of all.

FOR IN-GROWING TOENAILS

By W. J. May, Nicaragua, C. A.

Scrape the center of the nail from the end back towards the root. Or, when trimming the nails cut the end square; or cut a small notch in the center of the end. Nature will lose no time in remedying the disproportion of the nail by speedily growing to the center, thus drawing the nail away from the oppressed sides. Relief will be obtained in forty-eight hours in the worst cases; and by always thinning the center of the nails a little when trimming them, they will never give trouble.

CUTTING THIN CLOTH

By Mrs. Earl Tappan, Waverly, N. Y.

When cutting thin cloth which is slazy and pully, lay it between two sheets of thin paper and cut out paper and all. This is a great help.

HEAT LEMONS BEFORE SQUEEZING

If you will heat your lemons well before squeezing you will get almost double the quantity of juice.

"SHORTENING"

By Mrs. E. A. Baker, Milwaukee, Wis.

A shortening that is good for pies, cakes, coffee-cake, hot biscuits or most anything that needs it, and which is much more economical and healthier than either butter or lard.—Take equal quantities of leaf lard and beef suet and render out together; put away and use as you would lard.

TO KEEP PEARLS BRILLIANT

By Mrs. M. L. Rummell, San Diego, Cal.

Keep in common dry magnesia instead of the cotton wool used in jewel cases, and they will never lose their brilliancy.

ENGLISH WALNUT GRAHAM BREAD

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Ill.

Add a cup full of chopped English walnuts to your sponge for graham bread and you will find it more nutritious and delicious.

OLD BLACK HOSIERY

By Mrs. S. M. Hückcock, Lewiston, Ill.

When black hosiery is worn out, save the tops to clean black goods or to wipe off furniture. They leave no lint.

NEW WAY TO BAKE POTATOES

By Mrs. G. H. Moulton, Nebraska

Wash potatoes, cut out all bad places. Large-sized ones are best. Place them in a spider or skillet, dry; let stand on top of the stove, covered closely with a pan, and they will bake much quicker and with less fire than it requires to bake them in the oven, and they will be mealy and plump, not dried and shrunken as they often are when baked in the oven. I have often placed an asbestos mat on top of the stove and put potatoes on that, covering closely with a basin that just fits over them, and they bake equally as well.

FOR TIRED NERVES

By Nina Bard Creamer, Shiloh, N. J.

If overworked homemakers whose nerves are "worn to frazzle edge" would acquire the habit of sitting or lying absolutely still, relaxed and motionless, for five or ten minutes twice a day, they would soon see improvement. The mind must be relaxed, worries dropped, thoughts wandering to pleasant things. You will probably try this several times before you get it right, but after a little practice you will find that it yields large returns, far surpassing the sacrifice of the time it takes. Try it, nervous ones.

FOR STRAINS AND BRUISES

By G. I. C., Milton Junction, Wis.

After having done an unusually hard day's work or undergone some unaccustomed strain such as is likely to leave the muscles sore and stiff, mix fifteen drops of the tincture of arnica thoroughly in one-half glass of water and take one teaspoonful of the mixture every hour until relieved. This will give much quicker relief than when applied externally. It is also one of the best remedies to promote absorption, remove soreness and prevent inflammation in any wound or bruise of the soft parts of the body.

HOT WATER FOR A COUGH

By Mrs. S. L. Harrison, Brookville, Ind.

For a tight, hoarse cough where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will be found to give immediate and permanent relief.

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA

Wet blotting paper in strong solution of salt petre, dry it and burn a piece three inches square on a plate in the sleeping room. It will afford quick relief.

TO STARCH THIN WAISTS

By Mrs. W. L. Rousevell, Clifford, Mass.

Thin muslin waists will take starch much better if dried first and then dipped in boiled starch and dried again.

EASY WAY TO SPRINKLE CLOTHES

By J. L. Ritchie, Northfield, O.

Remove the cover from a quart can, perforate, fill with water and replace the cover; you have a very good sprinkler.

TO KEEP CHEESE FROM MOULDING

By Leola L. Markus, Duluth, Minn.

To keep cheese for some time without becoming mouldy, wrap in cloth dipped in vinegar and keep in covered dish

THE HOME

NEW METHOD OF WASHING

By Mrs. F. J. Wilkinson, Reinbeck, Iowa

Try this, and you will never wash any other way:—Take a pound cake of paraffine cut into twenty pieces; use one piece of the paraffine and one bar of laundry soap, cutting both up small and putting in a boiler with two or three quarts of water. Boil till all is dissolved and add this to your water in which you intend boiling the clothes. Put your soiled clothes into cold water a few minutes and squeeze out with the hands; rub soap on the soiled places, and put in the boiler and boil twenty minutes; wring out and rinse in the usual way. They will be clean and white as snow, and no rubbing is required.

STORM DOORS

By L. W. Rice, Jericho, Vt.

If you have no storm doors, your screen doors may be very easily transformed into as warm a protection from winter gales as any one need ask for. Fit pieces of building paper to the outside of the screens and attach securely with cleats, using screws so that your door may be converted at will from "screen door" to "storm door," and vice versa, and there you are. This saves the work of taking off and putting on heavy doors, which, in many cases, would be quite an object.

A NEW USE FOR A SCRUBBING-BRUSH

By C. M. S., Bangor, Me.

The possibilities of a five-cent scrubbing-brush are unlimited. Having a dress of which only the bottom of the skirt was soiled, the thought came that with care it might be taken on a table, with plenty of space, and with good soap in the water, the hem scrubbed gently, then rinsed, wetting only the portion needed, having irons ready to press at once. Try it and be convinced. Any part of wearing apparel can be cleansed in the same way.

TO CLEAN LAMP BURNERS

By S. South Falls, Oakley, Kan.

If the lamp should fail to burn brightly or smoke, then the burner should be removed and placed in vinegar into which a quantity of salt has been placed. Allow the vinegar to simmer over a slow fire.

TO DRESS A DUCK

Wring a woollen cloth out of boiling water, wrap the duck in this and lay aside for several minutes. It will be found that the feathers and down may then be easily and quickly removed.

CLEANING TRIMMING

By Mrs. Irene Edwards, Harris, Colo.

To clean white or light trimming on dark dresses: cover with cornmeal which has been saturated with gasoline. When the gasoline evaporates brush off the meal and the trimming will be clean.

TO CLEAN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

To clean artificial flowers cover with flour, let stand for several days, then shake out, if not entirely clean repeat the process.

THREADING A NEEDLE EASILY

By Bertie Norrell, Augusta, Ga.

Char the end of cotton or silk thread to facilitate threading a fine needle.

A NEW USE FOR OLD STOCKINGS

By Mrs. Irene Parrott, Washington, D. C.

Have you ever thought of this use for your nice, warm, winter stocking tops when the feet are too badly worn to admit of further darning? Make them into drawers for the little tots. For a small child one pair of stockings will make a pair of drawers, using an old garment as a pattern. For the older children up to eight years, it will take two pairs. Use black satteen or dress lining for the bands. For little girls' winter wear they are unequalled, saving washing and always neat. They are very little trouble to make, and you will be surprised at the wear you can still get out of your old stockings.

COOKING BEANS

By Dr. Z. T. Hawkins, Swayzee, Ind.

I send the following as an addendum to the contribution on "Cooking Beans" by Olive Johnston in your November, '07, issue:—

The above recipe all else surpasses
If you add two tablespoonsful New Orleans molasses.
Then two tablespoonsful of sugar brown,
And you have the best in Boston town,
Add also a spoonful of mustard ground,
And then to make the seasoning sound,
And the beans to taste a whole lot better,
Add a sprinkle of salt and a pinch of pepper.

REMEDY FOR BURNS

By Mrs. Geo. R. Bight, Elizabeth City, N. J.

Cover a cloth of the required size with a thick layer scraped raw potato (Irish) and apply to burned part, with potato next the skin. Tie in place with bandage. The potato should be renewed as often as necessary to keep moist. When other remedies have failed, this relieved a hand badly blistered by grasping a red hot poker.

FOR RELIEF OF EYES

By J. B. H., Bentonville, Ark.

One drop of castor oil dropped in the eye will immediately remove any foreign substance.

TO WHITEN FLOORS

A little bluing added to the rinse water when scrubbing will make the floors much whiter.

WHEN USING COLD STARCH

By Mrs. H. M. Rowland, Lenark, Ill.

When starching by the cold starching process, if the starch is mixed with quite hot water instead of cold, it will not stick to iron and garment can be ironed in one-half the time.

SUBSTITUTE FOR APPLES

By Mrs. M. E. Kingsley, Carlton, Ill.

If there is a scarcity of apples when making mince-meat, use finely-chopped green tomatoes instead, and when well-cooked none could detect them.

RELIEF FOR SICK HEADACHE

By Mrs. G. O. Hatch, Belfast, Me.

A towel or flannel wrung from hot water and applied to the back of the neck will relieve sick headache in a few minutes.

THE HOME

FOR WASHING SOILED LINEN

By C. O. B., Elmira, N. Y.

For washing any soiled linen, more especially such as one does not wish to handle, a great improvement on the old 'pounder' can be made as follows. Take a piece of pine plank two inches thick; make a round block three inches in diameter; bore a hole in the center to receive the end of a piece of broom-handle two or three feet long as desired (depending on whether a tub is to be used on the floor or a bench). Now take a tin basin six or seven inches in diameter and two inches deep and nail securely to the block bottom to bottom. In using, press firmly down on the clothes and then lift each time entirely out of the water. The suction produced by the basin in being lifted draws the water through the clothes and washes them.

MOVING MATTRESSES

By L. W. R., Jericho, Vt.

In cleaning chambers do you not think that moving the cumbersome mattresses is the hardest task? It is not because of their great weight, although they are heavy, but on account of the difficulty in getting hold of the unwieldy things. Just try roping them with a clothes-line and see how it simplifies matters. Put the rope around, book-strap fashion, knotting in such a way that you have rope handles to get hold of and then see how easily the mattress can be moved.

TO BAKE POTATOES IN A HURRY

By Mrs. C. E. Ayer, Underhill, Vt.

To bake potatoes in a hurry, pour warm water over them before placing them in the oven, where they should be an inch or two apart. They will bake much quicker than if put in in the usual way.

FROZEN WINDOWS

To prevent windows from freezing at the bottom, spread a thin layer of salt on the sill beneath the sash, adding more salt when needed.

LEAKY HOT WATER BOTTLES

By Mrs. O. S. Sweetser, Brockton, Mass.

Hot water bottles that leak and are past mending may be filled with hot sand and this will retain the heat as well as the water would. The sand can be bought for a small sum at any grocery store, and after heating in the oven can be poured into the bottle with a tunnel.

TO PREVENT SYRUP FROM THICKENING

By Mrs. H. D. Evans, Baltimore, Md.

Syrup for table use made of sugar and water often 'sugars' or thickens, after standing. This can be prevented by putting a piece of alum the size of a pea into the syrup while it is boiling.

CAMPHOR GUM IN CUPBOARDS

By Mrs. E. E. Goodenough, Vermont

Camphor gum laid upon the shelves will keep ants and mice out of cupboards.

MAKES CHICKEN TENDER

By Mrs. A. M. Hall, Spokane, Wash.

When cooking chicken that may be tough, cook a fig with it and it will make it tender.

HOLDERS MADE OF TWINE

By Mabel C. Daggett, Elmira, N. Y.

Save all your pieces of bright colored twine and knit garter stitch. Knit it long enough to fold over. White may be used underneath. If the holder is to be used for ironing, put in an inside lining. This makes a good pastime for old ladies. My grandmother saves every piece of pretty twine, and knits these holders by the hour.

SURE TEST FOR BOILED ICING

Take a clean straw from a broom, tie a loop in the end and dip in the boiling syrup. When a coating forms over this loop and you can blow it into a good-sized bubble, the syrup is just right. One who has practiced this for years is always complimented on her boiled icing.

MOTHER'S SUET PUDDING

By Mrs. Jay D. Nichols, Mason City, Iowa

One cup finely-chopped suet, one cup water (cold), one cup raisins (seeded), one cup figs (cut up), one cup New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, two and one-half cups flour. Steam three hours. Use any good pudding sauce. I consider this an uncommon recipe, on account of not having either sugar, butter, milk or eggs among its ingredients, and one trial is convinced proof of its excellence. It is equally good to steam any remaining portions, by cutting in slices and steaming twenty minutes. Will keep in cool place for week or ten days.

DEVICE FOR HULLING WALNUTS

By Florence St. Pierre, Maltoax, Va.

Take a piece of oak plank one inch thick, and long enough to lay across the top of a barrel or box. In the center bore a hole with an auger the size of a walnut with the hull off. Place board across top of box or barrel, put nut side downward on hole, and with a hammer drive it through. If the hole is the right size, there will be only a small piece of husk left on the nut, which will do no harm if the nuts are left out in the sun and thoroughly dried. Try it.

TO CUT WHALEBONE

By T. C. Howell, Barston, Cal.

To cut whalebone, warm by the fire, when it will cut easily.

EATING ONIONS

If you enjoy eating onions, eat them, only afterward munch a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar.

STRETCHING NEW SHOES

By Ella Lewis, Roy, Wash.

It is not always convenient to get to a shoe store when you have a tight shoe that needs stretching. Put on the shoe and take a cloth wrung from quite warm water, and wrap it around the shoe over the foot. It will give the needed room and will not injure the leather.

FRYING MUSH

By Mrs. H. T. Chappel, Pueblo, Colo.

Before pouring mush into vessel to cool for frying, wet vessel in cold water; mush will turn out without sticking.

WHEN GREASE IS SPILLED

If grease is spilled upon the stove, at once sprinkle upon it dry salt, and all odor is thus avoided.

THE HAPPY HABIT.



THE very thought of Easter implies happiness and joy, so it is not necessary at this time even to suggest the happy habit to the members of the order, as they listen for the first carol of the song birds that herald the springtime or sit and smell the fragrance of the lilies, in their white beauty or golden petals, and look upon the palms and sweet spring blossoms, first among them, or the hardy daffodils, that, as Shakespeare hath it:

"Come before the swallows dare, and take the winds of March with beauty."

There are the fragrant flowers of the trailing arbutus, blooming like the happy habit, even under apparently unfavorable conditions, and before the snow is almost gone, lifting their dainty heads and distilling perfume to charm the wanderer in the woodland. Spring flowers have a scent and a beauty peculiarly their own, and are especially fitted to typify Easter because they grow in the teeth of the east wind and are the most enduring of all blossoms, lasting many days after they have been cut from the parent plant.

On Easter Day, the flowers have a special radiance, perhaps because they are the first floral decorations of the new year; the music, too, is distinctive in character, due doubtless to the three weeks' effort of the choir whose members having been subsisting on a diet of sharps and flats and musical scores surely deserves success. There is a joyousness about Easter expressed in the "Gloria in Excelsis." Concentrated in this one day is the joy of twelve months; it is expressed in the music; in the dress of the congregation; in the fact that now appear at public worship the battalion known among church goers as "Christmas Day and Easter Christmas;" and that now, too, the societies come out in force. Here are the Knights Templars in all the glory of their white plumes, aiding in the exemplification of the joyous, hopeful, optimistic spirit of Easter.

There is a spirit of consideration on Easter Day. The sharp, carping of other times is not heard, and if there is a flaw in the music there is no criticism on it, but rather the suggestion that the "choir did its best and an angel can do no more."

That is the time when Rossini's Stabat Mater is given, by special effort of the choir; when the obligato is carefully practised, and the solo is "taken" by the new singer "fresh from the conservatory." That was the time when it was extremely difficult for one choir to decide who should sing the solo, and the only settlement that could be arrived at without making "a fuss," was to have one soloist sing the verse first and the other famous local singer take it afterwards. This compromise of repeating the solo had the double advantage of preserving the harmony of the choir in other ways than on "the staff" and of permitting the congregation to hear the music of the famous master rendered twice on the same day. It was also important that the families of the two soloists should be placated, as both were pillars of the church, so on Easter Day Margaret's parents sat in full view of the choir on the left and Sarah's in an equally conspicuous position on the right, to listen to the double solo.

Our choir had a theory that we sang better on Easter Day than at any other time of the year. Perhaps this was due to frequent rehearsals. I know of a youth who attempted too much one Easter, aspiring to a high G which at another time of year he would not have attempted even in imagination.

"You can always reach the high notes when you work up to them all together—hold each other's hands, figuratively speaking," said the earnest old musician who was choir master in our church.

So, on Easter Day, the young aspirant for musical honors was prepared to produce high G fortissimo, while by his side Bob, less aspiring and more comfortable, ambled contentedly along on the lower notes. The singer felt a proud elation. Had he not been called on again and again to chant that high note as an example for a choir that anxiously strained up to the required musical altitude. Verily "pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall." With proud complacency the part was sung until the "heights" were approached—now for that G—the voice ascended and *cracked*—instantly in a loud whisper Bob said:

"Eggs—Easter eggs."

Both singers giggled aloud, and the minister turned and shook his head reprovingly while a wave of disappointment spread over the face of the choir master, as he looked, "more in sorrow than in anger," at the culprits, who hastily retired behind the anthem leaflets. For many weeks thereafter it was a disputed point which of the two boys was the more in fault, and that knotty point has not been decided "up to this writing."

Yes, that is the day when the ladies look down the aisles to see the new "creations" in millinery, and perhaps a sprinkling of new dresses, indicating that the lighter shades of color are creeping in, the purples, reds and dark garb of winter time is being laid aside. This morning there is a blending of colors seldom seen at other times, for now the tints of spring, summer and winter all appear in the raiment of the congregation.

That day there are flowers not only in the church but in the home. That is the time when "mother's calla lily" blooms; how tenderly and carefully the plant has been nurtured, so that it would be sure to blossom in time to aid in the church decorations at Eastertide. Who can forget, no matter how many years have past, that calla lily in the bay window at home, standing out like a sentinel on the watch for springtime? What boy has not been called upon to do duty in carrying the big plant carefully to the church, and bringing it home to take again the place of honor in the bay window.

There is the Easter breakfast, sure to include eggs, the Easter dinner and the Easter walk, during which it seemed that everyone within a radius of five miles is out, dressed in their best—the lasses and the lads, father and mother and all the children, even the baby, are abroad, resplendent in new ribbons and gowns; the young men's necks are encircled with gorgeous neckties, their heads adorned by shining "tiles" and "father has his new suit of clothes"—all in readiness for the mild days of spring.

The mention of Eastertide recalls the time when you went out to the hen house and found in the nest little, yellow-headed fluff balls peeping up, with a suggestion of creative force that calls up the vexed question as to which came first, the hen or the egg.

* * * * *

Easter has always implied the breaking of the shell and the commencement of new life, and this season no profound arguments, no flights of eloquence, are needed, to convince the listeners that immortality is an established fact—everything tells the story: The lilies that have bloomed again; the grass that once more is springing and another batch of eggs that has produced another "clutch" to be guarded from damp and carefully nurtured during the early days of their existence.

* * * * *

Easter time is the season when the egg and spoon races begin in agricultural districts in England. I shall never forget the prize winner in a race I saw; he was a man of perhaps fifty years of age; everyone was glad that he won the prize because his egg met with and survived more mishaps than any other there. How comical those great, strong ploughmen and farmers looked with a small spoon, holding a big egg, firmly grasped in the right hand, all standing in line awaiting the word to be off. The young fellows cast a sly glance toward a feminine hat that nodded to them among the crowd, but my elderly friend gave his whole attention to his spoon and egg, which seemed possessed with the spirit of motion. With out-

stretched right arm, spoon in hand he started; half way down the track the egg suddenly disappeared; a hasty glance revealed it unbroken on the soft grass, and it was promptly replaced and the race continued. Another slip, but this time the spoon was dexterously lowered and the egg caught before it reached the ground; next time the egg took a journey underneath the dividing rope and off among the spectators, but the competitor would not give up. Reaching out among the feet of the onlookers he spooned up that egg, cracked but not broken, and after all reached the flag first of all the line. I heard afterwards that for twenty years he had never failed to win the "egg and spoon prize" at the Easter races.

On the lawn of the White House shortly after Easter I watched the happy children enjoying egg and spoon races. Their little faces sparkled with a happiness that made the grown people cheerful.

That gay scene recalled an experience of a few nights before, when walking along a quiet street I saw a little girl crying over some eggs broken on the sidewalk. Before I could offer assistance, along came a stalwart, burly boy, on roller skates. He was about to sweep past, but seeing the broken eggs and the child in tears, he swung about and asked brusquely:

"What y' cryin' for?"

"I've broke the eggs I was taking home to color for Easter—my mother was a-goin' to show me how, and now I won't ever know."

The burly youngster's face softened; he proceeded to expound the code of honor of his kind.

"Eggs or no eggs you don't want to be a crybaby."

He inspected the bag and saw that the contents were hopelessly broken.

"They was for tomorrow," wailed the girl.

"I know," he nodded. "We have 'em at our house."

Leaning against a lamp post he pulled out an astonishing collection from his pocket, and among bits of string, tops of various patterns, bootlaces, scraps of tin, fish hooks and what not, he unearthed some small coin.

"Now you come along and we'll get some more eggs for tomorrow and you can pay me some other time; you won't miss the fun tomorrow."

There was no I. O. U., no legal form or promise to pay: She simply nodded and smiled, wiping up her tears on her little handkerchief as they walked off to the store together. That was confidence worthy of Easter time, and I know as "sure as eggs is eggs" that the boy was duly paid back his loan.

This brings to mind the old, old suggestion that "money is the root of all evil." It may be that if there were no such thing as the spirit that money stands for we poor mortals would be perfectly happy.

"If each one of us had to manage for himself and herself on just what can be obtained on individual merit and ability, things would be different," said a philosopher to me, the other day. "The trouble is that lots of people live on sanguine hopes that sometime or other they will get something for nothing. They trade on the confidence of friends rather than on the value of what they have to offer."

That may be so, but what a sorry old world this would be if we never needed to help a friend. Talk about kind words and kind acts—it often happens that these are forthcoming until it turns out that the suppliant is also in urgent need of money. That is the time to produce "the cold shoulder;" the famous dish on which the poor in this world's goods are invited to be feasted pretty often, while the fellow with the coin digs in the depths of his pocket and hesitates to draw forth any of the loose silver he may find there.

At festival times this spirit is for the time in abeyance and better impulses prevail; this is always a good old world but we don't always know it, until Easter or some other red letter day brings the truth home, and a great wave of the happy habit overspreads the world.

Mr. Mitchell Chapple

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SPEAKING of the Carnegie hero medals, a locomotive fireman related an incident that certainly is indicative of what real heroism means. He was firing on a locomotive and a bad head-on collision appeared inevitable, on the turn of a sharp curve. The engineer of the fireman's train looked out at the approaching locomotive, hastily reversed his engine, pulled the brake lever and yelled to the fireman to jump while he himself did the same.

"When I saw the engineer's first action," said the fireman, "I grabbed the brake on the tender and used it with all my force, but it did not seem to keep pulled down to its fullest checking power, and I realized that it must be held in order to stop our train, and that if this could be done the collision might be averted—something to hold down that brake was the one thing I thought of, for the vacuum gauge did not show full effect. I jumped back, grabbed a lump of coal and wedged it in, and all the time I expected to be blown to pieces, but the bit of coal held the brake, and when the collision did occur it was very slight. I don't know how it was—I just struck the ground, and the impact of the two trains was not great enough to damage any part of the passenger coaches.

"Imagine my surprise years later when I learned that the engineer and fireman of the other train had stopped their brakes in the same way with lumps of coal, and their and my action had averted what might have been a collision in which many lives must have been lost. I have been congratulated on my heroism, but it does not deserve to be called that, because I never thought of being a hero, I merely knew that I must have a

piece of coal if that train was to be stopped."

The grimy eyelids of the fireman were as heavily lined with coal-dust as an actress' lashes are with paint, but nothing could hide the gleam of the honest eyes of the hero who was too modest to admit that he even tried to be a hero—he just wanted "to stop that darned old engine."

* * *

ON a recent visit to Schenectady attention was called to the new type of car driven by gas. A gas engine used in a street car, formerly run by electricity constituted a unique experiment.

One of these engines has recently made a very successful trial trip on the tracks of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad. Gas engines so used are very powerful and drive electric generators insuring perfect control. The current is transmitted by the generator and off the car speeds. The engines are fed with gasoline. This experiment is being watched with a great deal of interest by all railroad men, and it is believed that a time is not far distant when gas-electric cars will prove an economic feature of motion power in street and other railroads.

* * *

DURING the past few months many modes of reforming the currency have been suggested. Now comes a National Magazine subscriber, from Superior, Wisconsin, J. D. Konkel, who says that we are not in need of reforms along this line. He insists that our present system is all right, so long as the money passes current freely and no one haggles about taking payment in the coin of the realm. He claims that it is based on



"That Little Brother of the Sun"

By John E. Kennedy



A CETYLENE Light! True "Sunlight-at-night". Its composition is precisely that of Sunlight.

So is its color, and chemical effect.

Sunlight results from the combustion of Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen.

Acetylene Light results from just *that*, and nothing more nor less.

Sunlight has in it *all*

the colors of the rainbow, but so perfectly balanced that it *seems* white.

Moreover, Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light which is thus *color-balanced*, and therefore white as Sunlight.

This is why pale-yellow, pale-blue, or pale-pink tints can be as readily and clearly distinguished under Acetylene Gaslight as they can under broad daylight.

With no *other* artificial Light is this possible.

Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light under which plants grow as naturally, *by night*, as they do under Sunlight by day.

This again *proves* the kinship of Acetylene with Sunlight.

How is Acetylene produced?

From Calcium Carbide and Water.

What is Calcium Carbide?

A dark and stony substance made from Lime and Coke melted together at a fierce heat (6,000 degrees) by the Electric Furnace.

How is "Carbide" shipped and used?

Crushed into nuggets like small coal it is put up in steel drums containing 100 pounds each.

These drums are water-tight.

Carbide can't burn, can't explode, can't do anything till you bring it in contact with water and air,—the two cheapest of all elements.

When you drop Carbide into water its Carbon combines with the Hydrogen of the Water and forms Acetylene Gas.

This Gas in itself is powerless till it comes in contact with the Oxygen of the Air, at the Burner.

When lighted *there* combustion then takes place and produces the finest Illuminant ever known.

Touch a match to this Gas, and it burns with a brilliant, white, cool, steady and odorless light which is *nothing* less than Sunlight.

Now what does "Carbide" cost?

It costs $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound in most of the States.

At 4 cents per pound it produces white Sunlight, of 24 candle-power, for two-fifths of a cent per hour.

This is a *full third* less than the same candle-power of light costs from Kerosene at 12 cents per gallon with regular Lamps, wicks and chimneys included.

How many people now use Acetylene in the United States?

Over 2,000,000 people today, including over 348 towns publicly lighted by it, over 168,320 Country Homes, Hotels, Stores, Churches, Lighthouses, Public Institutions, Government Army Post, etc.

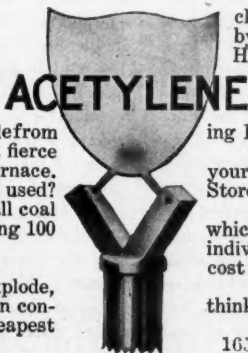
What does an Acetylene Lighting Plant cost to install?

Write us the number of rooms in your Home (or Hotel) or the size of your Store.

Then we can tell you *intelligently* which *sort* of Generator will best suit your individual purpose, and how *little* it would cost to completely and properly install it.

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gold, which represents a standard value in compact form, very convenient to handle. He asks, "What more is required than a solid and convenient medium of exchange?" But he calls attention to what he considers the dismal failure of gold payments to meet the exigencies of every situation, and considers this could be done by changing from gold to wheat, corn, or some other product. He believes that grain might make as good a standard for exchange as gold, and suggests having a five-component standard—a bushel each of wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley, and claims that these five bushels would form an excellent medium of exchange and would not conflict with the use of gold or silver money now in use. His idea is to deal with the worth of the dollar rather than with the dollar itself.

This would be a return to the time when men bartered a commodity which they needed for one of which a neighbor had an ample supply, and vice versa. For instance if a man desired a loan of a thousand dollars, it would represent so many meters of these five commodities, which he would deal in rather than with the money itself, which Mr. Konkel claims would eliminate the tendency to gamble.

Possibly in agricultural districts this idea might find favor, but once a farmer receives checks and gold for products it is difficult to conceive of any other popular medium of exchange.

* * *

AS a gateway to Oklahoma and the great Southwest, the empire city of St. Louis has a record of growth in five years not surpassed by any other city in the country. This development is not only an incident of the World's Fair, but it is the outcome of persistent work done by men of keen foresight, who have long ago recognized the great future that lies before the Southwest.

Prominent among these men, is Charles H. Huttig, president of the Third National Bank of St. Louis. As director of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and as a public citizen prominent in all matters pertaining to the advancement of St. Louis and the Southwest, he has well won his merited distinction as one of the leaders of this section. He has reason to be congratulated upon the splendid work he has done in building up the Third National Bank. On my way through the city, my attention was at once

attracted to the fine new building, recently completed, which catches the eye of every visitor—solid, substantial and business-like in appearance, the new Third National Bank building but typifies the solidity of St. Louis prosperity and St. Louis institutions which are intimately associated with the growth of the Southwest. The growth of the bank clearings of St. Louis are a pertinent index of the development of this southwestern empire.



C. H. HUTTIG
President Third National Bank of St. Louis

Mr. Huttig is not only a business man, but a student, and when he presented me with a volume written by Professor Joseph French Johnson on "Money and Currency," from his library, and discussed affairs from a nation-wide scope, there was another glimpse of the rapid growth of St. Louis afforded. The author of this book has long been recognized as one of the prominent authorities in financial work, and his work has already become a text-book in the universities. He is one of the clear-headed thinkers and philosophers of the times.

Mr. Huttig has an extensive acquaintance over the country, and his work in connection with the development of the Southwest has identified him as belonging to the great army of men who "do great things, not dream them all day long."

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



SOME music never grows old, particularly if it recalls pleasant memories. The Edison Phonograph can reproduce for you the marches, ballads and airs that stirred you in the old days, just as well as it can sing the song that is the current hit in the metropolis, doing it with a clearness, a fidelity and a beauty and volume of sound that is not to be found in any similar instrument.

The Edison Phonograph is all things to all men at all times. Simply by changing a Record it may be a brass band at one moment and a violin virtuoso the next, a singer of ragtime or of grand opera, a funny vaudeville team or a quartette singing a sentimental ballad.

If you haven't heard the Phonograph lately, you'll be surprised at the wonderful improvement in the new model Edison with the big horn. Ask your dealer to show it to you or send to us for booklet describing it.

On March 25th go to the nearest Edison Store and hear the April Records

The April list of twenty-four new Records is made up of the choicest bits of vocal and instrumental music recently produced together with a sprinkling of things not new but good. These Records have been made by the best procurable talent with a skill and artistic finish that



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assure you rare pleasure in listening to them. And if you hear the April Records you'll buy—there's no doubt of that.

Ask your dealer or write to us for THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; THE SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new April Records; THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE May issue of the National will contain the first installment of the new serial "A Keeper of the Door," by Miss Grace Kellogg.

E. H. Clement, of the Boston Transcript, comments on the novel as follows: "I have read the manuscript of Miss Grace Kellogg, and have no hesitation in saying that it is a remarkable performance, apart from the consideration that the author is only in her nineteenth year. Its learning in Indian history and folklore give it interest and importance for one class of readers, but all this is skillfully subordinated to the main interest of the love story. This is an intense one, as befits the description of the emotions of types of a



MARY J. HOLMES, BROCKPORT, NEW YORK

wild people. So enthralling is the difficult wooing, baffled by hunt, battle and sorceries, that, in spite of the thrilling incidents with which the book is crowded, this single conquest of a princess' love by the "Half-King" of the country constitutes the whole story. The literary style is sustained at an exalted level, one in keeping with the telling of a romance of the pre-historic American past. Among all the historical romances of the day none illustrates more fully the qualities in that form of fiction which have ever captured the public taste."

The Oklahoma Nightingale, Miss Helen Renstron, a little miss of sixteen summers, sings like a bird and with a marked degree of cultivation due to her instructor Mrs. Bruckman. When I heard her sing "Oklahoma" and a number of airs on which the famous Patti won her fame, I felt assured that Oklahoma will some day be proud of this young orphan, whose heart and soul are absorbed in the development of the divine art. She has a voice that reminded the old timers of Jenny Lind, who came from the same country from which Miss Helen's parents emigrated. The Oklahoma people are proud of this young singer and are going to help her win a niche in the hall of operatic fame.

* * *

IN the passing of Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes, at Brockport, New York, another link is broken in the golden chain of American, present-day writers.

In the beautiful village of Brockport she spent the last years of her life. Mary Jane Hawes was born in Brookfield, Massachusetts, in 1828, and early developed a taste for literature. After her marriage with Daniel Holmes she spent some years in Kentucky, where, with her husband, she taught in the public schools. Later she came to New York State where Mr. Holmes was admitted to the bar and practised law, locating at Brockport.

Most of the scenes in her remarkable novels—which never fail to hold the attention of the reader from cover to cover—were laid in either Brookfield, Massachusetts or Versailles, Kentucky, where she lived in early life. Her first work was "Tempest and Sunshine," which soon made for her a name. Over 2,000,000 copies of her works have been sold, and while they may not have reached the high plane that commands enthusiastic praise from the literary critics, many a weary soul and leaden hour has been cheered by the books of Mary Jane Holmes.

Her life was rich in good deeds. Three students, two Japanese and one Chinese were educated by her. Every year of her life was marked by activity and achievement and even when she passed away, at the ripe age of three score years and ten, a half finished book was found on her library table.